

THE
WORKS
OF

Mrs. Eliza Haywood.

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING,

- I. LASSELIA; or the SELF-ABANDON'D:
A Novel.
- II. The RASH RESOLVE; or, The UNTIMELY
DISCOVERY: A Novel. In two Parts.
- III. A WIFE TO BE LETT. A Comedy.
- IV. POEMS on Several OCCASIONS.



L O N D O N;

Printed for DAN. BROWNE Junr. at the Black-
Swan without Temple-Bar; and SAM. CHAPMAN,
at the Angel in Pallmall. M.DCC.XXIV.

THE
WORKS
OF

Mrs. Eliza Haywood.

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING

- I. *Laurette*; or the Secret of the Secret. A Novel.
II. *The Rake's Progress*; or, The Unfortunate Discovery: A Novel. In two Parts.
III. *A Wife to be Let*. A Comedy.
IV. Poems on several Occasions.



WONNIE & Co. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

THE OVE in French, or the French History
A Novel. In three Volumes. The French
Edition, Corrected.

In plain French, for the use of
For sale or hire, as may be



Landdowne
The British Republic; or the Secret His-
tory of Cleopatra, Supposed dead: A Novel.

LASSERIA:

O R,
The Self-Abandon'd.

The SELF-ABANDON'D.

A
Reformation: A Novel.

NOVEL.

A Tale: or, the Unfortunate Minerva.



Part of the same, or expected to soon
It is now printed, and of large dimensions
And we beg to inform the Public, that

[Price 1 s. 6 d.]

7. Letters from a Lady of Quality to a
Chaplain. The first of the series, to
which is added, and is now in the
Printer's hands, by way of Essay.
8. A Wife to be Let. A Comedy. As it
is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane.

NOVELS, &c. writ by Mrs. Eliza Haywood.

1. **L**OVE in Excess, or the Fatal Enquiry ;
a Novel. In three Parts. The Fourth
Edition, Corrected.

————— *In vain from Fate we fly,
For first or last, as all must die,
So 'tis as much decreed above,
That first, or last, we all must love.*

Lanldowne.

2. *The British* Recluse ; or the Secret Hi-
story of *Cleomira*, suppos'd dead : A Novel.
The Second Edition.

*Women are govern'd by a stubborn Fate ;
Their Love's Insuperable, as their Hate !
No Merit their Aversion can remove,
Nor ill Requital can efface their Love.*

Waller.

3. The Injured Husband ; or the Mistaken
Resentment : A Novel.

*Short are the Triumphs of the Face alone :
Where Conduct fails, how tott'ring is the Throne !
Without this Virtue, Woman's weakly crown'd :
Our Minds fix Government, our Eyes but found.*

Dryden.

4. *Idalia* : or, the Unfortunate Mistress.
A Novel. In Three Parts.

*Under how hard a Fate are Women born !
Priz'd to their Ruin, or expos'd to Scorn :
If we want Beauty, we of Love despair ;
And are besieg'd, like Frontier-Towns, if fair.*

Waller.

5. Letters from a Lady of Quality to a
Chevalier. Translated from the *French*. To
which is added, A Discourse concerning
Writings of this Nature, by way of Essay.

6. A Wife to be Lett. A Comedy. As it
is acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

9

L A S S E L I A :
O R, T H E
S E L F - A B A N D O N ' D .
A
N O V E L .

Written by Mrs. ELIZA HAYWOOD.

*Love various Minds does variously inspire ;
He stirs in gentle Natures gentle Fire,
Like that of Incense on the Altars laid ;
But raging Flames tempestuous Souls invade :
A Fire which ev'ry windy Passion blows,
With Pride it mounts, and with Revenge it glows.*

DRYDEN.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N ;

Printed for D. BROWNE jun^r. at the *Black-Swan* without *Temple-Bar* ; and S. CHAPMAN, at the *Angel* in *Pall-Mall*. M.DCC.XXIV.

LAST OR THE SELF-ABANDONED A NOVEL

Written by Mrs. ELIZA HAYWOOD.

I am conscious I shall have a ready sale;
 It is in your power to give it
 the place it deserves on the shelves of
 the reading library; and I am sure
 it will be a most valuable addition
 to the collection of books in your
 library.

Printed



LONDON:
 Printed for D. Browne, at the Black-Swan with
 a crown, in St. Dunstons, and S. C. GARDNER, at the Angel,
 in St. Martin's Lane.



TO THE
Right Honourable the
Earl of SUFFOLK and
BINDON,

My LORD,



*W*HEN I presume to
entreat your Protec-
tion of a Trifle such
as this, I do more to
express my Sense of
your unbounded Goodness, than if
I were to publish Folio's in your
Praise. A great and learned
Work honours the Patron who ac-
cepts it, but little Performances
stand in need of all that Sweetness
of Disposition so conspicuous in the

A 3

Beha-

Behaviour and Character of your Lordship, to engage a Pardon. 'Tis to be something of a piece with Heaven, to regard the Will more than the Merit of the Offering; and my Knowledge how zealous an Imitator you are in all Things else of that, gives me an almost assur'd Hope you will not swerve in this, only to punish my Presumption.

My Design in writing this little Novel (as well as those I have formerly publish'd) being only to remind the unthinking Part of the World, how dangerous it is to give way to Passion, will, I hope, excuse the too great Warmth, which may perhaps, appear in some particular Pages; for without the Expression being invigorated in some measure proportionate to the Subject, 'twou'd be impossible for a Reader to be sensible how far it touches

touches him, or how probable it is that he is falling into those Inadvertencies which the Examples I relate wou'd caution him to avoid.

I take the liberty of mentioning this to your Lordship, to clear my self of that Aspersi^on which some of my own Sex have been unkind enough to throw upon me, that "I seem to endeavour to divert
" more than improve the Minds
" of my Readers." Now, as I take it, the Aim of every Person, who pretends to write (tho' in the most insignificant and ludicrous way) ought to tend at least to a good Moral Use; I shou'd be sorry to have my Intentions judg'd to be the very reverse of what they are in Reality. How far I have been able to succeed in my Desires of infusing those Cautions, too necessary to a Number, I will not pretend to determine: but where I have had the Misfortune to fail,
must

must impute it either to the Obstinacy of those I wou'd persuade, or to my own Deficiency in that very Thing which They are pleased to say I too much abound in-- a true Description of Nature.

But I will give your Lordship no farther trouble than what proceeds from Gratitude; and with entreating you to accept my humblest Acknowledgments for all the unmerited Favours I have received, conclude,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Oblig'd,

Most Faithful, and

Obedient Servant,

ELIZA HAYWOOD.



LASSELIA:
OR,
The SELF-ABANDON'D.
A
NOVEL.



EVER was a Court more resplendent with Beautys, than that of *France*, in the Reign of their late Monarch *Lewis XIV.* That Prince, in spite of his Ambition, found room for Love, nor could the incessant Hurry of his other Affairs deprive him of the Pleasures of Gallantry. He was for ever engag'd in some Amour: one Desire no sooner sicken'd, than another kindled in his Soul. But of all that had the power to charm him, none ever maintain'd a more absolute Dominion, than *Madam de Montespan*; and

B

if

if it was not so lasting as that of the celebrated *Maintenon*, yet for the time it held, it was as strong. In the House, and under the care of this great Lady, did the lovely *Lasselia* receive her Education; who being her Neice, and extreamly belov'd by her, 'tis not to be doubted but that she had all those Advantages and Improvements, which are necessary to accomplish a Maid of Quality for Conversations such as were suitable to her Character.

THE Mistresses of Kings are not consider'd in the same view with those of private Men: the Interest every one had in making their Court to *Madam de Montespan*, and the perpetual resort of the best Company to her House, gave our *Lasselia*, as she grew up, Opportunities of improving herself, which she could have found in no other place: and those Advantages, join'd to a natural Genius of her own, much more sublime than is ordinarily observed in Persons of her Sex, especially at such an Age, made her Behaviour surprizing to those of riper Years; grey Hairs would listen to her Talk with pleasure, the Delicacy of her Notions was such, that the Wisest would acknowledge themselves edify'd by her Conversation—But if the grave Part of the World were charm'd with her Wit and Discretion, the Young and Gay were infinitely more so with her Beauty; which tho it was not of that dazzling kind which strikes the Eye at first looking on it with Desire and Wonder, yet it was such as seldom fail'd of captivating Hearts the most averse

The Self-Abandon'd. 3

averse to Love. Her Features were perfectly regular, her Eyes had an uncommon Vivacity in them, mix'd with a Sweetness, which spoke the Temper of her Soul; her Mein was gracefully easy, and her Shape the most exquisite that could be: in fine, her Charms encreas'd by being often seen, every View discover'd something new to be admir'd; and tho they were of that sort which more properly may be said to persuade, than command Adoration, yet they persuaded it in such a manner, that no Mortal was able to resist their Force——And, indeed, when Passion enters the Soul by such gentle and unperceiv'd Degrees, it generally takes a surer hold, and is with much less ease extirpated, than when it rushes all at once upon us, and boldly tells us that we must obey.

LASSELLIA being such, and infinitely more agreeable than I have power to represent her, 'tis easy to believe she was not without a very great Number of Adorers: Both her Parents being dead, *Madam de Montepan* was never at rest for the Sollicitations of those whom the Perfections of her beautiful Neice had attracted to desire her in Marriage: but that Lady having Affairs enough of her own to manage, troubled not herself much about it; and had *Lasselia* been inclinable to alter her Condition, whether to her Advantage or not, 'tis probable the other, in spite of the Kindness she had for her, would not have taken much pains either to have forwarded or prevented it.

THE young, and as yet insensible Subject of this little History, thought herself happy in this Disposition of her Aunt, which gave her so much the liberty of acting as she pleas'd; for finding in herself rather an Aversion to Marriage, than any Inclination to it, nothing could have been so shocking to the Humility and Sweetness of her Disposition, as to have found herself oblig'd, either to have yielded to enter into a State, which, in the Humour she was at present, must have made her wretched; or, by refusing, incur the Displeasure of a Lady, who she consider'd as a Parent, and for whom she had the greatest Esteem, and tenderest Regard.

THUS charming, and uncharm'd, did she pass her Days in the most perfect Tranquillity that cou'd be; no austere Parent, or Guardian, to over-awe Aversion, and force her to receive with Smiles the Man she hated—No Hopes, no Fears, Suspence, Perplexity, nor racking Jealousies, disturb'd her Peace of Mind—she knew no Wish beyond what she enjoy'd—and if she thought of Love at all, it was but to wonder at the Influence she saw it have on others. Among the Numbers that address'd her, there was not one whose *Absence* cou'd give her a moment's Pain, tho' several whose *Presence* pleas'd; but then it was only such a kind of Pleasure as might have flow'd from the Conversation of one of her own Sex, equally qualified with good Sense and Complaisance—a cold Respect, or, at most, a bare

The Self-Abandon'd. 5

bare liking of their Company, was all that the most favour'd could boast of from her; nor did she once imagine she should ever be brought to entertain any other Notions of that uneasy Passion, than what she was at present posselt of—that it was all *Chimera*; and that those who seem'd most fatally sway'd by it, had only so long *affected* to be mad, that at last they grew so in *Reality*.

'TIS possible, indeed, she never might have chang'd her Sentiments, had she continued in *Paris*, where she had already seen every body worthy her Consideration, without confessing herself the least susceptible of what so many had endeavoured to inspire: But an unexpected Turn happening in her Affairs, brought her to a different Scene of Observation, and convinc'd her how little, in spite of her fine Sense, she knew the true Disposition of her own Heart.

THE King coming one day to visit *Madam de Montespan*, and hearing she was laid down to Repose, contented himself with passing an Hour or two in Talk with her fair Neice, designing no more than to divert himself till the other shou'd awake; but he was so infinitely pleas'd and surpriz'd with the Charms of her Conversation, having never till that time had the Opportunity of entertaining her alone, that he cou'd have wish'd a longer Continuance of it.

HE was but just beginning to let her know the Satisfaction this Interview had
given

given him, when he was prevented from saying more by the coming of Madam de Montefpan. 'Tis probable her Prefence never had been fo unwelcome before, and he testified the Chagrin he conceiv'd at it, by a tender Prefsure of the young *Lasselia's* Hand, as she withdrew, telling him she left his Majesty to a Conversation more worthy of entertaining him. As artless as she was, and as indifferent an Opinion as she had of Love, she easily perceiv'd she had inspir'd him with that Desire which bears the Name of it, and was so far from being proud of her Power, that it gave her a very great Uneasiness; she foresaw a world of Difficulties wou'd attend the Conquest of this Royal Slave, and heartily wish'd that what he had said to her, might prove to be only the Effect of an unmeaning Gallantry, and forgot as soon as spoke. But, alas! her Charms had made a much deeper Impression on the Heart of this amorous Monarch, than she desired they should; the very next Day confirm'd her Knowledge of it—Happening to meet her in a Gallery as she was passing thro' to visit some Ladies in the Palace, he stopp'd her, and made so passionate a Declaration to her, that she stood in need of all her Wit to answer him in Terms which shou'd neither affront the Offers he made, nor encourage him to repeat them: But tho' her Replies to all he said, were full of Respect and Gratitude for the Consideration he seem'd to have of her, yet she maintain'd that cool Reserve, that Majesty of Modesty, which all Women, tho' in the lowest Rank of Life, owe

The Self-Abandon'd.

7

owe so much to themselves to wear even to the highest, when their Virtue is assaulted; that it might have dash'd a Lover less accustomed to Success. But he was so well acquainted with the Ambition that most Women have of being the Favourite of a King, that he consider'd her Refusals only as the Result of what she might fear from the Indignation of her Aunt *Madam de Montespan*, and therefore sent *Monsieur le Brosse*, one who at that time was Gentleman of his Bed-Chamber, to let her know, That, if she pleas'd, she had it in her power to be greater than the Person she at present had a Dependance on, and to make her an Offer of a very fine Castle near the River *Sein* for her residence. *Lasselia* was more concern'd than can be well express'd when this Message was deliver'd to her, and conjur'd him that brought it to return some Answer, in what manner she did not care, so it were such as would cut off all room to believe she ever could be prevail'd on to do any thing which might deserve such Bounties—Let the King, *said she*, think me imprudent, or unwise, his Opinion, nay, his Indignation, cannot give me more Chagrin, than does his Affection. It was in vain that the *Confidante* represented to her the Advantages there were in being Mistress to a King, she was not to be mov'd, nor had Grandeur any Charms when it was to be purchas'd at a Rate so dear as loss of Virtue: and he found himself oblig'd to return without being able to gain any thing from her, which might make his Master satisfy'd with his Negotiation.

BUT

BUT all this could not pass without the Observation of Madam *de Montespan*; she had taken notice in what manner the King had look'd, when he took leave of her Neice that Day she had entertain'd him in her Absence—She had her Spies which had inform'd her of his talking to her in the Gallery—and the coming of *le Brosse* to her House, and the private Conversation they had together, sufficiently confirm'd her, she had a Rival in her Neice, and fir'd her jealous Soul with an inexpressible Indignation——She upbraided the innocent *Lasselia* with Falshood and Ingratitude, and vow'd a Vengeance suitable to the Cause; and it was to no purpose for a long time, that the other endeavour'd to clear herself from these Aspersions. Rage is always deaf. This Misfortune, as it was unforeseen, was the more terrible to be borne; nor is it to be wonder'd at, that she should be prodigiously alarm'd at what so nearly touch'd her Interest, and was so shocking to her Pride, to find the Power she had so long maintain'd over the Heart of one of the greatest Monarchs in the World, in such an imminent danger of being near an end; and to owe her Downfall to one of her own House, of her own Blood, and one who she herself had taken care to adorn with all those Accomplishments which had attracted Admiration, was such an Aggravation to her Discontent, as Words would but poorly represent.

A L L the Assurances that *Lasselia* gave her, that she would die rather than yield to injure

The Self-Abandon'd. 9

Injure her in the least, and the Detestation she express'd at the thoughts of such an Action, was not sufficient to pacify her—She could scarce believe, there was a Possibility of for ever resisting the Addresses of a Monarch so every way agreeable, as all that knew him confess'd him to be—But if there were, the *Attempt* was enough; her haughty Soul could ill endure the sight of one who was thought more lovely than herself, and who had it in her power to make her unhappy, if she pleas'd—But how to get rid of her, she could not tell; if she put her out of her House, she consider'd, that it would but give her the more opportunity of being seen by the King, and receiving Proofs of his Passion; which, while she continu'd with her, he had still too much Respect publicly to avow. While she was in this Dilemma, the generous *Lasselia* perceiving her Discontent, and very much disquieted herself at the continued Sollicitations of a Monarch, whose Passion for many Reasons was no way pleasing to her, thought of a way to ease at once both her own and her Aunt's Uneasiness: And, desiring leave to wait on her in her Chamber, (for the other, of late, not well able to brook her Presence, had deny'd her that Privilege) approach'd her with these Words: Madam, *said she*, as I am the innocent Cause of your Chagrin, I come now to implore your Permission, to ease you of the sight of a Person who I am very sensible you no longer can behold with Satisfaction—The many Favours I have receiv'd in your House, would make me quit it with the utmost Concern:

C

but

TO LASSELLIA: or,

but when I consider, that your Goodness in suffering my continuance in it, renders you uneasy, I can do no less, in Gratitude, than remove——I entreat therefore, *added she, after a little Pause,* that I may depart: and since I have offended, tho' against my Will, the only thing I can do to contribute to your Peace, is, to take away the Cause: and by this voluntary Doom I pass on myself, may have hope you will pardon a Crime which is involuntary. And where, *cry'd Madam de Montespian hastily, (imagining perhaps her Intentions were very different from what they were)* where would you go? Far enough, *reply'd the other,* from any Place that may give you Apprehensions that I mean any otherwise, than to make you easy——You know I had a very great Intimacy with Mademoiselle Valier, she is now retir'd into the Country with her Husband, and I only stay for your Permission to go to her; she will be glad of my Company, and I can tarry there till those slight Impressions I have made on a Heart which ought only to be yours, are erased—I will not return till your Commands shall call me—or, if you please, my Banishment from you, and Paris, shall be eternal. How! *Lasselia, interrupted her Aunt, (with an Air which at once express'd Astonishment and Joy)* are you in earnest? Can you for no other Motive than my Repose, be content to bury any part of your Time in a Solitude so remote from all those Gaieties your Youth has been accusom'd to? Not only Part, *resum'd she,* but All—Nay, my very Life, to do you service, and to convince you
how

The Self-Abandon'd. II

how little Share I have had in contributing to disturb you. 'Tis kind indeed, said *Madam de Montespan*, and I must confess you generous and grateful, beyond my Expectations; but I should give you but small reason to have the same Opinion of me, should I suffer you to do what you have offer'd—No, pursued she with a Sigh, I never will be outdone in Good-nature, you shall still stay with me; tho your fatal Beauty, like a Basilisk, murders my Quiet, and destroys my Hopes, we will not part—I am now convinc'd of your Sincerity, and till some Change in your Affairs makes it your Interest to leave me, I will run all Hazards rather than turn you hence. The Voice with which she pronounc'd these Words, made the discerning *Lasselia* easily perceive she wish'd not as she said; and repeating her Request, and assuring her with a great deal of Truth, that she desir'd nothing more than to be remov'd from the Persecutions she was every day liable to from those Emissaries the King had employ'd, won her to afford a well-pleas'd Assent. After having concluded on her going, they began to think that Distance would be so far from a Protection from those Disturbances she would avoid, that being in any other House than that of *Madam de Montespan*, would rather give an Opportunity for them; they both determin'd that the Place of her Retirement should be kept a Secret, and to that end a Coach, and only one Servant to attend it, was order'd to be got ready at Midnight; and when all the Family were drown'd in Sleep, the willing Exile

began her Journey, with this Satisfaction in her own Mind, that she eas'd another's of a Load of Care.

IT was but to *Collumiers*, a small Village about seven Leagues from *Paris*, that she went, and she reached there a little after Day-break. *Mademoiselle de Valier*, and her Husband, receiv'd her with all the Demonstrations of Joy imaginable, tho' infinitely surpriz'd at so unexpected a Visit: She was perfectly well acquainted with their Secrecy and Discretion, and therefore made no Scruple of revealing the Cause which had induc'd her to come in that manner: and if before they had a very tender regard for her, it was now prodigiously encreased by their Admiration of her Virtue.

SHE liv'd with them for some time in all the Contentments imaginable—She partook in all the rural Diversions of the Place; and having her mind once more at ease, made one in all the little Assemblies that were form'd by the Gentry thereabouts. In spite of the distance from any great City, she found no want of Company; the Conversation of *Mademoiselle de Valier* was very engaging at home; and whenever she had an Inclination to go abroad, the House of *Monsieur de l'Amye* was not above a Bow-shot off; there she was always certain to meet good Company: for that Gentleman having been gone some time to *Paris*, in order to settle some Affairs, and take possession of an Estate lately left him by his Father; his Wife endeavour'd

The Self-Abandon'd. 13

deavour'd to compensate for his Absence, by making Entertainments for all those who had any pretence to Wit, of which she was a great Admirer—This Lady grew exceeding fond of *Lasselia* in a short time, nor was the other behind-hand in Acknowledgments for the Kindness she receiv'd from her—Thus every thing was easy, every thing was gay at *Collumiers*, while the still discontented *Montespan* languish'd at *Paris* in continual Disquiets, and restless Perplexities; she found the Absence of her Neice had added but little to her Endeavours of retrieving the estrang'd Affections of the inconstant King—He was all Fury when first the News was brought him that *Lasselia* had left the Town, and appear'd dissatisfied that her Aunt pretended ignorance of the Cause—This Disgust, by little and little, encreasing, and heighten'd by her Jealousies, which she had not always Prudence enough to conceal, at last converted into a mortal Hatred; and this great Favourite saw herself reduc'd to a Condition pityable by those who envy'd her before: so uncertain is a Happiness founded on Passion, and depending on the still wavering, ever-changing Vows of faithless Man!

THE Felicity that *Lasselia* all this while enjoy'd, was of another, and more durable Nature than that which Love, even at the best, affords; her Pleasures were unmix'd and pure, nor did she so much as dream there was a Day of Woe in store, which shou'd make her in vain look back, and wish for past Tranquillity: But now the time was
come,

14 L A S S E L I A : or,

come, when her Indifference and boasted Peace of Mind, were to be no more: Happening to be at *Madam de l'Amye's* at *Ombre* one Evening, accompany'd by *Monsieur de Valier*, and his Lady, their Diversion was on a sudden interrupted by a Servant running hastily into the Room, telling them his Master and two other Gentlemen were alited at the Gate. 'Tis not to be doubted but that the Cards were immediately thrown aside, and every body rose to receive them. The Welcome which *Madam de l'Amye* gave her long absent Husband, was such as was suitable to his great Merit, and long Absence; and the Returns he made, apologiz'd for the most violent Transport she cou'd have express'd: but these mutual Tender-nesses were but of a short Continuance; the Husband after having saluted all those whom he found in Company with his Wife, with all the Complaisance and Gaiety imaginable, just as he came to *Lasselia*, three Drops of Blood fell from his Nose, which stain'd a white Handkerchief she happen'd to have in her Hand. This Accident occasion'd a good deal of pleasant Raillery; *Monsieur de Valier* told him, that had he been unmarried, this would have pass'd for an Omen of a future Union between him and the young Lady. *Madamoiselle* his Wife, and the two Gentlemen who had accompany'd *de l'Amye*, made themselves merry for a good while on this occasion; but the Jest was not so agreeable to *Madamoiselle de l'Amye* as they, perhaps, imagined; being naturally pretty much addicted to Jealousy, these kind of Discourses

gave

The Self-Abandon'd. 15

gave her an Uneasiness which she was not able to disguise. Her Looks confess'd it, and her whole Behaviour was in a moment so alter'd, that not a Person in the Company but perceiv'd it, and guess'd at the Cause. *De Valier* having been but a late Acquaintance, and till now entirely ignorant of her Temper, was heartily vexed at what he had said, and endeavour'd, by a thousand Compliments, to restore her to her former Good-humour; but the Poison had too great an Influence to be easily expell'd, she knew her Husband to be of a Disposition amorous enough, and the Charms of *Lasselia* were too prevailing, not to make her think there was a Probability, that what had been spoke in *Raillery*, might one Day prove too true in *Earnest*, she fell into so deep a *Resvery*, and appear'd so much dissatisfy'd when any thing was offer'd to rouse her from it, that Monsieur and Mademoiselle *de Valier* thought it high time to take leave of her. *Lasselia* being only introduc'd by them, cou'd not do it without the Proposal being first made by them, but was extremely glad of the Motion, and from that moment resolv'd never to make a Visit there again. When they came home, nothing was talk'd of but the *Foibles* of Madam, who had expos'd her Ill-humour for so trivial a Cause. Mademoiselle *de Valier* laugh'd heartily at it, but *Lasselia* had Reflections more grave; she was a little inclin'd to Superstition, and cou'd not forbear thinking the bleeding of *de l'Amye*, just as he approach'd her, was a Presage of something extraordinary:

nary : Besides, she imagin'd something within her bade her beware, nor trust her Eyes to gaze on this dangerous Charmer. The Disorder she was in when he first enter'd the Room, wou'd have been visible to the Company, had any of them been at leisure to regard it ; and the Flutter which still continued on her Spirits, confirm'd her, that the sight of him had wrought an Effect on her she had never felt before : but as she was Mistress of a vast deal of fine Reasoning, she exerted it all in examining from what Source these Disorders proceeded ; loth she was to think she was falling into a Passion she had so long ridicul'd——and lother to imagine it was for a Man for whom it was neither consistent with Virtue, nor Discretion, to indulge it——Is it impossible, *said she to herself*, that the seeing a Person so every way agreeable as *de l'Amye* cou'd give me Shocks such as, one wou'd think, cou'd only be inflicted by the Appearance of some horrid Spectre, some frightful Enemy to Nature !——What is there either in his Person or Behaviour to terrify ?——Is not all about him lovely and engaging ?——Oh ! yes (*cry'd she after a little Pause*) I ne'er before beheld a Form so perfectly compleat, a Shape so exquisite, Eyes so bewitching, an Air so soft, so charming, and, I too well remember, the fond Endearments he paid to Madam, first struck my Soul with that chill Horror, which ever since remains. Had he been in the same Circumstances with his two Companions, and receiv'd no other Welcome from that happy Woman, it would have been with Satisfaction alone I shou'd have

have regarded him——But, Oh! (*continued she, bursting into Tears, which it was impossible for her to restrain*) he is marry'd, and 'tis *Madam de l'Amye* only who can look on him without Confusion, such as I endure. By these kind of Arguments she was at last convinc'd, how fatal an Enemy to Repose, the sight of an Object too amiable may prove; but tho she resolv'd not to give way to an Impression so pernicious, she found it impossible to erase it; she was still thinking how happy she might have been if *de l'Amye* were unmarried, and how willingly she cou'd submit to be a Wife, if just such another Man were to be found. In this manner would she sooth Imagination for a while; but then a sudden return of those uneasy Tremblings which, at first sight of him, possess'd her, would put an end to those pleasing Amusements, and she wou'd start like one in a Frenzy, and cry out, Oh! it was not for nothing that those ominous Drops of Blood fell from him on my Handkerchief!——It was not for nothing I was seiz'd with such an unusual Horror!——Nor is it in vain that my Soul shrinks, and seems to dread a second Interview!——They are all, I fear, too sure Predictions of some fatal Consequence. Then when she had a little yielded to these disturb'd Emotions, as if ashamed of the Weakness she had been guilty of, wou'd she summon up all her Resolution, and endeavour to overcome those Terrors. Yet what, (*resum'd she*) what can happen worthy of my Fears!——What Power has one, so much a Stranger as *de l'Amye*, to injure me?——Perhaps I ne'er may see him more; or if I shou'd, where wou'd be the

D Danger?

Danger? Thus did she torment herself when ever she was alone; and, in Company, appear'd the most alter'd in her Behaviour that ever was: all Diversions grew tasteless to her, and those Gaieties of Conversation which, in her Days of Indifference, she had the greatest Relish for, were now strip'd of all their *Agreeable*, and became rather *teazing*, than any way *delightful*. Nor is this at all to be wonder'd at; whoever has known any thing of Love, will easily confess, that that Passion brings with it a consequential Train of Images, sufficient to fill the most extensive Soul, and too strong to suffer any Intermixture of Opposers.

THIS Change of Humour was too visible, not to be taken notice of by all that knew her: *Madamoiselle de Valier* was extremely troubled at it, and, imagining it proceeded from her living in a Retirement she had not been accusom'd to, was fearful she was falling into a Melancholy, which might be dangerous; and therefore endeavour'd to divert her by all the Means her Good-humour and Friendship cou'd invent. The other, tho Company was grown painful, and Solitude the only thing she coveted, yet cou'd not be so rude and disobliging as to refuse the kind Invitations made her, on purpose to drive away those Vapours with which she seem'd to be overwhelm'd.

ONE of those Scenes of Gaiety, to which the Wife of *Valier* wou'd needs oblige *Lasselia* to go, was to a Wedding which was to be solemniz'd at the House of a Relation of her's, some Miles distant from that in which they liv'd—

The Self-Abandon'd. 19

liv'd——The Nuptials were celebrated with a great deal of Magnificence, all the Nobility and Gentry of the Country, for many Leagues round, being invited: Amongst the Number was Monsieur and Madam *de l' Amye*. This was the second Time *Lasselia* had ever seen him; but if she was not altogether so painfully alarm'd as at the first, she felt enough to make her know she was agitated with Emotions, the Catastrophe of which she had good cause to dread. She cou'd not forbear, however, indulging the sweet Anxiety his *Presence* gave, tho certain to condemn herself for it in his *Absence*: She examin'd each particular Charm which shone about his Form—She listen'd to every Word he spoke—Stretch'd wide each Faculty of her Soul, to take the whole of his Perfections in, till she became quite ravish'd in Contemplation——

THEY happen'd to dance together; and the easy and graceful Manner in which he entreated her to be his Partner, his fine Address, and the Sprightliness of Conversation with which he entertain'd her, added to that Admiration she before had been but too sensibly touch'd with for him.

AFTER this, she had frequent Opportunities of seeing him; Madam *de l' Amye* and *de Valier* having, at this Wedding, renew'd that Intimacy which they formerly had together, and which that little Pique Monsieur *de Valier's* Words occasion'd, had for a time suspended, the two Families were seldom asunder—*Lasselia* was always one among them, nor did she any longer seem desirous of Solitude: The Pleasure

she took in the Company of *de l'Amie* was too great to be resisted, nor did she any more make herself uneasy at those Shocks which, every now and then, endeavour'd to check the Transports she indulg'd—She thought it enough that she restrain'd her Wishes within the Bounds of Modesty; and perceiving not the least reason to imagine, by his Behaviour, that he would ever tempt her to transgress them, believ'd she might, without a Crime, indulge herself in those Felicities which at present appear'd so innocent——Thus borne away with a Tide of Delight, which still encreas'd from a nearer Conversation with him, all the Warnings of her good Genius were hush'd, and her whole Soul was overwhelm'd with Passion——Hence follow'd wild Desires!——Tumultuous Emotions!——The God of Love exerted his utmost Force, and prov'd how impossible it is, when once a Heart has given him Entrance, ever to expel him thence——But this she was not yet acquainted with, nor knew the Danger she was in; and tho the greatest Security she cou'd have for her Honour, was the Insensibility *de l'Amie* seem'd to have of her Charms, yet she cou'd not forbear wishing he were otherwise—And would frequently sooth Imagination with a Belief he lov'd her: and in giving way to these destructive Tendernesses, *Fancy* took the Part of *Passion*, and in Dreams, wou'd represent him to her, dissolving, melting in amorous Languishments—Nor were her *sleeping* Thoughts the only ones that err'd this way; *waking*, the Charmer was ever in her View; she talk'd to him, form'd Answers such as 'twas probable he might in reality have made, had he been present—

The Self-Abandon'd. 21

sent——Nay, wrap'd in the extatick Contem-
plation, went so far sometimes (as she after-
wards confess'd) as to kiss, embrace, and pos-
sess, in *Idea*, a thousand nameless Joys, which
Love too soon inspires a Notion of: but these
Excesses we'll suppose she permitted only, when
she found there was a Necessity by chearing her
languid Spirits with an *imaginary Bliss*, to
preserve her from falling into a *real Despair*:
'tis certain that at her guarded Hours, Ho-
nour was her chiefest Aim; nor wou'd she
have wish'd to have been belov'd by *de l'Amye*,
had she not thought herself sure of con-
tinuing Mistress of her Resolution——But,
alas! how little do they know the Hazard
they run, who depend on their own Strength
alone for Protection. Love is a subtle, and a
watchful Deceiver, and directs the Votary he
designs to bless, to make the Attack when
the *Fair* is least capable of Resistance. It was
in one of those longing, wishing Moments, al-
ready mentioned, when the amorous *Lasselia*
extended at her length on a fine grassy Bank,
canopy'd o'er with shading Jessamins, and
spreading Vines, was told a Messenger waited
with a Letter, which, by no means, he wou'd
deliver into any hand but her own: She was
unwilling to quit the sweet Retirement she
was in, and carelessly order'd the Person
shou'd come to her, imagining it was some
body sent from *Madam de Montespan*, and gave
herself but little Concern what the Mandate
might contain: But when she received it from
the Messenger, who seem'd to be a Country-
Fellow, and knew the Hand to be *de l'Amye's*,
which she had often seen before in Songs and
little

little Pieces of Poetry ; what Tongue can express the Surprize she was in !—She could not imagine on what occasion he shou'd write to her, and was once or twice about to return it unopened to the Hand that brought it ; but her ill Fate repell'd those Dictates of her Guardian Angel, and confus'd and trembling, now blushing with Shame, then pale with Fear, she broke the fatal Seal, and read these Lines.

To the Divine *LASSELIA*.

H EAVEN, Love, and the more powerful Charms of the adorable Lasselia, are not to be withstood ! long have I struggled with a Passion which is not the less unvanquishable, because it is hopeless ; but, like Oil pour'd on Flames, all my Endeavours serve but to make the aspiring Blaze more violent, and now 'tis grown as impossible to be conceal'd, as it is to be overcome—I burn, consume, and die, in inward Agonies—Pardon this Declaration—the World, alas !—the prying, judging World—will soon discover the Secret in my alter'd Looks ; but a Day more, perhaps, and I shou'd have been reported Lasselia's Slave, before Lasselia's self had known it—and I wou'd not, methinks, have you, who caus'd, the last, to pity what I feel—I am persuaded there is a Stock of Mercy in your Soul, that, whether you will or no, will induce you to compassionate a Despair which the wretched Circumstance I am in forbids me to hope you will relieve—But whatever Sentence you are pleas'd to inflict on me, let me from your own Mouth receive it, and I shall never repent that I am ordain'd,

Your Everlasting Adorer,

De'l' Amye.

I T wou'd have been impossible for *Lasselia*, had she endeavoured it, to conceal the swift Vicissitudes of her rolling Thoughts while reading; alternate Joy and Shame, Surprise and Fear, and sometimes a Start of virtuous Pride and Indignation, sparkled in her Eyes——a thousand different Passions succeeded one another in their turns——all too fierce to be restrain'd, and too sudden to admit Disguise. But, alas! she took no care to do it; she suspected not that she had a dangerous Observer in the Person who deliver'd her the Letter; nor 'tis possible, in the Confusion she was in, remember'd any body was near her——Again she attempted to read over the dear surprizing Lines, but had not power; the strange Disorder of her fluttering Heart, depriving the Blood of its usual Circulation, all her Limbs forgot their Function, and she sunk fainting on the Bank, in much the same Posture she was in before she had rais'd herself a little to take the Letter. How much wou'd such a Sight have transported *de l'Amye*!—How much did it transport him! for it was no other than himself, who, disguis'd in the Habit of a *Rustick*, had been his own Messenger, and was Witness of all the different Agitations his Declaration had occasion'd——Encourag'd by them, and 'tis probable by some Glances he had before observed—and prompted by his own violent Desires, which, from the first Moment he beheld her, had taken possession of his Soul; all those little Fears, and distant Awe, which generally accompany *Love* in its beginning, were no more. He threw off his upper Garment, and a black Peruke which had

had serv'd him as a Disguise, and flinging himself down by her, with a thousand Kisses and Embraces, at once restor'd her to that Sense she had so lately lost, and shew'd her the Deceit he had been guilty of—It was in vain she struggled to rise—in vain that she endeavour'd to repel the soft Endearments of his Lips and Arms; her Eyes confess'd the unwilling Transport of her Soul, and told him all he wish'd to ask: nor was he scrupulous of letting her know how well he was acquainted with his Happiness—he made her sensible of it by a thousand Liberties, which a Man who had not been certain of Forgiveness, wou'd not have dared to take—She had too much Frankness in her Nature, and had been too little accustomed to Artifice, to be able to disguise her Sentiments in a Juncture like this—*Surprize* at first had depriv'd her of all those necessary Cautions she wou'd else have made use of; and now *Love!* transported, raptur'd *Love!* wou'd not suffer her to have recourse to them—Trembling and panting, 'twixt Desire and Fear, at last she lay resistless in his Arms, with faltering Accents confess'd a mutual Ardor; and if he did not obtain the highest Favour she cou'd grant, he had too much to boast of, to fear she cou'd deny him any thing; and 'tis probable that he had not left her without the utmost Gratification of his Wishes, had he not been apprehensive of a Discovery either from *Madam de Valier*, or some of the Family, whom the Coolness of the Evening might invite to that Place, and which was not a great distance from the House—He wou'd not part, however, till he had engag'd a Promise from her to make him

him fully blest the next Opportunity should offer; which, as he told her, was his Fault, if not contriv'd with a Speed suitable to the Impatience of the Love he profess'd.

I doubt not but this early Condescension in *Lasselia*, will be of so great Prejudice to her Character, that it will take off the Pity which is really due to the Misfortunes it brought on her; and I have nothing to alledge in her Behalf, but that the long Suppression of a Passion which she had always consider'd as fruitless, now on a sudden let loose, was beyond the Power of Reason to restrain——To add to this, tho' both, I am afraid, will seem too weak to excuse her, never was Man so form'd to charm as *de l'Amye*. I have heard several of his own Sex who knew him, aver they never saw any thing so lovely, an Air so noble, so majestick, and withal so soft and tender—Eyes so bewitching—a Shape so excellent—such a Harmony of Parts—such an agreeable Regularity throughout the whole—Then for his Wit and Conversation, it was not to be equall'd——he was so perfect a Master in the Art of Persuasion, that whoever would resolve on any thing, must be sure not to hear him plead against it; so impossible was it to dissent from him in Argument, or continue in any Opinion he seem'd to disapprove——One of the many Letters which pass'd between him and *Lasselia*, being found among some other Papers since both their Deaths, may give some little *Idea* of what he was: which, tho it was writ by a Woman in Love to Madness, and one who had abandon'd all things for her Passion, has been acknowledg-

ed by those of cooler Sentiments, and consequently better capable of judging, to be no more than what Perfections, such as his, might justify.

L A S S E L I A to her most Dear, most Lov'd, and most Ador'd *de l'Amie*.

*Y*OU command me to tell you, my Dear, my first, my only, my everlasting Love! in what manner I pass my Hours in your Absence—'tis a Question I know not how to answer—for, methinks, I am never absent from you—I have your Image ever in my View—your Voice always in my Ears—so strongly does Imagination bless me, that believing you indeed are present, I stretch my Arms to clasp the dear Illusion, and only then am undeceived, when back they come, and miss the warm Embrace—O! to what an elevated Height does Love, like mine, transport the Soul! a thousand times I have ask'd myself which of your Charms had most the Power to move me—which of my Senses receiv'd the noblest Pleasure—and in Idea travelled through all the mazy Wonders of your Mind and Person, but never cou'd decide the mighty Contest—all were alike enchanting!—all equally transporting—Last Night employing my fond Thoughts in their usual Contemplation, a Standish happening to be on the Table, I took up the Pen, which, without the Aid of any Muse to guide it, run into these Lines, which I have ventur'd to call

The Impossibility; or, the Combat
of the S E N S E S.

*When on thy Form I feast my ravish'd Eye!
I think no Bliss cou'd Want of Sight supply;*

Or

The Self-Abandon'd.

27

Or, when the Musick of thy Voice I hear,
My Soul is all collected in my Ear!
What envious Darkness wou'd in vain deny,
Th' attentive Faculty does well supply:
Thy Charms are such, each can make known the rest,
And all by one is to the Sense exprest;
Whither thou speak'st in Looks, or smil'st in Words,
The present Joy no higher Wish affords;
But when——O! who Infinity can speak!
Imagination owns itself too weak,
When with fond circling Grasp my straining Arms
Press, to my Bosom, thy whole Heav'n of Charms!
When all! at once! the thousand Ways I prove,
Which make, indeed, Divinity in Love!
My ravish'd Heart tumultuous Pleasure swells,
Nor Fear, nor Shame, th' unruly Rapture quells;
With wild Delight each hurry'd Sense alarm'd,
'Tis Insolence to say which most is charm'd:
Each Look, each Word, each Touch, each melting Kiss,
Gives raving Extasy!——distracting Bliss!
Amidst that Sea of Wonders Thought is lost,
My Soul no more can nice Distinction boast;
Excess of Transport does itself destroy,
And Life flies trembling from th' o'erpouring Joy.

Let the kind Meaning excuse the bad Poetry and
Deficiency of Expression: For, O! I own no Words
can reach thy Worth—there are two Things in Na-
ture which never can be described by Art; and they
are, that Profusion of Perfections thou art stor'd with,
and my Adoration of them—but if thou would'st
guess at the latter, hasten to my Arms, for 'tis only
there thou canst have any just Notion how much—
how truly thou art Master of the Soul of thy

Ever-Passionate, Ever-Tender, Ever-Faithful

L A S S E L I A.

BUT, to return : The unthinking Fair was no sooner left alone, and had leisure to reflect on what the Hurry of her Spirits had before prevented her from doing, than she reproach'd herself for suffering the Secret of her Soul to be so easily discover'd by him from whom she ought most to have conceal'd it——But, alas! she now had gone too far in the fatal Labyrinth of heedless Passion, to know how to retreat; and the Arguments he had made use of to persuade her it was no Crime to bless a Love so perfect as his, had the same Effect they ordinarily work'd on all whom he endeavoured to bring to his Opinion; to make her think as he did—and the greatest Matter of Concern to her, was that she so soon had condescended——She fear'd the easy Attainment of his Wishes, wou'd, in a little time make her seem cheap in his Esteem—and such an Apprehension was a Dagger to her Soul; she resolv'd, therefore, that in spite of the Promise she had made him, to *delay* the Performance of it, and put him off till Time, Assiduity, and some further Proofs of his Sincerity, should render her yielding more the Effect of Gratitude than Inclination—This, 'tis possible, she might have *endeavoured*; tho', if we consider the little Government she had of her Passion, 'tis scarce to be believ'd she wou'd have been able to accomplish, if an unexpected Summons to *Paris* had not broke all her Measures, and left her no Choice but either to run immediately into the Arms of *de l'Amye*, or quit all Thoughts of him for ever——The very next Morning, after the Evening she had past some part of it in the manner already described, she
received

The Self-Abandon'd. 29

received a Letter from her Aunt, Madam de Montespan; the Contents of which were these.

TO LASSELLIA.

IF you left Paris, as you pretend you did, merely for the sake of my Repose, you will make no Difficulty in returning to it, when you shall know it is my Interest calls you—the unjust King has treated me in a manner I should disdain to acknowledge, were there not an absolute Necessity you shou'd know it—I have either been betray'd by some I have put Confidence in, or my ill Genius has whisper'd him, that I have but deceived him in feigning an Ignorance to what Part of the Country you are retir'd—Since you left me, I have never receiv'd any Mark of his former Favour; and of late (what will not arbitrary Authority dare!) he has, even to my Face, avow'd his Passion—Last night he left me with Menaces, such as I too well know him not to dread, that I shou'd dearly repent my Attempt of eluding him by an Artifice too shallow not to be seen through—In fine, I perceive every day my Court decrease—I am no longer solicited—no longer hurry'd with the Attendance of petitioning Courtiers—sure Marks of a declining Favourite—all that can re-establish me in my former Interest with him, is your Return—I can boldly demand a Support for my Ambition, when I consent to the Destruction of my Love, and to the Death of my own Hopes bring a belov'd Rival to his Arms—Make haste, therefore, thou fatal Beauty! to Paris, to the sight of an adoring, impatient Monarch; a Monarch, who wants but Constancy to make him equal with the Angels—Haste, I say, to bless his Eyes—and by making him happy, in part retrieve

retrieve the Injury you have, tho unwillingly, done
the

Unfortunate

MONTESPAN.

P. S. Come, if possible, with the same Expedition as you went—I have sent this Moment to your Royal Lover, to acquaint him I have discover'd where you are, and that I expect you to-morrow—Delay it not, unless you wish to see my Ruin.

SUCH a Command as this was as vexatious, as it was surprizing to the Person who receiv'd it—Had her Inclinations been in the very same Position as when she left *Paris*, she wou'd have been far from consenting to return to it, on the Terms propos'd; but as her Heart was now entirely taken up with the Thoughts of *de l'Amye*, to endure the Addresses of another, was detestable to her—Love gave this happy Favourite infinitely the Preference in her Esteem, over the greatest and most agreeable Monarch in the World—To be the Mistress of *de l'Amye*, tho in a Cottage, she look'd on as a Blessing superior to all the ambitious Views which tempted her in the Embraces of a King; but resolved, if possible, not only to find some Expedient utterly to escape what was her Aversion, but also to delay the Gratification of her Wishes till Time shou'd render them more excusable—To this end, she communicated Madam de Montespan's Letter to Monsieur de Valier and his Wife, entreating their Advice, how she shou'd avoid

The Self-Abandon'd. 31

avoid a Danger which so imminently threaten'd her Virtue. The noble-minded Pair, little imagining that she had any other Reasons for refusing to return to *Paris*, than those which had oblig'd her to quit it, and altogether ignorant of what had pass'd between her and *de l'Amie*, applauded her Resolution; and told her, that they cou'd not enough extol her Bravery of Soul, who, to preserve her Honour, cou'd be blind and deaf to all the enchanting Charms of Power and Grandeur, and chuse rather to be bury'd in an *innocent Obscurity*, than shine the Envy of the World in *guilty Greatness*. These Encomiums were not perhaps so pleasing to *Lasselia* as they imagin'd; a Consciousness of not meriting what they said, embitter'd all the Sweetness such Praises, if deserv'd, wou'd have bestow'd: therefore waving all that might remind her how really *Criminal* she was, while she appear'd all *Virtue*, she begg'd them to think of some Method by which she might evade the Commands of *Madam de Montespan*, and the Sollicitations of the *King*. This was no small Difficulty to bring to pass, it was not to be doubted, since that Lady had been prevail'd upon to sacrifice her Love to her Ambition, so far as to become an Intercessor; but she wou'd proceed to compass what she aim'd at, by all imaginable Measures——It seem'd therefore an Impossibility that *Lasselia* cou'd be any more safe at *Collumiers*, than at *Paris*; but where she shou'd retire, or on whose Fidelity she cou'd depend for Concealment, was the Question: Neither *Mademoiselle de Valier*, nor *Monsieur* knew of any body on whom they dared depend in any Affair of so much Consequence,

quence, which, if divulg'd, or by any Accident discover'd, might involve the Persons concerned in it, in the Displeasure of a King, who was not of a Humour to pardon Indignities of this nature. *Lasselia* perceiving they were in a Pause, and uncertain what to advise her to, and knowing very well she must immediately resolve on something, spoke to them in this manner: Since (*said she*) the only Person on Earth, from whom I cou'd have expected Shelter from the King's Addresses, has been drawn to a Resolution to betray me to him, it will be in vain to hope that, by tarrying here, I can escape the Snares laid for me; Arbitrary Power can easily find Means to force me hence: I will therefore go where, I believe, I may promise myself an unknown, and therefore safe Retreat; and because I will not oblige either of you to the Constraint of an Untruth, for, doubtless, you will not pass unexamined, I will not acquaint you with the Place of my Retirement, till the Noise of my having left you is entirely over. These Words gave a good deal of Satisfaction to the Persons they were address'd to, being unwilling to be brought under the Displeasure of the King by detaining her, and more unwilling to yield her up a Victim to his unwarrantable Passion——They presently imagin'd it was to some *Monastery* she wou'd fly for Refuge, and commended her Discretion in concealing the Name of it; well knowing, that if it were discover'd, not even that holy Sanction would avail against the united Commands of the King and *Madam de Montespan*, and the very *Religious* themselves be scrupulous of entertaining a Person in opposition to their Power.

B U T

BUT I doubt not but the Reader will easily guess it was not to be a *Recluse* that *Lasselia* intended: however, she was willing enough to let Monsieur and Madamoiselle *de Valier* continue in their Opinion that it was so, and they all concluded that she should leave their House the next Night. She told them she would depart in the Habit of a *Pilgrim*, and for the first Night take up her Lodging at a common Inn, from which she knew how to get conveniency to be carry'd to the Place she design'd to go to; and for the better deceiving Madam *de Montesperan*, Madamoiselle should write to her, taking no notice that she knew any thing of her having order'd *Lasselia*'s Return; but to acquaint her, that that young Lady had left *Collumiers* unknown to any body; and that both herself and Husband were in the greatest Consternation imaginable what was become of her, and for what Cause she had, in such a manner, quitted a Family, whose Care it had been to use her with all possible Respect. This Contrivance was applauded by all concern'd in it; and Madamoiselle immediately went about providing a *Pilgrim*'s Habit with the utmost Secrecy, and Caution, for not one of the Servants were to be trusted with it.

IN the mean time, *Lasselia* had her Thoughts full of Confusion; it was to *de l' Amye* she had determin'd to go; his Arms were her intended Sanctuary, and his Love her Asylum; but how to let him know what had befallen her, was a Perplexity she knew not how to remove: To write to him, was an Impossibility, without
F
having

having the Affair known to the whole Country ; and, as if Fortune had a design to contradict her Inclinations, he happen'd not to come to *de Valier's*. All Things being ready, and the Evening appointed for her Departure arriv'd, she grew almost distracted what Course she should take ; her going was unavoidable, unless renouncing all she had said, and blasting her own secret Wishes, she could have contented herself to remain there till a second Mandate, back'd with Force, should have oblig'd her Return to *Paris*. And where to go she knew not, nor could think of any plausible Pretence whereby she might advertise *de l'Amie* of her Proceedings : The Distraction of her Mind show'd itself in her Countenance, she was ready to sink with Apprehension what might happen to her, wandering alone, a Stranger, and uncertain where she should find Shelter, even from the Weather—While Mademoiselle *de Valier* was helping to dress her like a *Pilgrim*, she trembled, and had scarce Strength to suffer any thing to be done ; but this pass'd for the Trouble she was in, at being oblig'd to depart from them in a manner so odd ; and, with much ado, she was at last equipt. The Care of Monsieur and his Lady had dispatch'd all the Servants, some one way, some another, that when the fair *Pilgrim* was to make her *Exit*, there was nobody in the House but them three. The Parting was extremely moving ; Mademoiselle held her in her Arms for some time, without being able to let her go, while the other seem'd as unwilling to get loose, till Monsieur reminding them, that probably some of the Family might return, and disappoint all the Measures they had taken, they

they broke with mutual Tears from one another's Embrace. The Lady retir'd to her Clofet, to pray for a good Event of this, as she thought, pious Fraud ; and her Husband conducted the disguis'd Fair-One to the Road where she desir'd him to leave her, assuring him, she would write by the first Opportunity, to give notice *how* she was, tho not *where* she was.

THE Reader's Imagination here must help me out, for Words wou'd be insufficient to represent what 'twas *Lasselia* endur'd, when left alone ; all that one can think of Dread !—of Anxiety, was short of her enduring——She was naturally timorous ; and having never been expos'd to any Dangers, now all at once to brave so many, was more than all the Resolution she had muster'd up could enable her. She accused *de l'Amie* of Ingratitude, and Coldness, that he had not been at *de Valier's* these two Days——Oh ! (*said she to herself*) had he lov'd with that Ardency as he pretended, a Sympathy of Souls wou'd have brought him——By Intuition he would have known I was about to do something that requir'd his Aid——Is Love a Divinity, and does any Spark of it inform his Breast, and not by some secret Impulse warn him, that his *Lasselia* has, for his sake, abandon'd herself to all that can be thought of Misery, and Horror ? Thus did she upbraid the Passion that possess'd her, while wandering up and down the *Fields* ; for the Fears she was in, wou'd not suffer her to keep the *Road*——The sight of any Passengers, tho at a distance, terrify'd her beyond expression ; she imagin'd

that, if seen, she shou'd be known in spite of her Disguise, and her distracted Apprehension form'd a thousand Ideas of Danger all frightful, and hideous to Nature!—The Darkneſs coming on, encreaſed them, and ſhe would now have given all the World to have been in ſome Place of Shelter; but ſhe was wholly unacquainted with the way to any Inn, and being ſtray'd a good diſtance from the Road, was hopeleſs of finding it. 'Tis probable, in her preſent Fears, ſhe would have return'd to *de Valier's*, had ſhe known her way back: but that was alſo impoſſible; and as ſhe had run herſelf into this Miſfortune, there was nothing for her to do, but patiently to bear whatever might be the Conſequence. It would be too tedious to repeat the Lamentations ſhe made, or the various Turns of Anguiſh which the different Paſſions created in her Soul. So I ſhall only ſay, that when it grew quite dark, ſhe withdrew to a little *Copſe*, which ſhe found in the middle of the Field; and there covering herſelf as well as ſhe cou'd with her *Pilgrim's* Weed, lay all Night on the Earth, no other Bed than a few fallen Leaves, nor Canopy, than the Skies. Hard Lodging for a young Lady bred in all the Delicacies of the moſt pompous and magnificent Court of *Europe*!

'TIS eaſy to believe ſhe reſted not much, her Griefs and Uneaſineſſes were of a nature too violent to admit the Influence of the God of Sleep, nor did the Dawn afford her any Conſolation, ſhe was ſtill in the ſame wretched State; and after, caſting in her Mind a thouſand various Projections, which all ſeem'd im-
poſſible

possible to accomplish, she laid herself down again; quite stupid with her Grievs; resolving, as much as she had power of resolving on any thing, to rise no more.

BUT she had not continued long in this Lethargy of Thought, before she was rous'd from it by a sudden and loud Noise of Horses, Hunting-Horns, and a great Cry of Dogs; they rush'd just by the Place she was in, and had not the Gentlemen been too eager on their Game to regard any thing else, she must needs have been discover'd by them, as they pass'd, in spite of her leafy Covert. The unexpected Sound made her start at first hearing; but lifting up her Head a little, as much as she had Courage, and perceiving what it was that had occasion'd it, she slunk down again, trembling for fear she shou'd be seen, and continu'd in that Posture for some time: at last, hearing nothing but the rustling of the Leaves blown to and fro by the Winds, she once more ventur'd to rise, and walk; not that she had any hope of mending her Condition, but to seek a Place more remote to die in. She had not gone many Paces from the *Copse*, which had been her Habitation that Night, before she saw a Man on Horseback, riding leisurely cross the Field just opposite to her——All the Terrors her confus'd Imagination had created, return'd with double Force at this Sight; and endeavouring to avoid him with too much Precipitation, her Feet happen'd to be entangled with some bushy Twigs that lay in the way, and down she fell. She wou'd have rose nimbly enough, but the same spriggy Substance which had thrown her,
still

still hung about her, and all she cou'd do was insufficient to disengage herself, till the Gentleman, perceiving the Accident, alited from his Horse, and ran to her Assistance: But how shall I set forth, as it deserves, that vast Excess of insupportable, unutterable Joy! which rush'd at once into her Soul, when looking up, she saw in the Person she had *fled*, him whom to *meet* she had run so many Dangers; her dear, her ador'd *de l'Amie*—The swift Vicissitude from the Extreme of one Passion to another was too violent for her Weakness to sustain—it took away all power of Utterance, or of Motion. Mademoiselle *de Valier* had so artificially disguis'd her, that till finding she was fainting away, he began to pull the things from her Face, in order to give her Air; he knew not to whom it was that Pity and Good-nature had engag'd him to do that good Office: But when the Face of *Lassellia* was discover'd, the same, or if possible, a greater degree of Transports than she had felt, were now his Turn to experience—both were too much lost in Rapture to express it by any other way than Kisses, Embraces, and all the fond Endearments of mutual Extasy—Words were too poor, too mean Acknowledgments of the unbounded Bliss of such a Meeting—nor cou'd they, for some Minutes, be able to relate to each other the means by which it came to pass, till Curiosity claiming a share in his other Emotions, he contented himself to give a little Truce to the tumultuous Pleasure he enjoy'd in her Embraces, to ease his Wonder at seeing her in that Garb and Place; which she, endeavouring to recollect herself, as much as possible, oblig'd him in, by shewing him Madam
de

The Self-Abandon'd. 39

de Montespan's Letter, and acquainting him with the Reasons why she had left *Paris*; and since the House of *de Valier*—Such a Discovery must have been an addition, if it cou'd have admitted of any, to the Passion he profess'd for her—to fly from the Embraces of a *King*, to lose for ever all the Advantages she might have expected from the Favour of so great a Lady as *Madam de Montespan*; and to endure such Terrors, such certain Hardships as had been her Portion the Night before, and might have continued on her till Death had put an end to them, had not Chance directed him that way, only for the uncertain Hopes of finding a safe Harbour in his Arms at last, was such a Proof of condescending Tenderness, of Love the most sublime, the most violent that ever was, that he confess'd it far surpass'd all possibility of a return, and grew even painful to a grateful, generous Heart, which, he said, had not the means to thank, as it deserv'd, such a profusive Waste of lavish Kindness——But *Lasselia* soon remov'd that Discontent, by assuring him she shou'd think herself more happy in the Conquest of his Heart, than in that of the whole World; and that all she entreated of him, shou'd be Constancy. This little amorous Contest being over, she began gently to reproach him for the want of that Impatience, which, by herself, she knew was incident to Love. How cou'd you, (*said she*) after so many tender Declarations on your Side, and Condescensions on mine, have the Inhumanity to keep two long Days from the only Place where you cou'd expect to see me?—Had you been kind enough to have sought me at *de Valier's*, what thousand Afflictions had you sav'd

fav'd me—all the Terrors of this last cruel Night had been unfelt, and in their room I had been possess'd of Joys inconceivable—Bliss without a Name, and which is no where to be found but in the Presence of my ador'd *de l'Amie*. You do well, (*reply'd he, tenderly embracing her*) you do well, my Angel! by the divine Softness of your *last* Words, to make me Reparation for the Injustice of your *former* ones.—O! did you know on what a Rack of high-rai'd Expectation I was kept, you would not blame, but pity me—to a Man in my Circumstances, Opportunities are scarce; nor cou'd I, in all that Age of Hours, which you call but two Days, find one which I cou'd hope wou'd bless me, till, mad with the Delay, I contriv'd a Hunting-Match, and invited *de Valier* to be Partaker of it, and at the same time entreated his Wife wou'd bear mine company at our House, till the Chase shou'd be over. I flatter'd myself with a Belief you wou'd discern my Meaning, and make some Pretence to stay at home, while I wou'd, unperceiv'd, have drop'd my Company, and stole unsuspected to that dear Bower where first I had the glorious Discovery of your tender Sentiments; but all these Hopes were dash'd, and I wonder how I surviv'd the killing News, or that at least my Countenance did not discover how nearly I was interested, when *de Valier*, at his coming this Morning, told me you had last Night left his House, unknown to all the Family; and that it was the greatest Mystery in Nature, on what Occasion, or to what Place, you were retir'd—The Force I have done myself, since this Information, in putting on a constrain'd Good-Humour to him and the rest of the Company, can by nothing

The Self-Abandon'd. 41

thing be made known to you, but by your own dear extensive Imagination; and I shall only tell you, that not able to endure it longer, I took the Advantage of their Eagerness to pursue a Stag just roused, and turn'd from them to indulge a Melancholy I believ'd I had but too just a ground for—I was resolving, under the pretence of travelling for Improvement, to put myself into some Disguise, and search the Country round, till I had found you—when Chance!—blest'd Chance! which from henceforward shall be my Deity, brought you to my Sight, and in a Moment chang'd the Hell of my Despair, to all the Heaven my Soul is capable of possessing. A thousand Kisses, and strenuous Embraces, clos'd this Discourse; nor wou'd they ever have known when to have given over so delightful an Employment, but that a repeating Watch, which he happened to have in his Pocket, striking Eleven, reminded him that 'twas possible the Hunters might return, and that this was no fit Place to continue their amorous Entertainment; therefore, remounting his Horse, and taking her up behind him, who joyfully put herself into his Protection, he rid a quite contrary way to that he expected them to come, and stopping at an Inn, where he had some little Acquaintance, he recommended her to the People of the House, and charging them to take particular Care of her, without asking any Questions who, or what she was, forc'd himself to leave her, having first obtain'd a solemn Promise from her, that she would endeavour by Repose, to recover the Fatigue she had undergone, assuring her that he wou'd return before Night. She doubted not the Performance of his Promise,

G

both

both in this and every thing elle : *Love* is ever credulous, and inspires so good an Opinion of the darling Object, that it is not without great Difficulty the Heart which harbours it, can be brought to believe any thing to the prejudice of what it wishes, even where there is the greatest ground for Suspicion ; and, indeed, there was here occasion sufficient for an implicate Faith ; the little Knowledge she had of the Principles of *de l'Amie*, was but a too reasonable Cause for Doubt, that when he had nothing more to obtain, he might retain as little regard for the Person who so generously gave him all, as his Sex ordinarily do—it was but a Chance whether by putting herself under his Protection, she shou'd not fall into the most miserable Circumstance to which a fond believing Woman can possibly be subjected ; and in such a Venture there were ten thousand Blanks to one Prize. But *Fortune*, in this particular was on her Side, *de l'Amie* had a Stock of Good-nature, Honour, and Sincerity ; which had it been divided among his whole Sex, might have bless'd the Race of Womankind—he never *promis'd* more than he *perform'd*——his *Professions* never outsoar'd his *Meaning*—and tho no Man that ever liv'd, had a greater command of Language, he chose rather by *Deeds* than *Words*, to express his Passion—In the whole Course of his long Amour with her, she had it not in her power to accuse him of having told her one Untruth—To the End of his Life he lov'd her with an undiminish'd Ardour—was strictly careful of her Reputation, while there was a Possibility of preserving it—zealous for her Interest, and ever eager for her Love—Such a Ruin (as by the nicely Virtuous, the

The Self-Abandon'd. 43

the Sacrifice she made him of her Honour could be call'd no other) was too pleasing to permit her to repent it——Fame, Reputation, Grandure, all that the Generality of Souls are sway'd by, seem'd little in competition with his Love; and whenever the Reflection, that by the Laws of the Nation their Pleasures were no other than criminal, came a-cross her Thoughts, he had taught her to absolve herself, by arguing with her Conscience in this manner: Why (*said she*) should I condemn that as a Fault which *Heaven* ne'er made one? 'tis Custom only and Priestcraft make me guilty——What Right had those imperious Dictators to impose Laws on their Fellow-Creatures? Not any of their Legends can boast a Divine Mission to authorize their Insolence.——In former times, Plurality of Wives and Concubines was allow'd of, and to this day are forbidden but by a small Part of the World——So far were the Suggestions of him who made it his chief Care to reconcile her to what she had done; but *Love*, and her extreme Admiration of him, furnish'd her with more——But suppose (*would she say*) it were indeed a Crime with any other Man, the Case is widely different with him I love; the charming, the unequall'd *de l'Amie*, that Pride of Nature! that Boast of the Creation! cannot surely be thought to *err* while he obeys the first, great, undisputable Command——*Go forth and multiply*——A thousand Wives, were there so many Women worthy of his Love, should rather spread his glorious Image round the peopled Earth! adorn Hu-

G 2

manity!

manity ! and bless the Age to come !— With these, and the like wild Notions, did the Violence of her Passion transport her, and stifle all Remorse ; which however really condemnable in themselves, serv'd to make her entirely easy in a Life which else must have been full of Disquiets.

BUT I forget that by these Digressions I shall become tiresome to my Reader : To go on therefore with the History of this (whom I may justly call) *Self-Abandon'd Fair*. Some Hours before she expected him, did the impatient *de l' Amye*, pretending sudden Business, get rid of the Company he had invited, and returned to the Inn where he had left her ; the Joy of their Meeting was proportion'd to that Excess of Passion they were mutually transported with, and he, having order'd his Affairs so as to be absent from Home, stay'd with her all Night, and without any more Resistance than such as but heighten'd Desire, enjoy'd those Charms a King had vainly languish'd to obtain. When a little Cessation from Rapture would give leave for cooler Conversation, they began to consult where, and in what manner, she shou'd be conceal'd ; and after many various Proposals on his side, and Refusals on hers, as being either dangerous, or improper ; at last it was concluded she shou'd stay where she was, not only because the People being of a mercenary nature, Gold might make them entirely at his Devotion, but also that it being very near his House, he might with the more Convenience be often with her : to add to this, her Face was utterly unknown to them, and
whatever

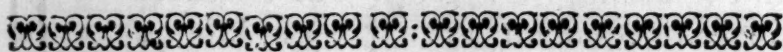
The Self-Abandon'd. 45

whatever Rewards might be offered by the King, or Madam *de Montespan*, for the discovery of *Lasselia*; their Ignorance that they had the Charge of such a Person, wou'd be her Security.

S H E lived for some Months in all the Felicity that Love, in the most elevated degree, can afford to those who devote themselves entirely to that Passion; but, alas! how transient is a Happiness built on this Foundation? If the darling Object of our Tenderness, by some uncommon Principle of Honour, or a Constancy seldom incident to the Nature of Mankind, returns not, with Ingratitude or Falseness, the Condescensions we have made; the Hand of Fate, by some unforeseen, some unimagi'd Blow, dashes the short-liv'd Bliss, hurls us to lasting Wretchedness, and forces us to own, tho' late, the sad Effects of our mistaken Zeal. Madam *de l' Amye*, who, as I have before observ'd, was not without a good deal of womanish Pride and Jealousy in her Nature, either by finding a difference in her Husband's Behaviour, or some other Reason, began to grow prodigiously disquieted, and resolv'd to know the Truth of what that Business was which he pretended oblig'd him to be so often from home, and where it was that he, of late, had past so many Days and Nights; in order for this discovery she sent a Servant, whom she cou'd confide in, to watch at a distance where his Master went: but the Caution of *de l' Amye* rendred these Endeavours fruitless for a long time; for he never went directly to the Inn
where

46 L A S S E L I A : or,

where *Lasselia* was lodg'd, but made short Visits at several Houses which happened to be not far distant from his own: And 'tis probable that by this means she wou'd never have had it in her power to have made herself wretched, by a Discovery of that, which for her own Peace, as well as that of the other Persons concern'd in it, had much better have been eternally conceal'd, if an Accident had not happened, that when she had almost given over all Hope of it, brought every thing to light.



The History of the two Mademoiselle Douxmouries.

A FRIENDSHIP of a very ancient standing having been between the Families of *de l' Amye* and *Douxmourie*, it was mutually desir'd, that the former having but one Son, and the other no more Children than two Daughters, the Amity between them might be preserv'd by his Marriage with one of them. — The eldest of them, being most favour'd by her Father, was the Person propos'd, and old *de l' Amye* agreeing to it, every thing was concluded on before the Inclinations of the Parties themselves were consulted: The young Gentleman, who had been on his Travels, tho' he was every day expected home, did not return till some Months after this Affair was settled; so that his intended Bride had much the advantage of him, in knowing to whom she was ordain'd. — The Expectations that she would be a very
con-

considerable Match, being Coheirefs with her Sister of a vast Estate, join'd to her other Accomplishments, had attracted a great number of Admirers, all which her Father oblig'd her to dismiss, and told her he had provided a Husband for her, whose Quality and Fortune were what he approved of, and whose personal Merits were not to be equalled by any of those who pretended a Passion for her: Nor was it from her Father alone she received this Character of him, several Gentlemen, who had accompanied him to some of those Courts, which he had visited for Improvement, being returned before him, reported him to be grown a perfect Master of all those Accomplishments which can render a Man truly valuable. The thing was publickly talk'd of, all her Acquaintance wish'd her Joy of a Happiness which was look'd upon as good as compleated, and among them there were not a few who wou'd have rejoiced to have had a possibility of putting themselves in her place, and envy'd her more for the good Fortune she was to enjoy in the possession of so charming a Husband, than for the Dowry she received from her Father. She, who had a Heart intirely unprepossess'd with any other Object, was perfectly satisfied with the Choice had been made for her; and tho' it cou'd not be said she was in love with one whose Person she had never seen, yet 'tis certain that from the prodigious Character she had heard of him, she had form'd so great an Idea of Happiness in being his Wife, that she obey'd the Commands of her Father in

re-

in resolving to become so with an *Inclination*, at least, equal to her *Duty*.

A T length, the long-expected Charmer was arriv'd ; and as soon as the first Demonstrations of Joy for his Return were over, was inform'd by his Father of what he had concluded on for him : the old Gentleman did not fail to represent the Advantages of such a Match in Colours the most agreeable, and extoll'd the Merits of the Lady he design'd for him to so high a Degree, that a youthful Heart, naturally amorous, was easily inflam'd by so elegant a Description—— The Fatigue of his Journey had not taken from him that Impatience, and Curiosity, which such an Occasion commonly inspires : he was eager to see her, and desir'd he might be introduc'd immediately. His Father, overjoy'd to find him in a Humour so much dispos'd to Obedience, comply'd with his Request, and they went together to the House of Monsieur *Douxmourie*. Old *de l'Amie* beining told he was gone to take a Walk in his Garden, went to seek him there, leaving his Son in the Parlour till his Return, little imagining what Event that short Time of his Absence would bring forth. The youngest of the *Douxmourie's* having heard the Congratulations which had been paid to her Sister on the account of her intended Marriage, and the Admiration every one that knew him had express'd of the graceful Person, and Behaviour of him who was to be the Husband ; had a Desire, which indeed had something more in it than Curiosity, to see him : and
being

being told by some of the Servants that he was below, resolv'd to be a Witness of what so many had alledg'd in his favour: She had the better Opportunity of doing it, because her Sister was that Afternoon gone out to make some Visits: Therefore coming into the Room where he was, with a Gaiety and Freedom which is pretty common among the *French Ladies*, struck his Fancy, at first sight, with something to her Advantage, which she was far from expecting. He no sooner saw her, than he wish'd she might be the Person his Father had made choice of for him; and his Travels having furnish'd him with a good Quantity of Assurance, tho no more than what is agreeable, provided the Person possess'd of it knows how to temper it with Good-Manners, he presently made her sensible how happy he should think himself if she were the Daughter of Monsieur *Douxmouvie*. Young as she was, she was not so dull of Apprehension as not to understand him; but perceiving he either had not been made acquainted, or had forgot that there were two of them, forbore to remind him, prompted thereto by some secret Dictates, to which as yet she was herself a Stranger to the meaning of; and only answering him in the Affirmative, that she had the Honour to call that Gentleman Father, prevented him from giving any Check to the Passion which was just then kindling in his Soul: and thinking himself the happiest Man on Earth, to find in one Person all that cou'd indulge his Love, and at the same time gratify his Interest, and his Duty, was too much transported to restrain

H

his

his Joy, or wait the dull Formality of her being presented to him : but telling her who he was (which she knew well enough before) and asking her if she had never heard of such a Man, who had been flatter'd with the hope that he should, one day, be blest in the possession of the Daughter of *Douxmourie* : Yes, Monsieur, (*answer'd she, blushing ; and with an Air which still confirm'd him she was the Person he wish'd, and also that the sight of him had given her Emotions, in some measure, proportion'd to those he felt for her*) I am, indeed (*said she*) the Daughter of *Douxmourie*, nor are you deceiv'd in your Conjecture, if you imagine I have heard enough of *de l'Amye* to make me impatient for his coming. He was about to reply to these obliging Words, in Terms full of Tenderness, when the coming in of both their Fathers prevented either of them from proceeding. After the first Civilities were over, Monsieur *Douxmourie* began to speak of the Happiness he propos'd in uniting their Families ; and young *de l'Amye* assur'd him, that, in providing for him in this manner, he thought himself under greater Obligations to his Father, than for all he ever did, or wou'd do for him besides. You are infinitely gallant, *reply'd Monsieur* ; and I hope, if what you tell me be your real Sentiments, you will have no occasion to alter them when you see my Daughter, who, not appriz'd of the Honour of a Visit from you, happens to be abroad ; but I have sent for her, and I know she will be here immediately. What mean you Sir ? (*interrupted de l'Amye, strangely surpriz'd*) is not this Lady your Daughter ! One
of

of them (*resum'd the other*;) but she that the discerning Eyes of your rightly-judging Father has pointed out for you, as much exceeds her in all the Perfections of Mind and Body, as this might seem to do an untaught, tawny *Ethiope*. It is not to be imagin'd what an Alarm these Words gave the Person they were address'd to——He was hardly able to recover himself so far as to be able to make any Answer, and when he did, it was in this manner: I doubt not (*said he coldly*) but that all your Family have Excellencies peculiar to themselves——but I should never wish a nobler Satisfaction, than what is in the power of this young Lady to bestow. Had a disinterested Person been present, it would have been pleasant enough to have observ'd the Surprise and Vexation which appear'd in the Faces of the two old Gentlemen——They stood for some time looking on one another in a fix'd Posture, as if some supernatural Event had happen'd, which had depriv'd them of the Power of Speech, till the Father of him, who had been the Occasion of it, first broke silence in these or the like Expressions——You must pardon (*said he*) the Deference which my Son has Gallantry enough to pay to the *present* Fair——He has travell'd, you know, and that sort of Education generally inspires a desire of becoming pleasing to all——I hope he is better acquainted with my Intentions, than to prefer in reality any to her I have appointed for him——Aye, aye, *cry'd the other*, it is all owing to this forward Girl——Leave the Room! (*contin'd he, turning to his Daughter,*

who had been all this while trembling with Confusion and Uncertainty how to behave in this Affair) be gone!——You are too young for Conversations such as we are upon. Tho, by what after ensu'd, one may believe she wou'd have given her Soul almost to have staid; she was kept in too much Awe by the Severity of her Father, to dare to disobey him, and she went away in Tears: which so sensibly touch'd *de l'Amie*, that not all the Respect he ow'd to the Presence of his Father wou'd have been able to have restrain'd him from uttering a much greater Part of his Sentiments, than yet he had done, if the immediate Entrance of that Lady, for whose sake the other had been treated in this manner, had not made it improper: She no sooner appear'd, than, after having paid a civil Respect to the two Strangers, she ask'd her Father what had occasion'd his Commands for her return home. That, *reply'd he*, which I doubt not but all here will at last think themselves happy in. In speaking these Words, he presented her to *de l'Amie*; and for form sake, told her who he was, tho the Servant who was sent for her had before related the News.

NOTHING could be more dazling than the Appearance of this Lady; her Person was every way agreeable, she had the finest Hair and Complexion in the World, her Features were perfectly regular; nor could the nicest Eye find a Defect either in her Face or Shape, unless that she were something too tall; but then there was an Air of Majesty about

about her, which little People very rarely can boast, and which made her appear extremely charming——To all that *Nature* had bestow'd, *Art* had done its utmost to embellish her: she was dress'd in so *rich* as well as *becoming* a manner, as might easily inform those that saw her, there was nothing wanting from her *own Care* for the *one*, or *Indulgence* of her *Father* for the *other*. But not all the Attractions she was Mistress of, were sufficient to make her appear half so amiable in the Eyes of *de l'Amye*, as did her Sister: there was an easy Freedom in the Behaviour, a winning Softness in the Air and Face of that young Creature, tho dress'd in a more plain Apparel, and not set off with any Illustration, which took more with him, and he continu'd to think her infinitely more lovely in her native Charms, than this, adorn'd in all the gawdy Pomp of Finery, and Blaze of Jewels. The Passion he was possess'd of for the other, and the Reflection how indifferently she had been used on the account of this, work'd so strongly in his Soul, that he had scarce power enough over himself to pay her even those common Compliments, which cou'd not be omitted without Ill-Manners——In fine, the little he said to her appear'd so forc'd, so different from what is dictated by the Heart, that a Person, far less capable of judging than she was, might easily perceive he was little influenc'd in the manner she expected. By the Description I have given of her, I believe my Reader will not imagine her to be the humblest of her Sex; tho, had she been such, a Disappointment like

like this was sufficient to rouse the smallest Sparks of Pride, and kindle up Resentment; but as she really was of a Humour perhaps the least inclinable to pardon an Indignity of this kind, of all others, she grew all Fury, and her tumultuous Thoughts meditated nothing but Revenge: but if his not loving her had power to raise such a Tempest of Rage in her Soul, to what an infinite Degree did the Knowledge (which she soon after receiv'd) that it was to the more prevailing Charms of her Sister she ow'd this Mortification, transport her! All that can be conceiv'd of Violent, was mean to that with which her haughty Temper was agitated. The poor young Lady felt the Effects of it; her Father was so much inrag'd, that by her showing herself the Match might probably be broken off between *de l'Amye* and his favourite Daughter, that he wou'd not suffer her to come in his sight; but order'd she should stay in her Chamber, whence he vow'd she should never come out, unless it were to be dispos'd in a Monastery, without *de l'Amye*, repenting the Declarations he had made in her favour, consented to the Consummation of what his Father had agreed upon for him——Nor was this all the Hardship she endur'd; she was deny'd Ease in her Confinement, her Sister was perpetually coming in to insult her, and whenever any Company or Business gave her a small Cessation from this Vexation, her own disturb'd Thoughts were sufficiently her Tormentors——She lov'd the charming *de l'Amye*, tho she had
seen

seen him but once, with a Passion as fierce, as violent, as her Soul naturally mild and gentle was capable of admitting. And the Impossibility there was, that her Father ever shou'd be brought to consent she shou'd be his, to the prejudice of her Sister, even tho he should really like her well enough, to continue giving her the Preference in his Inclinations, I believe, by all who have experienc'd that Passion, will be allow'd to be a Torture poynant enough to break a Heart more resolute than her's.

WHILE the Family of *Douxmourie* were in these Perplexities, that of *de l'Amye* was not much better: the young Gentleman plainly told his Father, he never would marry the Person propos'd, and obstinately refus'd making any more Visits to that House, unless he might be admitted to pay his Addresses to the youngest Daughter. This created many Arguments between them; and neither of them being able to overcome the Resolution of the other, the whole Affair, for some time, continu'd in suspense.

OLD *de l'Amye* at length having, for many Reasons, a prodigious Desire his Son should marry into that Family, endeavour'd to persuade Monsieur *Douxmourie* to give his Consent that he should have her he seem'd most to approve; but he was too partially fond of his other Daughter, to listen to such a Proposal: and since he had no other way to revenge the Contempt she had been treated with,

with, encreas'd his ill Usage of her Rival Sister in such a manner, that she would not have been able to have supported it with Life, had Heaven not sent her a Relief, by taking him away, in whose power alone she was. He was taken suddenly ill of a violent Fever, and died in three days : but the approach of Death made but little Alteration in his Sentiments, he did not indeed wholly cut off his younger Daughter of a Child's Part in his Estate, but left her far inferior to her Sister, and that too to be forfeited if she marry'd *de l' Amye*.

SHE was now, however, her own Mistress ; and 'tis not to be imagin'd that when she was so, she wou'd continue in the same House with a Sister, whose unforgiving Temper had cost her so much Uneasiness : She took Lodgings in the Town, and being still possess'd of her former Passion, tho as hopeless as ever of gratifying it, sent to let *de l' Amye* know she shou'd take it as a favour if she saw him among the number of those who came to console an unhappy Orphan. — This Summons was too kind a one for a Man of his Gallantry to refuse, had he been less in Love ; but still retaining the same Desire which the first Sight of her had inspired him with, tho' now degenerated to a less noble Aim, he obeyed with a speed which testified the Pleasure he took in it : The former Tenderness with which they had regarded each other, encreasing by a nearer Conversation, both became at length too much

much overcome by it, to have the Government any longer of their Actions. — And, to what Extremes will mutual Love transport its Votaries? — They yielded to the all-commanding Force — gave up their Souls as Victims to his Sway — and prov'd that it was not in the power of the inexorable *Doux-mourie* to deprive them of any other part of the Joys of Marriage than the Ceremony. The Consequence of this was, what might naturally be expected, the Censure of the World, and a living Proof that those Censures were not undeserv'd; but in spite of those two, which must be reckon'd stabbing Afflictions to a Woman who has any Pretence to Honour or Reputation, the generous Fair had too great a tenderness for her lovely Undoer, to press him to take off the Reproach she suffer'd by making her his Wife. — A noble Friendship went hand in hand with the Passion she had for him, which would not suffer her to wish he should take to his Arms a Bride unportion'd; nor indeed, as his Affairs stood, great part of his Father's Estate being involv'd, could he have done it, without bringing manifest Destruction on himself, and her he married. But the Case stood not in this manner with the *Sieur Le Blessang*. He, tho' infinitely superior to her in Fortune, wou'd have thought himself happy, would she have yielded to be his Wife; and when she heard the Rumour that every one's mouth was full of, of her Intimacy with *de l' Amye*, he was the last that believ'd it; nor, perhaps, never would have done so, if her Sister, who

I

hated

hated her more deadly, since she knew the continued Tenderness *de l'Amie* still had for her, and was ever watchful to expose her, had not contriv'd a Stratagem, to give him ocular Demonstration. She persuaded him to dress like a Footman, and under the Pretence of bringing a Letter from that happy Lover, he easily got Admittance into the House, where the unfortunate Lady was in her Child-Bed. — That Secret being also discovered by the Spies of that assiduous Contriver of Diffension. — Having gain'd Entrance, Love, Curiosity, Jealousy, and a Resolution of being satisfied of the Truth, emboldened him to follow the Maid that carried up the Letter; and found her, indeed, as he had been inform'd, and the undeniable Testimony of what she had been guilty of, lying on the Bed by her. The Surprize he was in, in spite of all had been told him, to see her really in that Condition, was so great, that he had power to utter no more than, O! cou'd I have thought it! — Cou'd I have thought it! — and then ran down Stairs immediately — the Confusion she was in, at seeing a Fellow at her Bedside, and the Oddness of his Behaviour, hindred her from ordering he shou'd be stay'd — but when she open'd the Letter, and found it only a Blank, she perceiv'd she had been betray'd, and was immediately seiz'd with so violent a Disorder, that it threw her into Fits which had like to have been fatal to her. There let us leave her for a while, and return to the enrag'd Lover, Monsieur *Blessang* — He had no means of venting his Indignation
on

The Self-Abandon'd. 59

on her who had so ungratefully repaid his generous Affection, but he cou'd not bear the Man who deprived him of her Affections shou'd live ; he, therefore, writes a Challenge immediately to Monsieur de l'Amye, who, though he cou'd not guess by what way he had affronted a Gentleman who was altogether a Stranger to him, had too much Bravery to refuse meeting him, and went to the Place, and at the Hour appointed—— It was natural enough, before they encounter'd, to enquire the Cause which had provok'd him to send a Billet of that nature ; which the other answer'd with all the Frankness imaginable, telling him the whole Secret by which he had discovered the Amour—— But, *said he, not yet able to vanquish the Tenderness he had for her ; tho' she is for ever lost to me, and with her all my Soul holds dear, so precious is her Fame, and Peace of Mind to me, that if you will swear to recompence the Injury you have done her, by an honourable Marriage, I am willing to pass over my own Misfortune in Consideration of her Happiness, and will here change Vows with you, never to molest your Peace—De l'Amye,* tho' 'tis possible he might, after Possession, have had Gratitude enough to have done every thing in his power for her Ease, knew very well his Circumstances would not admit of his marrying in that manner ; but either not willing to let the other into that Secret, or believing all he cou'd say on that score would seem but as a Pretence to avoid fighting, thought it better absolutely to re-

I 2 fuse

fuse it — This threw off all the Good-will Monsieur *Blessang* before had to an Accommodation; and, drawing his Sword — Now, *said he*, nothing shall protect thee from me; I fight not now to satiate my Revenge on a Rival, but to punish a Villain, a base Violater of Innocence — Have-at-thee, then, *continued he, making a Pass at him* — Defend thyself, if thou canst, against the Cause of Justice, and of injur'd Virtue. He made his first Push with so much Fury and Skill, that *de l'Amye* stood in need of all his Dexterity to parry it; but having foil'd him once or twice, and by this time equally enrag'd, gave a home Thrust, with these Words — This, *cry'd he*, to show how little I deserve the Contumely, thy rash mistaken Rage has branded me with — The unhappy *Blessang* cou'd answer to these Upbraidings no otherwise than with a Groan, which was indeed his last; for that Moment put a Period at once to his Love, Life, and Indignation. Monsieur *de l'Amye* was exceedingly troubled at this Accident, not only because he had robb'd the World of a Gentleman whose Life might have been of Service to it, but also that he knew he had too many powerful Friends for him to hope to obtain a Pardon for the Misfortune he had been the cause of to them — As he was reflecting a little on the Vexations which frequently arise from giving way to that Bane of Quiet, Love, he saw three or four People cross hastily over an adjacent Field, and seem to be coming directly to the Place where he was standing by the dead Body

The Self-Abandon'd. 61

dy of him who so unluckily had fallen by his hand. Self-preservation put him in mind that this was no fit Place for Contemplation ; and turning another way into a Road, the Entrance of which he knew very well, he made the best of his way to the Lady for whose sake all this had happen'd : he found her very ill, and not in a Condition to be acquainted with what he had to deliver, therefore was obliged to leave her ; zealously entreating the Care of all about her, designing, if she recover'd, to write an account of all to her, as soon as he shou'd be in a Place of Safety ; which, not believing was to be found in *France*, he took Shipping immediately, and embark'd for *Flanders*. Where when he had landed, he sent Letters to his Father, and some others whom he cou'd confide in, desiring they would let him know, by Post, every thing that pass'd concerning the Death of Monsieur *Blessang*. The first Answers he receiv'd, were little to his Consolation, tho' no less than he expected : The Persons whom he saw in the Field, were brought by the Servant who was employ'd in carrying the Challenge ; who, imagining what it might contain, had come in hope to have prevented the Mischief ; and finding they were too late, went that moment to a Magistrate, and gave in an Information—he also was informed that great Search had been made for him, and that he must never expect to see *France* again, unless he meant the Visit should be fatal to him—But in the midst of all these sad Accounts, he had this to comfort him, that

62 L A S S E L I A : or,

that his Father was very busy with all those who were accounted Favourites at Court; that he spar'd no Cost nor Trouble to procure a Pardon; and that there were some among them, who had given him hope of succeeding.

THIS Misfortune was very terrible to old Monsieur *de l'Amie*, not only because it depriv'd him of the pleasure of his dear Son's Company, but also that it was the tearing to pieces of his already broken Estate: and the Trouble and Fatigue it occasion'd him, was such, as was very near bringing him to his Grave.

BUT what Tongue is able to express the Grief, the Distraction of the unfortunate Cause of all this Woe, when first she heard the fatal News: Had it not been prevented by the watchful Care of those about her, she wou'd not have liv'd a Moment to endure the Obloquy of the World, and those severer Stings of Conscience which she now began to feel, for having, by her ill Conduct, occasion'd such Scenes of Death and Ruin—The *Idea* of the unhappy *Blessang* was ever in her mind; and at some times Imagination work'd so strongly on her perplex'd Thoughts, as to make her think she saw him. She continued for some time in a Condition little different from Madness; but when Reason had a little recovered its usual Sway, a deadly Melancholy succeeded Passion; and tho' she had frequent Letters from *de l'Amie*, in which
he

The Self-Abandon'd. 63

he press'd her to come to *Flanders*, she cou'd not be prevail'd on, to repeat that Folly which had caus'd such Misfortunes in the World, and which she now accounted as a Crime unpardonable: But to do all she cou'd to expiate it, after putting her Child, which happen'd to be a Boy, under the Care of a *Fryar*, of whose Goodness and Piety she was well assured, she retir'd into a *Convent*, where she resolv'd to pass the Remainder of her Days in Penitence. Her haughty Sister all this while exulted in triumphant Vengeance; but aiming still at the Life of *de l'Amye*, she join'd her Interest, which was pretty considerable, with the Relations of the *Sieur Blessang*, the better to render fruitless all the Endeavours the unhappy Father cou'd make in his Son's behalf——But, at last, notwithstanding all the Efforts of Malice, he succeeded, a Pardon was sign'd, and he call'd home: It would be needless to repeat the mutual Transports of the overjoy'd Father and Son at meeting; whoever will give themselves leisure to think what they would feel in such a Circumstance, need not be inform'd——It had however been more pure, if not mix'd by the melancholy Reflection how much this Accident had impoverish'd their Fortune; and by making so many Enemies, took from the young Gentleman all Hope of repairing it, as he once designed by getting a Place at Court: but being inform'd of the Particulars of all that had been done in his Absence, he resolv'd at least to gratify one Passion; and putting on a Countenance

tenance as full of Gaiety as he cou'd, went to make a Visit to her whom his Indifference had made his implacable Enemy, Mademoiselle *Douxmourie*. The Surprize which appear'd in the Face of the Servant who open'd the Door to him, gave him a sort of gloomy Satisfaction, not doubting but he shou'd create a much greater in the Lady he serv'd. He was not mistaken in his Sentiments; she no sooner was told he enquir'd for her, than a cold Sweat came all o'er her Limbs; she trembled like one in a Palsy, and not able to imagine what shou'd have occasion'd his coming, was not without a Thought, that repenting his Contempt of her, he meant to entreat her Pardon, and perhaps endeavour to expiate his former Coldness by a Declaration of Love. This was too agreeable a Belief for her to oppose it: For *de l'Amie* having had the same Charms for her, as for almost all her Sex besides; and her Hatred having only been occasion'd by his not loving her, such a Suggestion gratified more than one Passion in her: therefore, looking in her Glass, and setting herself in that Air which she thought would be most engaging, she went down to receive him with a Pleasure, which those who knew the Violence with which she had express'd herself against him, would scarcely have believed. But how was she mortified, how much more insupportable was this second Disappointment, than the first he had given her; when instead of accosting her with humble Looks, and Words all compos'd of Sweetness and Persuasion,

Persuasion, as she expected, he offered her nothing but Insults, and reproach'd her for her Inhumanity to a Sister, who he told her was infinitely more deserving than herself, in Terms so bitter, and so severely just, that tho' she cou'd ill endure to hear them, her secret Soul avowed what he alledg'd, and join'd to torture her. This Self-Condemnation abated great part of the Fury his first Salutation had put her in, and at length, she either was, or fancy'd herself to be, truly sorry for what she had done, and opening all her Bosom, made no Scruple of confessing the Source of all the Mischief. She confess'd it was not *Pride* for the Preference he gave her Sister, which had alone stirr'd up her Resentment, but that Love, jealous, disappointed *Love* ! had at least an equal Share in driving her to those Extremes she had been guilty of. ——— And at last fell so low as to tell him, that if he yet cou'd bring himself to return the Passion she felt for him, she would repair the Losses she had occasioned in his Fortune by giving him her own, and by publickly marrying him, testify to the whole World from what Original the Hatred she had shewed to him had sprung : 'Tis impossible to describe with what a Look *de l'Amye* list'ned to this unexpected Offer ; all that can be conceived of Scorn, Contempt, and Detestation, were to the Life display'd in his expressive Eyes—— but, as if they were not intelligible enough ——— Weak, vile Woman ! (*said he*) as mean-spirited as base ! Can you believe that I, who, when unknowing the foul-

K

ness

ness of your *Mind*, could find no Charm about your *Person* worthy my Regard, can now descend to take a Wretch who wants but Opportunity and the Temptation of the Devil to be a Witch? — No — did but one Thought agree — should I forgo my Principles, renounce my Honour, and debase my Nature but even so far — cou'd I but hesitate, if for a sordid Consideration I shou'd take to my Arms so loathed a Creature, I shou'd indeed be only fit for thee — but I too much despise thee to think whatever thou canst offer worth a Moment's serious Consideration — thou art now grown as much beneath my *Resentment*, as thou art unworthy of my *Pity*. I cannot have the same Sentiments for you (*reply'd she, fiercely, and running at him with a Penknife which she happened to have in her Pocket*) nor shalt thou live to triumph over both the Daughters of *Douxmourie*.

S H E was very near plunging it into his Body, before he saw what it was she had in her Hand; and had not a Chair, by catching hold of her Sleeve, a little retarded the Speed with which she flew to him, he had inevitably fallen a Victim to her Fury; but easily disarming her, when he perceived what she was about, Wretch! (*cry'd he, if possible with an added Scorn to that with which he had before look'd on her*) Fortune will no longer assist the Mischiefs thou art form'd to execute. — Thou hast already done all to me thou ever canst have power to do, by depriving me of thy
Si-

The Self-Abandon'd. 67

Sister, and forcing my unwilling Arm to rob the World of so accomplish'd a Gentleman as the *Sieur Blessang*. — I now despise whatever Efforts thy future Malice may make against me — and leave thee an Object at once meanly *despicable*, and transcendently *wicked*. With these Words he flung out of her House, resolved to hear no more, had she attempted to speak ; but the o'er-boiling Passions of her Soul suffer'd not themselves to be discharg'd in Words, but rising all at once, suffocated her, and she was found by her Servants in a Swoon.

T O repeat the many Stratagems she afterwards form'd for his Destruction, would be as tiresome as impertinent, since none of them for a long time met with Success ; and she had the inexpressible Mortification to see him in a small time married to a young Widow vastly rich, part of whose Wealth paid off the Mortgages of the Estate which was to descend to him, and they lived together on the Remainder in a manner more grand than ever he had done before.

B U T now the Time was come at once to prove how dangerous it is to have a watchful Enemy, tho' ne'er so known a one, and to make *Lasselia* sensible how much she had deceiv'd herself by false Reasoning when she concluded that Errors, such as she was guilty of, were little taken notice of by Heaven. The implacable *Douxmourie*, out of humour with the World, which afforded her a Grati-

fication neither of her Love nor Resentment, was going into the Country to indulge a Discontent she cou'd not have so much leisure to do at *Paris*. In the Road to the Place she was going to, was that Inn in which *de l'Amye* had plac'd his belov'd *Lasselia*. It was the effect of the other's Ill-fortune, that she happened to bait there, and a little more fatigued than ordinary, resolv'd to go no farther that Day. *Lasselia*, who while the Sun was up, ne'er dared to peep abroad, us'd commonly to take the benefit of the Air in an adjacent Field every Evening: She was in one of those nocturnal Refreshments when *Madamoiselle Douxmourie*, who in leaving *Paris*, had not left her Disquiets, weary of sitting alone in her Chamber, and it being too early to go to bed, went to take a little Walk: accompany'd only by her Woman, whom she had taken along with her. It was their Chance to go into that very Field; which being very near the House, made it not unsafe for them to venture without any other Guard than their own Voices; which, if they were assaulted, might easily bring People to their Assistance. They had walk'd but a little way in it, before they fancy'd they stood in need of Protection; they heard a rustling among the Leaves on the other side of the Hedge, and presently after a muttering of Voices; they immediately imagin'd there were Robbers near them, and presently began to run back, crying all the way, Thieves, Thieves! —

Help!

The Self-Abandon'd. 69

Help! Help! or we shall be murder'd in a Moment. There were immediately 20 People about them from the Inn, and some little Cottages which stood near it—What's the matter? where are the Thieves? bawl'd they all out with one Voice—O! just in that Thicket (*reply'd Douxmourie, pointing toward the Place where she had heard the Sound*)——'Tis not to be doubted but they ran in hope of a certain Reward which had been allow'd to all who had the good Fortune to take any of these lawless Adventurers. *Douxmourie* was so much out of breath with her Fright, that she was obliged to rest on her Woman's Arm, before she cou'd go any farther; and she was not got into the House, when the Mob her Outcrys had rais'd, were returned: she stopp'd a little to know their Success——for Fear had magnify'd the Noise she heard to such a degree, that she thought there were at least a hundred of them that made it——See, Madam (*cry'd one of the Fellows*) for what Cause you have been alarm'd——there were no Thieves; you have only made us interrupt a loving Couple——but, however, since we have been at the pains of taking them, we'll e'en carry them before their Betters——they shall give an account who they are, and what Business they had there, before we part with them. It was to no purpose that the Gentleman endeavour'd, by mild Arguments

70 L A S S E L I A : or,

Arguments (for to have made use of Force, would have been Madness) to prevail on this rude Multitude, to let him, and the Person he had with him, who was dying with her Fears, go about their business. They were obstinately bent, and all his Eloquence was thrown away on them. *Douxmourie* was all the while they were talking, in the greatest Consternation imaginable; she fancy'd she knew the Voice of him who had fallen into this Misfortune, but cou'd not recollect where, or when she had heard it before; and the Moon being pretty obscure, and the Press of People who encompass'd him round, would not give her leave to see his Face, till being all come near the Inn, the People themselves running out with Lights, she immediately saw, to her inexpressible Surprise, as well as Joy, that it was the Object of her Hatred, *Monfieur de l'Amie*, and with him a Woman of a very good Appearance, (for *Lasselia* had long ago thrown off her *Pilgrim's* Habit) but that distracted Lady, willing to conceal herself as long as she cou'd, holding a Handkerchief to her Eyes, took from the other the means of knowing her, which else she must infallibly have done, having often seen her at *Madam de Montefpan's*; but this she was certain of, that it was not his Wife, by the difference of her Shape and Stature; *Lasselia* being a great deal taller, and something more slender

slender than *Mademoiselle de l'Amie*, whom before her Marriage she had been intimately acquainted with.

THE Master and Mistress of the House were very much vex'd at this Accident, not expecting any other, than that by this Discovery *Monsieur de l'Amie* wou'd be oblig'd to carry his Mistress and Generosity to some othe Place : but to bring them off as well as they cou'd, they told the Rabble that they might disperse themselves, for they wou'd be answerable for the Character of those Persons, that the Lady was a near Relation of their own, and the Gentleman an Acquaintance who sometimes call'd to see them——Thus, with much ado, the Lovers at last had their Liberty; but were extremely perplex'd, lest this Affair should get Air. *De l'Amie* cou'd not be certain that, among such a Number of People, there were not some who might know him; but that was the smallest of their Vexations, *Lasselia* had till then been conceal'd with that caution, that not a Servant in the House, but one, whose Fidelity the Mistress of it was secure of, knew there was any Woman lodg'd there, a Passage being made for her on purpose out of her Chamber into the Fields; and she never stirring but when it was dark, prevented her from being seen by any body.

BUT

BUT it was now natural to suppose, that being found with him, and afterwards own'd as a Relation by the Inn-keeper, would create Suspicion enough in those sort of People, therefore they concluded that it would be wholly improper for her to continue there. But whither to remove her, he could not for his Soul contrive; tho, had he known how dangerous an Enemy he had in the House, and who had been both the Occasion and Witness of the Bustle which had happen'd, 'tis certain they would rather have chose to have shelter'd themselves that Night under the Boughs of some spreading Oak, than tarry'd under the same Roof with her. But the malicious *Douxmouïe*, to have the better Opportunity of completing the Mischief she intended, withdrew the moment she had seen his Face; which, by the Advantage of the Lights being brought behind her to the Place where they were, she cou'd easily do, before he cou'd, if the Distraction he was in would have given him leave, have perceiv'd her.

SHE went presently to her Chamber; but having several Servants with her, she order'd them to watch about the House, and bring her word of all the Motions of those two Persons: and being inform'd by the most diligent among them, that, for a certainty, that Gentleman and Woman lay
both

both of them there, she pretended on a sudden to be taken extremely ill, and that not expecting to live an Hour, she must send for some Friends she had in that Country; so ordering a Horse to be got ready, that Footman who had brought her this Intelligence, having his Message given him privately, was dispatch'd to the House of *Madam de l'Amie*, where he was to tell her, that he belong'd to a Gentleman who had the greatest Concern imaginable for her ill Usage; and had sent to inform her, that her Husband having an Intention wholly to abandon her in a short time, of late had been very busy in disposing of some Lands, which Money he had made a Present to a young Girl, whom he was so excessive fond of, that he design'd to live with her as his Wife; and as a Proof of the Truth of all this, she might that Night find them together at such an Inn—— But that, if she requir'd this Testimony, she must not lose this Opportunity, which probably might never offer again—— *Mademoiselle Douxmourie* charg'd him, if possible, to fire her with a desire of coming immediately, because she was not sure how long they might stay. It was scarce a quarter of an Hour's riding to the House of *de l'Amie*; and telling the Servants he had Business of greater Consequence than Life to impart to their Lady, she order'd he should be admitted, tho she had on her Night-dress, and was preparing for bed—— The Fellow perform'd the Business he was sent about with so

L

much

much Art, that she presently assented to the Proposal of going that moment to detect her Husband, on whose Ingratitude and Perfidiousness she bestow'd ten thousand Curses; but not thinking it proper to go alone, especially with this Man, who was altogether a Stranger to her, she sent to Monsieur *de Valier*, and rouz'd him and his Lady, desiring they would come to her on an extraordinary Occasion——They obey'd her Summons, and were there by the time her Coach was got ready, which they all went into, accompany'd on each side by Mademoiselle *Douxmourie's* Man, two of *Valier's*, and one of her own, all on Horseback——As they went along, she told them on what account she had entreated the favour of their Company: and they both took the liberty of assuring her, that had they been of her Counsel beforehand, they should have persuaded her against it; because in such Cases, Extremes are often fatal to the Peace of both, and that it was better sometimes to appear blind, than too quick-sighted: But Jealousy is not of a nature to endure Controul, she was resolv'd to have the pleasure of upbraiding, and bid the Coachman drive as fast as possible. They got to the Inn about three in the Morning, when all the Family were drown'd in Sleep, except Mademoiselle *Douxmourie*, and those that sat up to attend her, and open the Door to those Friends she told them she had sent for.

HER

H E R Servant, who had the Conduct of the whole Affair, brought them up into his Lady's Chamber, where Madam *de l' Amye* was not a little surpriz'd to find to whom it was she ow'd the Discovery she was about to make; and possibly, in spite of her own jealous Rage, wou'd rather have seem'd to have disbeliev'd all she heard, than gratify the Malice of this Woman, who she knew had the greatest Hatred imaginable to her Husband. *Douxmourie*, perhaps, guessing at her Sentiments, as soon as she had put every body out of the Room belonging to the House, Madam, *said she*, I forbore to let you know I was the Person who, by the greatest Chance in the World, have this Opportunity of convincing you of the Perfidy of your Husband; because the open Enmity I have always profess'd for him, might have made you suspect there was more of Spleen, than Justice in what I had told you: but as you are now in the same House, and on the same Floor with him, and the Person he prefers to you, I doubt not but before you leave it, you will satisfy yourself what 'tis he merits from you—All, and more, *cry'd she*, than my Resentment can inflict, and if it be as your Messenger inform'd me, by all that's sacred I'll—She was going to make some rash Protestation, when Monsieur *de Valier* stopp'd her Mouth; Hold, Madam! *interrupted he*, I must not suffer you to give way to Passion, till you are ascertain'd you have cause for it—*Anger* sometimes blinds the

Reason; and as this Lady avows her Hate to Monsieur *de l'Amie*, 'tis not impossible but that she may have been mistaken, and has been led to credit something more than the Truth of him she is willing should be found guilty. This hinder'd the enrag'd Wife from saying any more, till Mademoiselle *Douxmourie* recounting the manner by which she had made the Discovery, which she illustrated with abundance of aggravating Circumstances, made her relapse into her former Fury——She was then for breaking open the Door upon them; tearing them to pieces, exposing them to the whole World, seem'd too little to satisfy the Wrong——She vented the Passion she was in with so much Vehemence, that she who had rais'd it, endeavour'd to abate it——Madam, *said she*, 'tis not impossible, but in such a House as this, there may be Back-ways; which, if there be, this shameful Pair are, doubtless, but too well acquainted with: and should your Voice discover you are here, or any force be used to get Entrance, before that can be done, they may perhaps escape, and disappoint our Aim——I, therefore, wou'd advise you to be patient till the Morning, which now is near at hand; and when either of them opens the Door, which one of my Servants shall diligently guard, we will all be ready to rush in upon them——This Method of proceeding receiv'd a general Approbation; and Madam *de l'Amie* did all she cou'd to suppress the Violence of her Indignation at present, that it might fall more heavy on the Persons who had caus'd it;

The Self-Abandon'd. 77

it; for she resolv'd in her own Mind never to forgive, or live with her Husband more.

THE Lovers, who had pass'd their Time in as great, tho' different Anxieties, having at last fix'd on a Place to go to, thought it most proper to leave that they were in, before Day-break; and accordingly Mounſieur *de l'Amye* rose, and opening the Door to call the Hostler to get his Horse ready, was surpriz'd to find himself, as he was stepping back into the Chamber, push'd violently in by a rush of People who follow'd him: The Candles they had in their Hands, immediately inform'd him who they were. As confus'd as he was, he had Presence enough of Mind to run towards the Bed, where he thought to defend his dear *Lasselia* from their View, or die to expiate the Disgrace she must suffer for his sake; but that unfortunate Lady, hearing a Noise, had rais'd herself in her bed to see what 'twas: which when she did, Surprise, and Shame, and Fear, took away her Senses so far, as to deprive her of any Thought in what manner she shou'd conceal herself; and sat still, stupid and motionless, expos'd to every body in the Room—'Tis hard to say whether the Fury of Madam *de l'Amye*, or the Wonder that she and all her Companions were in, was greatest, when they found it was *Lasselia* with whom he had transgress'd—nor cou'd either of them surpass that which *de l'Amye* felt, to see *Douxmourie* with them: He no longer doubted by whom he
had

had been betray'd, and not answering the Invectives which his Wife pour'd out upon him, he utter'd as many against that *She-Devil*, for that was the only Name he vouchsafed to call her by. While all were in this Confusion, *Mademoiselle de Valier*, having a little recover'd that Confusion the sight of *Lasselia* had occasion'd, having a tender Friendship for her, went towards the Bed with a design to have spoke to her, when the undone Fair, just then waking, as it were, from that Absence of Mind she had been in, into a Sense of the Shame to which she was expos'd, starting suddenly from the Posture she had been in, and catching *Monsieur de l'Amye's* Sword, which lay on a Table by the bed-side, was about to end her Life, and the Infamy that attended it: it was the good fortune of that sincere Friend to prevent this Act of Desperation from being accomplish'd; but the *Attempt* put the whole Company into so great a Consternation, as was of excellent Service to the silencing their Clamours. *De l'Amye*, tho' he was ready to fly into his Charmer's Arms, and chase away her Despair by a thousand soft Endearments, yet he ow'd too much to his Wife, to give her so provoking an Instance before her Face, that she was but the second in his Esteem—but the Pain he endured in this Restraint, took from him all Inclination to continue his Reproaches to *Mademoiselle Douxmourie*; and he stood speechless, and seem'd lost in Thought, as did his Wife; who, tho' extremely fiery and passionate, had a great deal of Good-Nature,

The Self-Abandon'd. 79

Nature, and so manifest a Proof of her Rival's Penitence and Despair, wrought on her so far, as to engage her Pity—and she thought, if that wou'd make her easy, she cou'd forgive the Wrong she had done her, provided she wou'd never more repeat it. Monsieur *de Valier*, who had watch'd the Abatement of her Rage, perceiving her Looks were very much softened, beg'd her to withdraw with him a Moment into another Room; to which she having consented, he laid so many Arguments before her, how infinitely better it would be to hush up this Affair, than to make herself and Husband, as well as the Person who had injur'd her, the Chat of the whole Country; that she at last consented, on condition she wou'd immediately retire into a Monastery, thereby to put it out even of her own power to wrong her more—Having obtain'd thus much from her, he endeavour'd to bring *de l'Amye* to consent; and was labouring a long time before he cou'd prevail on him but to promise an eternal Separation: but the Remonstrance the other made him, how he was indebted to his Wife for almost every thing he was possess'd of; her Love, her Faithfulness to him, her Good-nature, her condescending Temper, making an Allowance for that one Foible, Jealousy, won so far on his Gratitude, join'd to the Reflection, how impossible it wou'd be for him to keep the possession of *Lasselia*; believing, not without Reason, that if the Discovery of what had happen'd, shou'd reach the Ear of Madam *de Montespan*, as in all probability it wou'd, she

she wou'd take effectual Measures to prevent his coming near her: all this put together, oblig'd him to an unwilling yielding to what was propos'd. While Monsieur de Valier was thus employ'd with the Wife and Husband, his Lady, who had taken the Hint privately from him, was no less busy with *Lasselia*; she had a double Task to reconcile that distress'd Lady at once to the Thoughts of Life, and quitting the Conversation of her beloved *de l'Amie*; but the Power her experienc'd Friendship had given her over her, enforcing the strong Reasons she made use of, in a little time work'd their desired Effect, and this Affair ended vastly different from what the beginning promis'd. The malicious *Douxmouvie*, was the only Person vex'd at it—as for *de l'Amie*, tho' he never ceas'd to think of *Lasselia* with a Tenderness which cou'd not but be attended with some melancholy Reflections; yet the Temper of his Wife, who, after this, took double Care to make herself agreeable to him, by degrees, made him grow more chearful. *Lasselia*, who, as she had promis'd, went directly to a Convent, strengthen'd by the good Advice of *Mademoiselle de Valier*, who frequently visited her, and the religious Conversation of the holy Maids she was among, in time was wean'd from those sensual Delights she had before too much indulg'd herself in, and became an Example of Piety even to those who never had swerv'd from it.

10 JU 68

F I N I S.

THE
RASH RESOLVE:
OR,
The Untimely Discovery.
A
NOVEL.

[Price 2 s.]

NOVELS, &c. writ by Mrs. Eliza Haywood.

1. **L**OVE in Excess, or the Fatal Enquiry ;
a Novel. In Three Parts. The Fourth
Edition, Corrected.

2. The *British* Recluse ; or the Secret His-
tory of *Cleomira*, suppos'd dead : A Novel.
The Second Edition.

3. The Injured Husband ; or the Mistaken
Resentment : A Novel. The Second Edition.

4. *Idalia* : or, the Unfortunate Mistress. A
Novel. In Three Parts. The Second Edition.

5. Letters from a Lady of Quality to a Che-
valier. Translated from the *French*. To which
is added, A Discourse concerning Writings of
this Nature, by way of Essay. The Second
Edition.

6. A Wife to be Lett. A Comedy. As it
is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

7. *Lasselia* : or, The Self-Abandon'd. A
Novel. The Second Edition.

10

THE
RASH RESOLVE:

OR, THE
Untimely Discovery.

A
NOVEL.

IN TWO PARTS.

By Mrs. ELIZA HAYWOOD.

*Woman is soft, and of a tender Heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain Love's Dart :
Man has a Breast robust, and more secure ;
It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.*

Congreve.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed for D. BROWNE jun^r. at the *Black-Swan*,
without *Temple-Bar* ; and S. CHAPMAN, at the
Angel in *Pall-Mall*. 1724.

(v)



TO
The Right Honourable
THE
Lady RUMNEY.

May it please your LADYSHIP,



HOSE who are acquainted but with part of those shining Qualities which make up the Character of your Ladyship, and consider you only as a Woman of Rank, admirable fine Sense, and the most discerning Judgment in the World;

vi *DEDICATION.*

World ; will, perhaps, be astonish'd at my Presumption in throwing at your Feet a Trifle so little capable of meriting your Regard : But those who are happily admitted to a nearer View, and have shar'd the Effects of your condescending Sweetness of Disposition, will easily forgive me when they remember, that the less worthy is the Offering, the greater Goodness is requisite for the Acceptation.

BUT this Reason (tho' certainly a very material one) is not the only one which induc'd me to intreat your Ladyship's Protection.——Flattery is a Vice so much in Fashion, and, I am sorry to say, so much encouraged, that there is nothing more difficult than to find a Patron who not expects, nor would be pleased with it : Where then
should

DEDICATION. vii

should a Person, by Nature averse, and by Precept taught to shun it, make an Address of this Nature, but to a Lady whose Perfections strike all Encomiums dumb, because they cannot reach her Worth? — a Lady, whose Character is so justly establish'd for all those Graces both of Mind and Body, which can be an Ornament to our Sex, that it would be as needless as vain to attempt a Repetition of them! — You, Madam! are possess'd of Charms which the Soul only can describe! — 'tis not in Words to speak them. — We all admire the Diamond's sparkling Lustre; but tho' we gaze never so long on the thousand differing colour'd Rays it casts, no Artist yet had ever skill to paint the Brightness of it.

TO

viii *DEDICATION.*

T O the Motives already mentioned, I cannot forbear adding the Confession of another, that of indulging my Pride in testifying to the World the Honour I receive in your vouchsafing to read the Products of a Genius, which, wanting the Improvements of a learned Education, pretends no farther Merit, than an Aim to please. My Ambition is in this, by your Ladyship's excelling Goodness, sufficiently gratified, and it is this which charms me into a grateful Acknowledgment.

A L L that I have to offer in Defence of the following little History, is; That there is something so very particular and uncommon in the Misfortunes of her who is the Subject of it, that I think cannot fail of exciting Compassion in a generous Mind : and
how

DEDICATION. ix

how blameable soever her Conduct may appear, in one Affair, the Train of Woes it drew on her, prevail to soften the Severity of Censure.—But I will not attempt any thing in her Vindication, let her own unequall'd Sufferings plead for her : I am confident, were the *Fair Unfortunate* still living, She would as readily submit her Fate to the Determination of so sweet a Judge, as I do my weak Endeavours to represent it. I am,

M A D A M,

With the most profound Respect,

Your Ladyship's

Entirely Devoted

most Faithful and

most Obedient Servant,

ELIZA HAYWOOD.

*Where seeming Transport softens ev'ry Pain,
 Where fancy'd Freedom waits the winning Chain!
 Vary'ng from Pangs to visionary Joys,
 Sweet is the Fate, and charms, as it destroys!
 Say then, — if Love to sudden Rage, gives way,
 Will the soft Passion not resume its Sway?
 Charming, and charm'd, can Love from Love
 retire?
 Can a cold Convent quench th' unwilling Fire?
 Precept, if human, may our Thoughts refine,
 More, we admire! but cannot prove divine.*

RICHARD SAVAGE.





THE
RASH RESOLVE:
OR,
The Untimely Discovery.

PART I.

THO' nothing is more laudable than a Firmness of Resolution, yet there is no one thing more apt to bring us into Misfortunes, than too inconsiderately to form them: Whoever fixes a Determination to do, or leave undone any Action of Importance, ought to advise with Time, and deliberately weigh not only all apparent Obstacles, but also all that may possibly arise either to thwart the present Intention, or oblige Repentance if compleated. If the most lively and penetrating Wit that ever was known,

2 *The Rash Resolve: or,*

a Wisdom wonderful in Youth, a Depth of Learning which scarce any of the Fair Sex could boast, an elevated Genius, and Sublimity of Thought, a Soul composed of Honour, Courage, Gratitude, Generosity, Fortitude, and all those Virtues which wear the Name of *Manly*, joined with 'Tenderness, Sweetness of Disposition, and every Grace with which the *softer* Specie attracts, and charms, could render the Person possess'd of them happy, the lovely Subject of the following Sheets had been as remarkable for her good Fortune, as the ill Influence of her Stars have made her for the contrary.

EMANUELLA, so she was call'd, was born in *Porto-Rico*, one of those Islands belonging to the *Spanish West-Indies*, the Government of which had been given to her Father, *Don Alvarez*, by his most Catholick Majesty. She had the misfortune to lose her Mother very young, but notwithstanding that, and the Disadvantage of being educated in a Place which could boast of but little Politeness, the Care and 'Tenderness of *Alvarez*, whose only Child she was, sufficiently compensated for all other Wants: Perceiving her of an uncommon *Aptitude* for Learning, he sent for the best Masters to instruct her in the *Latin*, *French*, and *Italian* Tongues, in which she became so perfect in a little time, as also in Musick, Dancing, Singing and Painting, that it was hard to say in which she most excell'd: All the *Muses*! all the *Virtues*! all the *Graces*! seem'd assembled in her Soul, and inspir'd her Conversation with such different ways of charming, that what kind soever the Heart was most affected with, one might be sure to find

The Untimely Discovery. 3

find it there : As to the Beauties of her Person, tho' few of the most celebrated ones could boast of more, yet they were so far exceeded by those of the interior Part, that I shall only say the Brightness of her *Mind* shone in her *Eyes*, enliven'd all her Air, and whether she spoke, or look'd, or mov'd, an awe-mix'd Sweetness spread it self around her, at once surprizing, pleasing and commanding.

A D O R N ' D with all these shining Qualifications, 'tis easy to believe how dear she was to her Father ; but alas ! it was not many years after she was capable of knowing how happy she was, before she lost it ; the good *Alvarez* died when she was about Fifteen, and it was from that fatal Moment she might date the beginning of that Series of continued Woe, which to the end of her Life attended her. Not but she was left in a Circumstance, which, if Wealth could bribe ill Fate, was sufficient to shield her from all the Vexations of Life ; but where a Person is destin'd to Misfortunes, that which to *others* would prove a *Blessing*, is to them a *Curse* ; the Riches she was possess'd of, serv'd but to attract a Number of *pretended* Friends, but in reality only so to *themselves*, and the open, noble Frankness of her Disposition to lay her liable to their Insinuations. She was so entirely free from all Deceit, and Artifice herself, that till a too dear Experience convinced her, it was very difficult for her to entertain a Belief there was such Baseness in the World.

B U T to go on gradually with the little History I am about to make, the time of Mourning for *Alvarez* was no sooner expired, than she began to have a passionate Desire to leave the

4 *The Rash Resolve: or,*

Place she was in; the Delicacy of her Taste, joined to the Improvements of her Education, made her uneasy to continue where she could find nothing like herself to converse with. Besides, she had many Relations at *Madrid*, and did not doubt but in so populous a City, she should meet with Entertainments suitable to her Genius. But how great was her Vexation, when having prepared every thing for her Departure, she met with an Obstacle entirely unforeseen? Don *Pedro*, who by her Father's Will, and her own Consent was made her Guardian, having the vast Fortune left her in his Possession, could not think of parting with it so easily; he had a Son, whom ever since the Death of *Alvarez*, he had been casting about how to ingratiate to the Affections of this young Heiress: He had indeed never hinted any such matter to her as yet; nor had the intended Lover made the least Declaration of a Passion, but it was only because the one thought it early enough, and that there being none of a superior Fortune in the Place, there was little danger of the Offer being refused whenever it should be made; and the Silence of the other proceeded from a just Sensibility of his own Demerits, and a true Respect for the engaging *Emanuella*: for he had so little to recommend him in his Person, that had his Soul been possess'd of no greater Beauties, he would have been but little regarded by all that knew him. His Stature was very diminutive, his Limbs unhappily fram'd, his Face cast in a Mould so rough, whoever look'd on it, would have believed that Nature was absent at his Formation, and left the work to Chance; his very Voice was disagreeable, and his hesitating Ac-

cents

The Untimely Discovery. 5

cents disgrac'd the Meaning he endeavour'd to express. But in this unlovely Out-side, there was a Jewel lock'd, whose Worth made full amends for all his other Wants : He had excellent Sense, Honour, Good-Nature, Generosity, and a thousand other Virtues better described by his own Actions, than by the Pen of any Writer ; but had he been possess'd of more good Qualities than ever Man pretended to, it could not be expected that with these interior Charms alone, a Lady so young and beautiful, as *Emanuella*, could be influenced. She was indeed too good a Judge of Wit herself, not to admire it in another ; she acknowledged *Don Marco's*, (for that was his Name) and would often, notwithstanding the Misfortune of his ill manner of Delivery, take Pleasure in hearing his Notions of things. She approv'd of his Conversation, and had a very great Friendship for him, till the Knowledge of his, or rather his Father's Designs, reversed those favourable Thoughts, and turn'd her all into Disdain.

BEING resolv'd to leave the Island with the first Ship, she sent for *Don Pedro*, to advise with him on the ordering her Affairs ; she could not think it safe or practicable to take her whole Effects with her, and therefore thought it proper to settle a Correspondence how they might be sent after her, and in what hands trusted. *Don Pedro*, who before had heard of her Design, thought it now high time to discover the Secret he so long had kept ; and making her a low Bow, It is easy, Madam, *said he*, for us to contrive means to send your Fortune either to *Madrid*, or any other Place you shall command, but it will not be so easy to bring us to consent

6 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

sent to the parting with your self. — You here receiv'd your Being ; — here your Education ; are a Native — a Property of this Place ; and when you attempt to deprive us of that Right we claim of your Presence, the whole Island would rise in Arms ; nor ought you to wonder if in so just a Cause I should appear their Head, and force your Stay, if soft Persuasion fails. The old Gentleman was so little accustomed to Gallantry, that *Emanuella* could not help laughing at these Words, which she had not the least Thought were spoke with any other Design ; and perceiving he had done, Well well, *Don Pedro ! return'd she*, I do not doubt but in such a Cause as this I should be able to make my party good against the Islanders, even tho' you should appear their Head, as you threaten ; but to shew you that I am not for War, if Peace may be maintain'd on honourable Terms, pray what have you to offer me here in lieu of those Advantages I may expect elsewhere ? That (*reply'd the other hastily*) which if duly weigh'd, is of more Estimation than the whole World beside ; a Love accompanied by Sincerity, Constancy, and Truth, — a Passion pure as the Zeal which warms the Martyr's Breast, and everlasting as his Reward. All this was so far from giving her any Notion of his Intention, that she had no other Surprise than to find him in a Disposition so different from his former Gravity ; and believing he assum'd this Air of Raillery only to divert her, would not baulk his Good-Humour, but return'd an Answer such as she thought suitable to the Occasion : If you were in a Condition (*said she merrily*) I should be half in hope it was of your
Heart

The Untimely Discovery. 7

Heart I had made so great a Conquest ; but as you are not yet, nor like to be a Widower, I must entreat you to inform me who it is has felt the Effects of a Power I never had any Reason to have an Opinion of till now. Alas, Madam ! (*resumed the Don*) it would ill become the Autumn of my Age to attempt to please the delightful Bloom of yours. — No, no, I would not thus affront your Beauty. — But I have a Son whose Years will not disgrace the Passion he professes. — Nor will his Suit, I hope, be unworthy your Regard. These Words were like a Clap of Thunder to *Emanuella's* Ears : the manner in which they were spoke joined to a thousand little Passages, which when they happened, were unheeded, but now all at once occur'd to her Remembrance, made her indeed believe he meant what he said : But not yet fully assured, And are you in earnest ? *cry'd she*, (with a Voice which testified both her Amazement and Indignation.) But he, whose Pride would not permit him to be easily quell'd, was so far from excusing the Presumption of his Application, that he rather resented the little Deference she paid him. I know not, *resumed he*, for what Reason you should make a doubt of it ; there is not so great a Disparity either in Birth or Fortune, to oblige you to think it strange I should offer at an Alliance. — You will leave me to be Judge of that (*answer'd she*, *growing still more disturb'd*) but I desire not a Repetition of Genealogies, or a Calculation how many Thousands either of us are possess'd of ; 'tis sufficient I am not ignorant what is in your hands of mine, which I shall call for in, as soon as I have consider'd of a Person proper to be intrusted

8 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

intrusted in such an Affair. She spoke no more at that time, but continued walking up and down the Room, by her outward Disorders making visible the inward Agitations of her Soul: Don *Pedro*, who had as much Cunning as Pride, observ'd every Motion, and believing he had gone too far, endeavour'd to mitigate the Boldness of his first Expressions, by pleading his Concern for the Welfare of an only Son, who could not live without her. But all he could say to this purpose, was ineffectual to abate the Indignation she had conceiv'd at so disproportionate a Proposal, and the more he endeavour'd at it, the more she grew incens'd; till at last weary of his Importunities, she desir'd him to leave her House, and to prepare to make up his Accompts with her by the next day; still assuring him she was determin'd to take shipping by the first Opportunity. The Chagreen this Accident gave her, was very great; she was disappointed in the Hope of maintaining a friendly Correspondence with a Man who had the Power of being very serviceable to her in those Affairs which she was inexperienced in, and which her Soul, delighting in sublimer Contemplations, was unwilling to be amus'd in. Young as she was, she had a very good guess at the Language of the Eyes, and easily found by his, that she must expect no Obligations from him, unless she could consent to come into his Measures, than which nothing could be more averse to her *Inclinations*, and consequently to her *Designs*; for she was not of a Disposition to resolve on the one, without having first consulted the other: But tho' she foresaw many little Vexations would attend this Quarrel with her *Guardian*, yet

The Untimely Discovery. 9

yet she was far from having any Suspicion, he had Baseness enough in his Nature to act in the manner he was already forming, and she soon after experienc'd.

THIS fordid-temper'd Wretch always look'd on every thing as his own that once he had the Possession of; and to think of parting with so much Money as the mistaken good Opinion of *Alvarez* had entrusted him with, was such a Dagger to his Heart, that he had resolv'd rather to have Recourse to any Measures, than to endure it: He therefore contrived a Scheme, which by the Vileness, as well as Cunning of it, one would think could only be suggested by the Devil himself; he pretended that the late Governor, to maintain himself in a Grandeur far beyond what either his Post or Paternal Estate would allow, had at several times borrowed vast Sums of Money of him, some of which had been repaid, and for the Security of the remaining Part, had made over his Jewels, Plate, Household-Goods, and all other Moveables to him, and sent Officers to seize immediately on every thing. It was to no purpose that *Emanuella*, surpriz'd as she was, had Presence of Mind to argue on this score more like a Person whom many Years Experience had made perfect in the Law, than a young Virgin, who till this Hour ne'er knew what 'twas to hear a Word which had the sound of Business. — But in vain it was, that she represented the Illegality of the Action, that she might justly sue them for a Robbery, there being nothing really due to *Don Pedro*, or if there had, he could not justify the seizing on her Goods without a long Process, and a Warrant proper for that End; they told

C

her

10 *The Rash Resolve: or,*

her their Business was not to examine into the Merits of the Cause, Don *Pedro* must look to that; they had an Order for what they did, and if she thought herself injur'd, she must make Appeal elsewhere. These sort of Replies were all her fine Reasoning could draw from them, and she would not make use of Reproaches to them, who she knew did but as their Function required, but reserv'd them all for the base *Pedro*. She several times sent to his House, and other Places in search of him, but he was no where to be found, and she was obliged without even the Satisfaction of Complaint, to see her rich Furniture torn down by the Hands of these robust Fellows, her Wardrobe ransack'd, her Coffers borne away to the House of *Pedro*, while herself was left without so much as a Bed to lie on, or a second Suit of Clothes to change for those she had on. — She was not without Consideration by what means she should seek Redress for so inhuman, and unexampled a Wrong; but alas! the artful Villain had watch'd his Opportunity, the Persons appointed by her Father's Will *Trustees*, were neither of them at that time on the Island, and the new Governor not being yet arrived, there was no body in whose power it was to examine into this Affair; and against there was, he had provided, if the worst should happen, some to make Oath of Debts contracted by *Alvarez*, and an Inventory of that Part of his personal Estate which he had seiz'd (and might easily do, having them in his Possession) to prove that they were also assigned to him: Nor was this the Extent of his monstrous Stratagem, as she was left in a desolate and naked House, with only
three

The Untimely Discovery. II

three or four of her weeping Servants, not yet determined where or to whom she should fly for Shelter, the same Officers again broke in, and seiz'd her Person, by the same Orders as they had done her Effects: This last Stroke was infinitely more severe to her, than all the rest had been; at Liberty, she was not without hope of some Redress; but to be confin'd, and in the power of so inhuman a Villain, gave her Apprehensions which not all her stock of Courage could enable her to sustain: She fainted several times before they carried her away; the Fellows who at this Sight, hardened as they were, began to feel Compassion, endeavour'd to give her some Consolation, by telling her their Orders were not to carry her to Prison, but to the House of Don Pedro, who 'twas possible would come to Terms of Accommodation with her; but this was so far from working the Effect they aim'd at, that it gave an Addition to her Perplexities. O (*said she*) bear me to Prison, to Death, to any thing, rather than place me under the Roof of that consummate Villain! that Fiend more black than Hell it self can furnish! He has no Offers to make me, but such as, wretched as I am, I'd sooner die than accept. — She vented her Passion in many such like Expressions, but neither the steady Calmness which had appeared in her Countenance, during the whole time of their removing her Goods, nor the Agonies this last Surprise had thrown her in, were of any Force to give a Turn to her Condition; she was in the hands of Persons who are not much accustomed to Remorse, or if by Chance sometimes a little touch'd with it, know how to give a check to

12 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

Sentiments so contrary to their Profession ; she was obliged to go with them to the House of Don *Pedro*, where their Commission being ended, she was left in the Care of some of his Servants ; for neither he, nor his Son, were in the way, or at least would not appear till the first Emotions of her Passion were a little abated. But there is a vast difference between those People who are incens'd at every little Accident that happens to thwart their Inclinations, and those whose Passions are not to be raised but on some extraordinary Occasion ; — the first as they are immediately angry, so they are as immediately reconciled ; but the others, when once provok'd, are for a long time, if ever they are prevail'd on, in the same Humour. Of this last Sort was *Emanuella* ; there was scarce a Probability, that had Don *Pedro* recanted, and presently restored her to her Liberty with the Treasures he had so unjustly seiz'd, that she would ever have been brought to forgive the Affront he had put upon her : Nor indeed, can I see why she should, for tho' the World is apt to give to such a Disposition the Epithets of *Malicious* and *Revengeful*, yet as there is certainly a Justice due to our selves as well as to others, in my Opinion to renew a Friendship with a Person whose Unworthiness or Baseness has once forfeited it, is to put it in his power a second time to deceive us, and no other than joining in our own Destruction. Don *Pedro*, however, did not make the tryal, but persisting in the Out-rage he had begun, prepared a Room for her, little different from those in a common Goal ; the Windows of it were grated, and the Door always kept close lock'd, except
when

The Untimely Discovery. 13

when any Person came in to bring her meat: nor was her Attendance more respectful, he denied her to be waited on by one of her own Sex; fearing, as she was afterwards inform'd, her Tears and Eloquent Manner of expressing her Misfortunes might influence them to pity her Condition, so far as to attempt her Relief.— She had the Privilege of indulging her Melancholy undisturbed for two Days, at the end of which Don *Pedro*, imagining the Violence of her Fury pretty well exhausted, went to make her a Visit. But to what a height does the Sight of the Offender transport the hush'd Disorders? *Emanuella*, whose Philosophy had enabled her to bear the Treatment she had met, with much more Moderation than the generality of the World could have done, and depended entirely on Heaven for the Redress of her Injuries, now lost all Patience; she upbraided him in Terms, which if not severe enough for the Baseness he had been guilty of, yet in such bitter ones, that she herself thought afterwards were unbecoming the Mildness of her Sex; and indeed she had so great an Aversion for Railing, that she has been often heard to say, no Usage could excuse it: — And 'tis certain, the edge of her Invectives had been much less keen, if Don *Pedro*, to his other Crimes, had not in this Visit offer'd an additional Indignity, which to the delicacy of her Soul was less pardonable than his former ones. His arthy and groveling Disposition, rendering him incapable of judging of the Elegance of her's, made him affront her when he meant quite otherwise: Among some other faint Excuses for what he had done, he told her that, he had no other way to force her to marry his Son, —
but

14 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

but as soon as ever, she consented to that, she should not only be put in possession of all, the Care of *Alvarez* had heaped up for her, but also of Treasures which in no other Match she could expect. Not the poor Cottage Maid, who on the mountain Tops, exposed to Winter's Colds, and Summer's Heats, watches her little Flock, nor knows what Grandeur means, had less of Pride than *Emanuella* ; yet here, the new, and ne'er till now experienced Guest usurp'd the whole Dominion o'er her Soul, and fir'd each Faculty with generous Scorn. — Wretch (*cry'd she*) who ignorant of Merit, and far incapable of judging by what the noble Mind is sway'd, thou thinkest all Dispositions like thy own, and conscious of thy own Depravity of Nature, hast dar'd to hope thou hast the means to force, or bribe me to thy Purpose ; — but know, presuming Fool ! I view thy executed Spite, and proffer'd Love with equal Eyes, and think them both below my Anger, and fit Subjects only for Disdain. She spoke much more to the same purpose, but *Don Pedro* knowing how entirely he had her in his power, was not at all mov'd at it, and doubted not but in a little time when she found there was no other Possibility of regaining her Liberty, she would recede from her present Haughtiness of Disposition : He did not fail to let her know what his Thoughts were on this Occasion, and expressed them in a fashion so insulting, that it increased her Rage ; 'till finding all she could say ineffectual to bring him to any just Sense of the Villany he was guilty, or to make him see how improbable it was she should ever be brought to yield to what he desir'd by such Methods, she at length desisted

The Untimely Discovery. 15

desisted, and resolved to speak to him no more. 'Tis probable the old Don was a little nettled at her Behaviour, but he made no shew of it; and only telling her, if she would not be persuaded to become his Daughter, he should take care to be so far a Father to her, as to secure her Person and Fortune from being lavish'd away on a worse Choice, took his Leave. If a Condition such as hers could admit of any Happiness, it was at seeing him depart — the Sight of him was justly detestable to her, and the more so, because being an utter Enemy to Passion, she was almost as ready to condemn her self for the Extravagancies it made her guilty of, as he who had occasioned it: Nothing could be more exemplary than her manner of supporting this Confinement, the Excellence of her Principles made her think it a Crime to *revile* even her greatest Enemies, and the Greatness of her Spirit from any mean Complaining of her ill Fortune: the Servant who was appointed to attend her, protested he never saw her weep, nor utter the least irregular Word. Not that she was insensible of her Misfortunes; not the most repining Mortal, perhaps, ever felt any thing so nearly: being cut off in all probability for ever from all the Pleasures her Youth and Inclinations rendred her susceptible of. — To be robb'd of all that Grandeur she was bred to, — to be denied the Conversation of her Friends, — shut up from all Society, — and in the power of a Man whose Actions testified him to be the greatest of all Villains, one who doubtless would never let her appear in the World again for fear of being call'd to account for what he had done; — one who, 'twas possible, if she yielded not to his Proposal,

16 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

posal, might, to secure her Fortune, at last contrive her Death : — These were terrible Reflections for so young a Creature, yet I question, by the account I have of her, if the most tenacious of our Philosophers would have bore them with that Resignation she did.

ABOUT a Month was past in this Confinement, during which time she had seen no human Face but the Servant, and Don *Pedro* once ; for neither his Wife, nor Don *Marco* ever had presumed to come into her Presence, which tho' she was very glad of, she could not help wondering at, not doubting at her first coming there but she should be continually persecuted with the Declarations of him whom her ill Fortune had made her Lover : but she gave herself not much trouble what should be the meaning of it, amusing herself as well as she could with Adventures she had formerly read of ; for her cruel Jaylor now denied her the Satisfaction of Books. As she was sitting one Morning pretty early in her usual Meditations, she perceived a Paper lying close to the Door ; she started up, and going to take it, perceived by part of it being still under the Door, that it had been thrust in by some body after it was shut : It was impossible but the most incurious in such a Circumstance would have been desirous of seeing what it contain'd, and hastily opening it, she found it was directed to her self, and contained these Lines :

To Donna *EMANUELLA*.

I Heartily lament the unjust Calamity you suffer, but Pity being a poor Consolation, have forbore to give you any Instances of it, till I had the power of testifying

The Untimely Discovery. 17

testifying it by something more than Words; — if you have Courage enough to trust your self with a Person you know not, you will find more Honour than in those you have confided. — I have provided Means for your Escape, if you think fit to accept it, which let me know by a Line this Night when all the Family are in Bed. — I know you are denied the use of Pen and Ink, but if you can contrive to let a String down from your Window, I will be underneath and fasten one to it, which shall easily go in between the Grate, and by that means I may also receive your Answer, which I will wait the writing of. — Depend that I have no other View in attempting to serve you, than what is consistent with the strictest Honour, whose Votary I profess my self, and the injured Emanuella's

Unknown Servant.

P. S. Three distinct Whistles, about two Minutes each time, shall be the Signal for you to let down the String.

THE Surprise Emanuella was in at reading this, cannot be well express'd; she was sensible there were a great many in the Island, who would make this Offer, if by any means they could have known the need she had of their Service; but then the Improbability there was that Don Pedro should let the Truth of this Affair reach the Ear of any one, and much more that they should have an Opportunity of coming into his House, and conveying this Letter under the Door of her Chamber, quite stagger'd her Conjecture: she could not help, however, believing that it was best for her to accept it, since no Condition could be worse than what she

D

was

18 *The Rash Resolve: or,*

was in at present ; and if the Person who pretended to so much Honour should have Principles never so different from it, she thought it would be in her power to make a much better Defence at Liberty, and in an open Street, than she could do in this Confinement, in case Don Marco (which she was in daily Apprehensions of) should ever make any Attempts on her Honour : Resolv'd therefore, to send an Answer of Consent, she felt a greater Impatience for the approach of Night than yet she had ever known for any Event : At last it came, and between the Hours of Twelve and One she heard the wish'd-for Signal ; she had tied her Girdle and Garters together to make a long String ready, which on the third Whistle she immediately let down, and with it drew up a little Standish with a Sheet of Paper roll'd up in it, so careful was the Person that no material should be wanting, she did not delay the use it was convey'd for, but fill'd it in a moment with these Lines :

To the generous Offerer of Life, Liberty,
and Deliverance from a thousand
Evils.

I Will not give my self leave to suspect you any other than you seem, lest I should by a needless Fear render my self incapable of accepting what you so kindly offer, and justly merit what future Mischiefs may befall me. — I gladly embrace your Proposition, and am ready to do any thing to get free, — I wish you had acquainted me with what Methods I should take, for I can scarce believe there is a Possibility for me to escape : if there be, I beg the Knowledge may
not

The Untimely Discovery. 19

not be defer'd. — As you have been too generous to let me know what Reward you expect for so meritorious an Action ; I will not pretend to offer any, since it is only in the power of Heaven to make a Retribution suitable to such exalted Virtue ; and as that, I am willing to hope, is your only Aim, so that it may be immediately bestow'd in all the choicest Blessings of that eternal Store-House, shall be the incessant Prayers of

The (beyond Expression) obliged

EMANUELLA.

P. S. The Moon shines to-night with an unusual Splendor, I believe by her favourable Beams you will have Light enough to answer my Impatience with some little Hints by what Means I am to be preserved : If you can without Danger of being observed, I beg you will favour me so far ; and that you may do so, I let down your Standish, and let the String continue, which I will not draw up till you give a Signal that you have no further Occasion for it.

NO Whistle being given, she imagin'd he was about to do as she desir'd, and would very fain if possible have seen him, but the Grate was too narrow for her to put her Head through : In a very little time she heard the Whistle, and pulling up the Ribband, found there was a Letter fix'd to it, which contain'd these Lines :

To Donna *E M A N U E L L A*.

THE Place I am in not being so private as I could wish, to particularize the Account you desire ; I entreat you will be satisfied with knowing there is a Way found out to convey the Key of your Prison by the same Means you receive this — ; when it comes to your Hands, it will be also accompanied with a little Ladder made of Silk Cords, and you have no more to do than to unlock your Door and go into a Room adjoining to it, which you will find open, and a Window that looks into a Field whence you may easily descend, and at the bottom find him who will be ready to conduct you where you please, and always glad of an Opportunity to prove how very much he is

Your most humble Servant.

P. S. *I believe you will have the Ladder and Key to-morrow Night, — therefore do not neglect to watch the Signal.*

IF *Emanuella* was before confounded in her Conjectures who it should be that appeared so assiduous to deliver her, she was now much more so ; the Key of the Door assur'd her it must be by the Assistance of some Person in the House she was to be befriended : but all the Guesses she could make seeming improbable, she contented her self to wait the Certainty ; and the Probability that the worst part of her Misfortune, her Confinement, was near an end, gave her hopes that she should also find Justice to remedy the others also ; and she past the remainder of that Night and the ensuing Day
in

The Untimely Discovery. 21

in Contemplations much more tranquil than she had known, since she had been in that House.

THE next Night, much about the same Hour, or something later, she heard the Sound she was not a little impatient for ; and letting down the String, found it came up with a weight which told her before she saw it, what she expected had not fail'd her : she received both the Ladder and Key, to which was fix'd a little piece of Paper in which was writ these Words :

This Moment is the Crisis of your Fate — ; be careful not to lose it — unlock your Door as softly as you can, and go into a Chamber on the left Hand, there is a Balcony to which you may fix your Ladder — ; do not mistake the Room, nor take any Light with you — there are Horses to carry you where you shall command.

IT was not without some little Apprehensions this distressed Lady was about to put herself in the power of a Person unknown, at such an Hour, and one who she found had Convenience to carry her where he pleased, tho' he made her the Compliment of leaving it to her own Choice ; but the Exigence of her Affairs, the cruel Restraint she was under, and the Probability of greater Evils, presently banish'd them, and she unlock'd the Door, and in every thing obeyed Directions. The Balcony was so low, that she might almost have jumped from it to the Ground ; but the Gentleman who had taken so much pains to serve her, ordered every thing as commodious as possible. She found three Men on Horseback, one of which alighting,

22 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

ing, lifted her up behind another, and as soon as he was remounted himself, desired her to say where they should conduct her. — The terror she had been in for fear of Discovery while she was in the House, the Confusion to think she was in the Hands of Strangers, and the Uncertainty to which of her Acquaintance the coming in that Hour, and Manner, and the rest of her History, would be the least liable to Censure, made her unable to reply ; which one of them perceiving, said to the others, The Lady may by her late Disorders be perhaps, at present, incapable of determining on any thing, 'tis therefore best to ride some distance from hence, no matter which way, to prevent Discovery, till the Power of Consideration is a little return'd to her. *Emanuella*, willing to be farther from *Don Pedro*, assented, and they all went five or six Miles without stopping or speaking to each other ; a little House in which there was a Light seem'd to invite them to bait at it, and it being proposed, she having put her self so far into their power, thought it would discover a ridiculous Distrust to scruple bearing them Company into it ; and beside, she hoped her Curiosity would be satisfied by discovering to whom it was she was indebted for her Delivery, for they were all so muffled in their Cloaks, that it was impossible for her to know whether she had ever seen them before or not ; she had ask'd the Person she rode behind, but he excused himself by telling her that he but obey'd his Principal in what he had done, and without his Leave could not discover any thing. This Secrecy a little alarm'd her, but she was infinitely more so when being come into the
House,

The Untimely Discovery. 23

House, one of the Persons who she observ'd had never spoke one Word during the whole time of their little Journey, came into the Room, and making a Sign to the others to withdraw, threw off his Cloak, and discovered himself to be *Don Marco*. Astonishment, and Rage, and Fear at once possess'd her—— she could not imagine for what Reason he had acted in this manner, unless it was contriv'd so that in flying the Cruelty of the *Father*, she should run into the danger of a more shocking Treatment from the Son.— But she had not time to utter any part of what she thought, before falling on his Knees he accosted her in this Manner: I see *Madam*, said he, with what Regret you find your self under some Obligation to any of the Family of *Don Pedro*; but to convince you that Nearness of Blood does not always occasion a Conformity of Principles, be pleas'd to accept of this little part of what has been so unjustly taken from you, and believe that *Marco* will never rest till the whole is again at your disposal. In speaking these Words he presented her with a little Amber Box, in which she had been used to keep her Jewels; which opening, she found it still contain'd them, and also Bills to a great Value. 'Tis hard to say whether she was most amazed, or pleas'd, at so unexpected a piece of Generosity. The Esteem she formerly had for him, which by the late Behaviour of his Father, in which she imagined he had an equal Share, had been converted into as great an Aversion, now return'd with added Vigour, and she rejoiced as much to find she had not been deceived in her first Sentiments of his Virtues, as in the Advantage she receiv'd from them;

24 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

them ; she expressed herself so obligingly on this Occasion, that *Don Marco* who had the most sincere and disinterested Affection for her that ever was, could not listen to her without feeling a Rapture perhaps superior to that which some who call themselves Lovers are capable of knowing, even in the Gratification of their utmost Wishes. I tremble Madam, *said he*, to appear before you, knowing well that without a Goodness near Divine, the little Service I have now been able to do you, joined with that of my whole future Life is far too small to engage Forgiveness for the Wrongs you have received from my Family ; and should not have presumed to discover my self, had not your uncertainty how to bestow your self in safety, obliged me to bring you to this House. You would then, *answer'd she*, have been guilty of a great Injustice to your self, and Unkindness to me ; for to be obliged in so profuse a manner, and be ignorant where to pay our Acknowledgments ; is, to a grateful Soul, a Pain — : Besides, I feel so great a Satisfaction in the Knowledge, that when I entertain'd a Friendship for *Don Marco* I err'd not in my Choice, that I know not if I could easily have pardon'd the delaying of it. — Be assur'd, I cannot resent the Usage I have met from *Don Pedro* with half that Warmth and Spirit, as I shall endeavour to repay my Obligations to his Son ; and that the Virtues of the latter, have entirely disarm'd me from taking that Revenge which the Vices of the other would else have demanded. O I know, resumed *Don Marco*, I know you are too heavenly good, to wish Revenge ; but do not, I beseech you, do not let
the

The Untimely Discovery. 25

the Memory of what I have done, nor the Belief how much more I would do, were it in my power make you forget what is owing to your self. — Use all proper means to oblige my cruel Father to restore to you what he has so unjustly taken from you ; for much I fear he will not be prevail'd upon by gentle means to deal with Honour by you.

T H I S generous Contest lasted for some Time, nor would Don *Marco* give it over, till she had promised to endeavour to do her self Justice ; for the Attainment of which, both thought it the most effectual Way for her to pursue her Intention of going to *Madrid*, not only because if she continued where she was, Don *Pedro's* Artifice might possibly find her out, and contrive some Stratagem again to get her in his power, but also that the King was the only Person who had the Means of redressing her Grievances. He would needs accompany her thither, attended by the two Men whom he had brought to assist her in her Escape ; but she opposed it, telling him she had already receiv'd too many Obligations to endure the Thoughts of laying herself under more : However, on his representing the Dangers which of consequence must attend a Person of her Sex, in so long a Voyage, alone ; and also the Necessity there was for him to abscond for some time from the Rage of Don *Pedro*, who 'twas probable would be raised to the highest Pitch, on the Discovery how his Designs had been circumvented by the very Person for whose sake they had been form'd : She was at last persuaded, it would not only be extreamly commodious for her, but also far

E

from

26 *The Rash Resolve: or,*

from inconvenient for him ; and since his absenting himself from his Father was absolutely necessary, it was as well for him to take a Voyage to *Madrid*, as any other Place. This being concluded on, Don *Marco* advis'd their immediate Departure, judging it not safe to remain on the Island after Day-Break, if by any means they could leave it sooner ; because he knew that in the Morning the Fellow who had the Charge of the Key which he had stole, would discover the Theft, and *Emanuella's* Escape. One of the Men was therefore immediately dispatch'd to the Sea-side, which they were not above three Miles distant from, to see if there was a Ship ready to go off, and to agree for the Passage. By good Fortune there was one, which on a more than ordinary Gratification, comply'd with their desire of hoisting Sail as soon as they came on board. 'Twould be needless to say with how much Pleasure *Emanuella* heard this News ; the ardent Desire she had to leave a place which had so little in it agreeable to her Genius, joined to the late ill Treatment she had met with, and the Apprehensions of being subjected to the same again, is sufficient to make the Reader sensible with what a Welcome she receiv'd the certainty of going.

A N infinity of Contentment sat smiling on her Countenance all the time of their Voyage ; a fair Wind, kindly Gales, and an unruffled Sea wafted her smoothly to her desired Port. — No chilling Fears from *within* — No Omens from *without* — No secret Warning from her Guardian Angel gave a Check to the Satisfaction she felt at landing on that fatal Shore where

The Untimely Discovery. 27

where all her Peace of Mind was to be wreck'd! where Mischiefs multiplied, concealed in Clouds — Numberless, nameless Ills — attended her Approach, ready to burst with all their hoarded Venom on her Head.

SHE went immediately to the House of Don Jabin, a very near Relation, where having made herself known, and the Particulars of her late Adventure, she was receiv'd with the highest Demonstrations of Kindness — Both he and his Wife assured her they would introduce her to the King, who would doubtless do her Justice as to the Recovery of that part of her Fortune which was still in the possession of Don Pedro; and also issue out his Orders for the Punishment so base an Action deserv'd: But this not being done immediately, by reason of his Majesty being at that time at the *Escorial*, from which he did not return so soon as was expected; an Incident entirely unforeseen gave a sudden and vexatious Turn to this Affair, and instead of being *Plaintiff*, reduced her to the State of a *Defendant*.

THE cunning Don Pedro had no sooner discover'd her Escape, than he immediately guess'd to what place she was gone; and not doubting but she would take such Measures as could end in no less than his Ruin, had it presently in his head how to preserve himself, and lay the Odium on her: His Son being fled with her, and some few Bills he had taken from him to support himself in his Absence, as well as what of right belong'd to *Emanuella*, furnish'd him with Hints which the prompting Fiend that animated his inventive Brain, took care to improve to form a Story so plausible,

that when heard, he should appear the only injured Person, and *Emanuella*, and his Son (whom now he hated) be esteemed no other than Wretches who had contriv'd together to rob him ; full of this inhuman Stratagem, and accompanied by some vile Creatures whose Evidence he had purchas'd, as well as Bonds, Notes, and Bills, counterfeiting the dead *Alvarez's* Hand and Seal, he was at *Madrid* almost as soon as those he follow'd ; and being inform'd, his Majesty was at the *Escorial*, he waited not his coming to *Madrid*, but as Vice is always more indefatigable in the pursuit of what it aims at, than a sincere and honest Meaning, he went to wait on him there : And his Age and artful Manner of insinuating what he would have believ'd, wrought so far on the Royal Ear, as to gain him the promise of having it in his power to inflict what Punishment he pleased on the Fugitives, who the cruel Politician had taken care to inform himself where they might be found, before he deliver'd his Petition, tho' he concealed himself from either of them.

NOTHING therefore of his Arrival being suspected, till the News of the King's Return, put Don *Jabin* in mind that his Cousin should make her Appeal, and she was dressing herself to accompany him to Court, when a Messenger from thence came to demand her Appearance. The Surprise of so unlook'd-for a Summons, put them all in a Consternation ; and Don *Marco*, who tho' he did not lodge there, pass'd most of his Hours with them, and was at that time present, discover'd in his Countenance a Horror which extreamly added

The Untimely Discovery. 29

added to it. He was not ignorant of the thousand Artifices his Father was ever Master of, when he was zealous for the Accomplishment of any Design, and fear'd it was by some Emissaries employ'd by him, tho' he was far from imagining he was there himself, that something had been done to pervert that Justice he might very well believe *Emanuella* would claim. He would very fain have persuaded her to suffer him to wait on her, that in case it were as he suspected, he might be a Witness on her Side, against whatever false Suggestions should be offered to her Disadvantage; but that generous Lady would by no means be prevailed on to permit him. She told him she had not the least Fear of making a Defence against all that Malice could form to hurt her; and that she could not consent a Person she call'd Friend, and one who so justly had merited that Title from her, should put so great a Constraint on himself, and endure a Shame so poignant, as must rise from the Accusation of a Parent, tho' never so unworthy a one. She express'd herself in Terms so absolute, that *Don Marco*, tho' with a world of Reluctance, was obliged to obey: and accompanied by *Don Fabin*, his Lady, and the two Servants, who came over with her, and whom it was necessary should appear; she went with a Courage infinitely beyond what could be expected from her Sex and Years; and wholly relying on the Justice of her Cause, and the Care of Heaven, was farther from any dread of the Event, than those to whom it was of less Concern.

NOT

30 *The Rash Resolve : or*

NOT but when she was conducted into the Palace, and brought before the King, she was a little alarm'd to see the base Don *Pedro* there: she had however Presence enough of Mind to conceal those little Emotions which she was unable to repel at so unexpected an Interview, and after having paid her Duty to the Royal Presence; If I were not already too well acquainted, *said she*, with your Insolence in maintaining the Injuries you do, I should have hope, Repentance for those you have offered me, had brought you here, so contrary to my Expectation, to make me that Restitution, you might be sure I should endeavour to force you to. There was not a Person in this Assembly, which was very numerous, most of the Nobility being come to congratulate his Majesty on his Return, who the Appearance of *Emanuella*, and the Sweetness which accompanied her Accents, assur'd as they were, did not win to her Interest.— The King himself seem'd to regard her with an uncommon Stedfastness, as surpriz'd at the Graces which attended her; and already suspicious of the Truth of what had been suggested against her: which the watchful *Pedro* observing, throwing himself at his Feet, O my Sovereign! *said he*, if this Woman's Soul had any Affinity with her exterior Charms, she would at least have had Modesty sufficient to have shun'd the awful Justice of this Place— but I entreat you by that extensive Power which makes Kings Gods on Earth, and by that sacred Regard which to the King of Kings, even from your self, is due! — By Honour, Pity, Justice, by your own Royal Promise, I conjure you not to listen to the false
Insi-

The Untimely Discovery. 31

Insinuations of this artful *Siren*, who comes no doubt prepared with well-dress'd Perjuries, and smooth Hypocrisy to evade her Crimes, and turn the Sword of Vengeance against me. 'T would be very hard to describe any part of what pass'd in the Soul of the injur'd *Emanuella* all the time he was speaking in this manner; scarce could she restrain the struggling Passions, which swell'd almost to bursting in her Breast, and press'd so hard for Vent, 'tis probable no Consideration would have been of force to have withheld them, had not the King with a Countenance somewhat perplex'd commanded him to be silent, telling him Justice should be severely executed on whichever Party should be found the Guilty — Don *Jabin* then, tho' very much confus'd at so strange a Character of his Relation, thought it was his Time to speak, and begg'd to know of what she was accus'd. To which his Majesty assenting, commanded a Person appointed for that purpose to read the Heads of the Charge against her, as they were taken from the Mouth of her Impeacher; which he presently obey'd, and with a loud Voice surpriz'd all who had not heard it before, with the Contents of a Paper which he pulled out of his Pocket, and were as follows :

A

32 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

A brief Abstract of the Crimes alledged against Donna Emanuella, Daughter to Don Alvarez, late Governor of *Porto-Rico*, an Island in that part of his most Catholick Majesty's Dominions, entitled the *Spanish-West-Indies* : Attested by Don Pedro, and a great Number of other Gentlemen upon Oath.

I.

That the said Donna Emanuella, being privy to the borrowing several large Sums of Money from Don Pedro, by her Father ; she, after his Death, not only deny'd the Payment of them, but also pretended there was much more owing to her from the said Don Pedro.

II.

That she seduc'd the Principles of Don Marco, the only Son of Don Pedro, and living with him in a riotous and dissolute manner, soon wasted the little Wealth left her by Don Alvarez ; on which having recourse to Don Pedro for a Supply, and being refus'd by him, she hir'd Assassins to murder him, which he very narrowly escap'd.

III.

That being, by the Order of the Magistrates of the Place, on Don Pedro's Complaint, taken into Custody, and afterwards, by his Compassion and Charity, preserv'd from being carried to Prison, and taken into his own House on her seeming Repentance ; she most ungratefully and wickedly contriv'd with his own Son to rob him, which they did, and made their Escape together to Madrid, with the Value of 5000 Crowns in Jewels, Bills and Money.

SO heavy an Accusation, loaden with so many aggravating Circumstances, was sufficient
to

The Untimely Discovery. 33

to have shock'd the most establish'd Fortitude ; but *Emanuella* was of that sort of Spirit, which exalts it self the most, when most it is oppress'd : she seem'd rather fuller of Disdain than Anger, while she listned to the invective Scroll ; and when she saw Amazement sit on every Face, and those of her own Blood confounded, and unable to offer any thing in her Defence, she thus undertook to plead for herself. Wonder not, Royal Sir ! *said she*, that, conscious of my perfect Innocence, and of a Soul too nice to bear such rude Suspicions, as this monstrous Legend may perhaps create, should lodge a Moment in the Breasts of any here ; I not await the dull Formalities of Law, nor ask Advice from learned Counsel drawn, but here presume to make my own Defence, unaided but by Truth — Permit me then, great King ! to unfold a Story must make my vile Accuser's Heart grow cold within him, tho' warm'd with all the Fires from Hell. She stop'd at these Words, by a beseeching Air expecting his Permission to proceed ; which being granted, she related the whole Affair with the greatest Truth and Exactness, neither extenuating her Enemy's Inhumanity, nor diminishing the smallest Tittle of her own Behaviour. *Don Pedro*, and his Accomplices, attempted to interrupt her several times, but they were commanded to be silent, and she was indulg'd in all the freedom she could desire in vindicating herself, and accusing him. When she had finish'd what she had to say, and the Witnesses she brought with her examin'd, there were many, who, confident of her Sincerity, spoke in her Behalf, but it avail'd but little. *Don*

F.

Pedro's

34 *The Rash Resolve: or,*

Pedro's continued Affeверations, the number of his Evidences, and the advantage of complaining first, was very near carrying the Cause against her; when *Don Marco*, impatient that they stay'd, and full of fears, which were indeed prophetick, left the House of *Don Jabin*, and came with all speed to the Palace: partly by Persuasions, and partly by Force, he got through the Guards, and entered the Room of Audience just as his Father was entreating Sentence might be past on *Emanuella*. Distracted with what he saw and heard, he ran up to the Chair of State, and begg'd it might be suspended 'till he was heard. The King, whose Sentiments were yet unfix'd, gave him leave to utter what he had to say; and deaf to all other Considerations but those of clearing her, he wildly spoke every thing he knew, and not only confirm'd all *Emanuella* had averr'd, but many more Particulars, of which she was ignorant, concerning his Father's Barbarity; and among the rest, that he really had a design to murder her, the surer to secure her Fortune; which horrid Deed had certainly been perpetrated, had he not timely contrived the means of her Escape. But all that he could urge, was in vain; the King had been so much prepossess'd by *Don Pedro* of a criminal Correspondence between him and that Lady, that all he said appeared but as the Effects of Gallantry to save a *Mistress*, who, considering her Attractions, and the Misfortune of his own Form, it was no wonder he should risque every thing for. But, with what Words can so unexampled a Generosity be prais'd! — Perceiving his Zeal to serve, had rather work'd a contrary Effect; the

The Untimely Discovery. 35

the noble-minded *Marco* resolv'd to give a fatal Proof of his Sincerity, once more addressing himself to his Majesty; Since that bad Man, who gave me Being, *said he*, prefers a little shining Dirt to Honour, Truth and Justice, and still persists in his design of ruining an innocent Virgin entrusted to his Care: Thus! *continued he*, (drawing his Sword, and falling on it, before any one cou'd be quick enough to prevent him) Thus! I release myself of the Duty of a Son. — Thus! clear myself of the Crimes he has accus'd me of — and Thus! I hope, convince your sacred Majesty, and the yet unbelieving World, that it contains not a Jewel of more worth than *Emanuella*! — Hear, and believe me, Royal Sir! tho' long, long I have ador'd the charming Maid, conscious of my own Defects, I ne'er presum'd to wound her Ears with the unwelcome Tale; nor would I, 'till my last Moment, have ventur'd on the Declaration, lest she should have *hated*, what I'm too well assur'd she never cou'd have *lov'd*. — If what I now have done, be an Offence to Heaven, I hope you will all supplicate my Pardon: for be assur'd, could I have liv'd with Honour, or with Peace, I had not died so early; but thus, miserable in all, traduced by him, who ought to have been the Protector of my Fame, justly despis'd by her I wish'd to please, what could I do, but — He could no more; he had given the Wound with such a force, Death found an easy Passage to his Heart, and soon deprived him of the Power of Utterance. The King seemed prodigiously alarmed at so uncommon a Testimony of Affection. The Nobles look'd on one another, struck with a sudden Horror.

36 *The Rash Resolve: or,*

Emanuella forgot her own Misfortunes to lament the untimely Fate of so deserving a Youth. But *Don Pedro*, who, tho' he stood still and motionless for some time, as the Son his Barbarity had deprived him of, yet his hurrying Thoughts were busy enough within, and turn'd all his Soul into Confusion. — Long sleeping Conscience rous'd itself at length, and Self-Conviction, Remorse, and all the Horrors of Desperation at once invaded him. The wild Disorder scorning to prey on any of the meaner Faculties, mounted to the Brain, whirling Reflexion from her Chain of Causes, and quite disjointed Reason. In this sudden Frenzy he uttered enough to make all that heard him sensible of his Guilt; and the King, rightly judging the Cause by the Effect, order'd him to be taken away and secur'd 'till Time should discover more. The Persons, who had appear'd Confederates in his Design, were sent to the *Inquisition*, there to be instructed in the Pains which perjur'd Wretches like themselves are doom'd to bear in another World; and *Emanuella*, and her Friends, dismiss'd with those Encomiums which her modest, but courageous Behaviour merited, and a Promise given by the King's own mouth, That he would send an immediate Order for the bringing over all that *Don Pedro* had so unjustly seiz'd.

THIS Adventure engross'd the whole Discourse of the Town for a great while; and those who were entirely Strangers to the Person of *Emanuella*, were perfectly well acquainted with her by Report. It is most certain, that her Virtues being rendred by this publick Notice more conspicuous, gain'd her a much greater number

The Untimely Discovery. 37

number of Admirers than otherwise she would have had, if she had been no more seen, nor known than the *Spanish Ladies* ordinarily are; but then the same Reason created also an adequate proportion of Detractors. It is impossible to be remarkably distinguish'd, without being as remarkably envied and hated, especially by those of the same Sex; those who found the greatest improvement in her Conversation, and whom she most instructed in any of those numerous Accomplishments, in which she excell'd, secretly wish'd her less capable of affording it; and those to whom she would not be seen, as finding nothing in them worthy of her Friendship, made it their whole Study by all the little Artifices they were Mistresses of, to lessen the brightness of a Character whose Radiancy discover'd the Imperfections of their own: but hers was too well establish'd for any of the Plots laid against her to succeed, and she was so universally applauded by all the knowing part of the World, that it was sufficient to be accounted well thought of by her, to engage the Reputation of being a fine Woman — There were a great many, therefore, who endeavour'd an Intimacy with her in no other View; aiming only at the Character, and neglecting the real Advantages which even those who had been the least indebted either to Nature or Education, might have found in an Acquaintance with her. Nor did her Charity, and Generosity of Disposition, extend only to the embellishing the *Minds* of those to whom she profess'd a Friendship; she could not think a worthy Person under any Distress, without preventing their Requests, by offering every thing

38 *The Rash Resolve: or*

thing in her power to serve them: and tho' the Fortune she was at present possess'd of (till *Don Pedro* had restor'd her the much greater part still in his hands) would not allow very conveniently of such Liberalities; yet she made Presents, which by their Magnificence, had the Receivers been ignorant from whom they came, would rather have been imagin'd to flow from the Purse of a Princess, than that of a private Gentlewoman. *Donna Berillia*, youngest Daughter to her Cousin *Don Jabin*, experienced her Bounty this way; for being condemned much against her Inclinations to a Nunnery (as in *Spain*, where a *Grandee* has a numerous Family, and not an equal Affluence of Wealth, rather than match them below their Birth, 'tis common to bestow one or more of them in that manner, where for eight or nine hundred Crowns they are provided for, for their Lives) the generous *Emanuella* never left soliciting her Father to suspend his Design, till she should receive the remainder of her Fortune as the King had promised she should; assuring him that she would add to what he must be obliged to give to place her in a Cloister, as much as would make her equal to what he design'd for her other Sisters.—*Don Jabin* was very loth to accept of what she offer'd; telling her it was not only a much greater Favour than he was willing to accept, but also a Sum beyond what she could conveniently spare: but she stopp'd his mouth, begging him to believe the Company of *Berillia* was cheaply purchased at that Rate; and that for his other Objection, she would easily make it up, by retrenching Expences, less pleasing to herself than that would be.

T H I S

The Untimely Discovery. 39

THIS young Lady so highly obliged to *Emanuella* for this Proof of her Friendship, one would think should never have obliterated the Memory of it ; but what Engagements are of force to bind a Thankless and Ungrateful Mind ! The Aversion she had for a monastick Life, was soon discover'd by the penetrating Eyes of her Cousin, to proceed from her too great Affection for a young Fop, who had nothing to recommend him to the Approbation of a Woman of Discretion ; and talking to her with a little more warmth than was usual on this Occasion, the other resented it as tho' she took that Liberty on the account of what she had promised to her Father, and from that Moment conceiv'd so great a Hatred, that it grew uneasy to herself, because she had no Opportunity to make the other feel the Effects of it—But being naturally as cunning as revengeful, she conceal'd her Sentiments, and under the mask of Friendship, watch'd all her Actions, still hoping some unguarded Minute might arrive, in which she should be able to discover something to expose her for. But not all her Dilligence could furnish what she wanted ; *Emanuella*, among the multiplicity of her Adorers, behav'd herself in such a manner, that might defy the strictest Scrutiny—all her Actions—all her Words—all her Looks, were govern'd by Prudence, and her malicious Observer began to think it would be but Labour lost to attempt to blast either her Virtue or Reputation. But alas ! what Courage, what Discretion, what cool Reserve, what Sanctity of Wishes can defend the Heart, when once the God of Love has found
an

40 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

an Entrance there ! that Tyrant Passion lords it o'er the Mind, fills every Faculty, and leaves no room for any other Thought——drives Consideration far away——overturns Reflection——and permits no Image but it self to dwell in Fancy's Region. The soft and tender Soul of *Emanuella*, was a fit Temple for the enslaving Deity to work his utmost wonders in ; and that she no sooner felt his Power, was not because she was less susceptible than others of her Acquaintance, but that her Taste was more delicate, and so many different Perfections as were necessary to attract her Admiration, were very difficult to be found in one Man.

BUT Chance, or rather the Character of her Charms, at last, brought a Person to her sight so conformable to the *Idea* she had created in her Mind, of what would please her, that she could not presently distinguish whether it was still the same delightful Vision her extensive Fancy had dress'd up with all the Ornaments of Art and Nature, or a real Substance. This most lovely, this accomplish'd Gentleman, was call'd *Emilius*, a young Roman Count, who, having visited almost all the Courts of *Europe*, happen'd at this time to be at *Madrid*. He heard talk of *Emanuella*, as of the greatest wonder there ; and having seen all other Curiosities, could not be satisfied to leave the Place, without first being an Eye-witness of those Perfections, which Fame so lavishly reported. The *Carnival* coming on, he had hope the Freedom of the Diversions used in that Season, might afford him an Opportunity he long had vainly languish'd for : Nor was he

The Untimely Discovery. 41

he deceived. *Emanuella*, who had not been accustomed to those severe Restrictions of Behaviour the *Spanish* Jealousy obliges the Females of their Family to observe, was glad to lay hold of all Opportunities to indulge the natural Gaiety of her Humour; and accompanied by *Donna Berillia*, and other Ladies of her Acquaintance, took part in all the innocent Liberties the time allow'd. As they were on their Rambles one day, the watchful *Count*, having Intelligence to whose House they were going, found means to be introduced to the Master of it: There happened to be a great Assembly of Gentlemen and Ladies; but presently informing himself which was *Emanuella*, he singled her out; and in entertaining her, it was difficult to say whether he gave, or receiv'd the greater Pleasure. She thought she had never seen any thing so agreeable and witty, and he found her so far surpassing all the Descriptions had been made him, that tho' he had arm'd himself with all the Resolution he was Master of, to regard her only with *Admiration*, a tenderer Passion, in spite of him, soon took up all his Soul—He could not gaze, without admiring; nor admire, without desiring: But tho' he found that he had very much receded from that Resolution he had form'd before he saw her, yet, till he saw her no more, he knew not how much—The height of Passion is never so truly experienced as in Absence—when from our longing Eyes, the dear-lov'd Prospect flies—and our transported Ears no more are blest—what *Sense* cannot bestow *Imagination's* Force supplies, and brings the Charmer to our ravish'd View—in spite of distance, we see!

42 *The Rash Resolve: or,*

we hear! we grasp the lovely Phantom, and taste, in *Theory*, ten thousand Joys; till *Reason*, envious of the airy Bliss, chafes the bright *Ideas* from our Minds, and shows us what we are.

IT was in these waking Dreams the amorous Count beguil'd the Pains of Absence; but he was too much of the Temper of his Sex to content himself without a Happiness more substantial: A perfect Knowledge of his own Attractions, and frequent Experience how little it was in the power of any Woman to withstand the influence of them, made him not despair of finding the same Sensibility in *Emanuella*, as he had done in others; and imagined he wanted nothing but an Opportunity to acquaint her with his Passion, to inspire an equal one in her. The first Step therefore, that he made towards the ingratiating himself, was to write; and, besides the being pretty much accustomed to such kind of *Billets*, the Passion he was at present fir'd with, help'd him to dictate one tender enough to make her believe he lov'd her, and too respectful not to give her an Opinion, his Designs were accompanied with the strictest Honour. The Words were these:

To the Incomparable Donna *EMANUELLA*.

BEFORE I attempt to make known the impatient Dictates of my Soul, I would call all the Aids of Wit—of pity-moving Eloquence—and soft Persuasion, to inspire my Pen, and teach me Arts to which I am yet a Stranger: But that a secret Impulse

The Untimely Discovery. 43

pulse from within, bids me beware—tells me Sincerity disdains the Ornaments of Words, and looks most lovely in her naked Meaning—Yet dare I not proceed—O that my Guardian Angel—the Witness of my Sighs, my Tears, my long Endurings, my restless Days, and agonizing Nights, would leave his Charge one Moment, and gently whisper in your Ear how much I love—how much I suffer—At length the Secret is reveal'd—O wondrous Force of Passion! that while it drives, restrains, and speaks in Silence—I have confess'd I love—but O what hope that you'll permit me to attest this Truth by all the Services of my future Life?—I have no Parents here, no Friend, no Merits to excuse this bold Presumption, and plead my Cause—but if Emanuella has a Penetration such as her Eyes, and Wit, have persuaded me to think, that has already told her more in my behalf than any Tongue could utter. The wild Confusion in my Countenance—the Inconnexion of my Words, when all surpriz'd! astonish'd! at the Wonders of your Charms, I by a thousand ways betray'd my Sense of them the few Hours I had the Blessing of entertaining you, at the House of Don Francisco—But I am too presuming—I fear the excellent Emanuella, so used to conquer, regarded not a Triumph so unworthy of her Observation—If so, I am indeed undone—but as 'tis natural to wish Pity for remediless Misfortunes, be so divinely good to allow me that; and if you chance to hear of an unhappy Stranger, who falls a Martyr to Love's powerful Flame, know it is he who living or dying must be

Your everlasting Votary,

EMILLUS

44 *The Rash Resolve: or,*

*P. S. As I have pass'd many Nights in Contem-
plation under your Window; permit me to disturb
an Hour's Repose of yours with the Musick this E-
vening about twelve or one a-clock.*

IF what *Emanuella* felt from the first View of *Emilius* was not yet arrived to a Passion; it was enough to afford an infinity of Pleasure in receiving this; which, indeed, she was not without some secret Expectations of, having, as he judiciously enough observ'd, a Discernment which seldom deceiv'd her, and easily inform'd her the Emotions that appeared in his Face were occasion'd only by her Presence; had she been as quick in discovering the Humours of her own Sex, she had escap'd the greatest part of the Misfortunes which soon after came upon her—But as intimate as she was with *Donna Berillia*, she forbore to acquaint her with this Affair, not out of any suspicion she would betray it, or make any Conjecture to her disadvantage; but that perceiving she still carried on an Amour with that young Spark already mentioned, she thought to acknowledge herself a Lover, would be to lessen the Prerogative she took in advising the other. When Night came, she was very much perplex'd how to get rid of her; and not being willing she should stay till the Count came to the Window, made a Pretence of being a little indispos'd, and said she would go to Bed: but the officious Creature would not be so put off; and being of a suspicious Temper, presently imagin'd there was something more than ordinary in the Case, that made her Cousin, contrary to her Custom, so willing she should leave her; and besides, she
fancied

The Untimely Discovery. 45

fancied she had been more thoughtful of late than usual : Therefore putting all this together, she resolv'd, if possible, to find out the meaning of it ; and imagining that this Night might produce something which would tend to a Discovery, she stir'd not from the Chamber, under colour of taking care of her, till *Emanuella* had been some time in Bed. Nor after she left her, did she retire to her own Chamber ; but putting out the Lights, conceal'd herself in one adjoining to her's, and from which she could easily hear every thing that stir'd in it. She had not long stood Centinel, before she was surpriz'd with the Sound of Musick which the *Count* had brought to serenade his Mistress ; she presently drew nearer to a little Window that was in the Room, and the Instruments being tun'd, accompanied a Voice which in very Harmonious Accents sang these Stanzas ;

I.

*From bright Emanuella's Charms,
Ah ! what Relief is found ?
She every way the Soul alarms !
And never fails to wound.*

II.

*Reason and Love, once Foes profess'd,
Their utmost Forces join :
And make the most obdurate Breast,
Confess her all Divine !*

III.

46 *The Rash Resolve : or*

III.

*Whether she speaks, or looks, or moves,
Strange Passion she inspires !
Scorning the Arts of vulgar Loves,
At once she awes and fires !*

EMANUELLA was so much accustom'd to Gallantries of this kind, that *Berillia* would not have thought any farther of this, than any other *Serenade*, had she not immediately after the Song heard her open her Window : A Condescension she never had made before, to any who aim'd at the Secret to please her, was sufficient to assure the Fair Inquisitive, that whoever the Person below was, he was possess'd of an uncommon Share of *Emanuella's* Favour, and made her listen to the Conversation they presently after begun, with all the Attention she was able, to discover, if possible, the happy Man so remarkably distinguish'd.

THE moment *Emanuella* appear'd at her Window, *Emilius*, after having made a Sign to those that accompanied him to retire, came as near as he could to it ; and in a low Voice, Can you forgive divine *Emanuella* ! said he, my keeping you from that Repose which might probably afford you Entertainments more elegant than any you can find abroad. I should be very cruel to my self, answer'd she, and unjust to you ; should the too nice Reserves of the Country we are in, oblige me to shun a Pleasure such as you have just now afforded me ; and as I had my Education in a place of greater Liberties, I shall make no Scruple of

con-

The Untimely Discovery. 47

continuing to indulge my self in all those innocent ones I have been accustomed to; among which, I account a free Conversation with Persons of your Sex, provided always their Behaviour is what Honour and Decency will allow of. The Man so favour'd (*resum'd the Count*) must be unworthy indeed, who could not form a Humour, if not born with him, suited to those Principles which alone are capable of recommending him to a Woman of less Virtue than the adorable *Emanuella*. O (*continued he, with a beseeching Accent*) that Virtue, Honour, and Sincerity, were the only Requisites to make the Man possess'd of them deserving *Emanuella's* Favour! The Man who can prove himself (*return'd she*) possess'd of them, needs no other Qualification to a Woman capable of distinguishing what is truly meritorious. A great deal more of this kind of Conversation had doubtless pass'd between them, had they not been interrupted by another Set of Musick, who placed themselves under the Window for the same purpose the *Count* had done. *Emanuella*, willing to show the Deference she paid him, bad him Good-night, and immediately withdrew: *Berillia*, who had heard every Word that had pass'd, made her own Construction of it, and rejoiced that she had found something wherewith she might let the World know *Emanuella* was not without her Softnesses, as well as those she took the liberty of blaming.

BUT while she pass'd the time in a thousand ill-natur'd Contrivances how to dress up the Affair she had discover'd in the worst Colours, the Lovers were employ'd in Contemplations far different— *Emanuella*, who had been

48 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

been extreamly charm'd with the Person and Behaviour of her new Adorer, from the first time she saw him, was flattering herself with the Idea of a world of Satisfaction in the Proof of his Sincerity ; and he, on the other side, was no less transported, that she seem'd willing to be assured he really was what he pretended.

THE next day, at both Morning and Evening Prayers, she did not fail of seeing him ; where instead of paying her Devotions to Heaven, she was busied in receiving them herself from the enamour'd Count. At Night by Appointment she entertain'd him from her Window, and thus it continued for several Weeks ; he still seeming to encrease in the fervency of his Passion, and she in believing it— But while in these Sense-ensnaring Amusements she suffered her Soul to be employ'd, *Berillia* was not idle in reporting all she knew, and a thousand times more, to every one she was acquainted with ; and in a little time 'twas grown the common talk that *Emanuella*, the reserv'd discreet *Emanuella*, was fallen in Love with a young Gentleman who was a Stranger in *Madrid*, and from whom she could have no Assurance that he was not already married, or under Engagements, which in Honour she ought not to break through.

EMANUELLA, however, was so much respected by all that knew her, that no one would shock her Ears with any such Discourses ; till some of the Old and Grave having got notice of it, and fearing her Behaviour in this Point might serve as a Precedent to their own Daughters and Neices, made no Scruple
to

The Untimely Discovery. 49

to speak of this Affair to Don Jabin with a good deal of Severity ; and he to represent it to her as a very great Solecism in that Decorum she had hitherto so strictly preserved. She could not hear him without a sensible Alarm ; but alas ! she lov'd and was by this time too far enter'd into the fatal Maze, to be able to extricate herself ; there appeared a Prospect of too much Felicity in continuing her Conversation with the charming *Count*, for her to resign it for any of those dull Considerations he endeavour'd to inspire her with ; and besides all this, tho' she had a Wisdom far above her Years, she in this point and in many others also was apt a little too much to depend on her own Strength of Reason ; and the only Fault she was guilty of, was *Self-Will*.

T H E Adventure being so publick, she thought she might now communicate it to *Berillia* ; little suspecting it was through her means it had first been talked of : and that malicious and designing Creature, glad of this Opportunity to make her Conduct appear yet more blameable, sooth'd the Humour she was in, by all the Arts she was Mistress of ——— She talk'd continually of the *Count*, she praised his Shape, his Air, his Wit ; and whoever has known any thing of Love, will confess, how dangerous it is for a Person, entering into that State, to listen to such Discourses ; of an Object which already appears but too Amiable. *Emanuella* suck'd in the delicious Poison, and thought the deceitful Instiller of it her best of Friends : Why, said she, should you deprive your self of the Pleasure of conversing with the Man you Love, and
H who

50 *The Rash Resolve: or,*

who has the tenderest Regard for you, only to satisfy a busy Crowd, who only because they are themselves incapable of tasting those refin'd Delights which Love affords, would deny them to another—These sort of Arguments won the Fair deluded, intirely to resolve on holding a Correspondence with the Count: which *Berillia* perceiving, thought she might now act as she pleased; and aiming at her Ruin, took these Means to bring it about.

IT was no difficult matter to inform herself where the Count lodg'd; which as soon as she had done, she writ a little Billet to him, the Contents of which were in this manner:

To Count *EMILIUS*.

MY LORD,

THE Passion which *Donna Emanuella* regards you with, is not so much a Secret, but that I know, and pity it: I blame her not for loving a Gentleman of your Accomplishments; but I have too much Friendship for her, not to be angry that she confines herself to a Reserve which makes her so unhappy. I would very fain have you come to a more perfect Understanding of each other's Sentiments; and that you may do so, have contriv'd a way to bring you together, in spite of those dull Formalities which have hitherto kept you at a distance. Be at the Back-Gate, which opens into the little Parade, about the Hour of Twelve this Evening, and you shall be conducted to the Presence of your adored *Emanuella*, by her who would be a Friend to both,

BERILLIA.

P. S.

The Untimely Discovery. 51

P. S. I know not to what a height the Affectation of Discretion may transport Emanuella, if she should know I sent to you ; and besides, it will be better taken, if the Contrivance appears wholly your own—Let this therefore be a Secret ; be ready to attest what you shall hear me say—and you may be happy—Adieu.

WHETHER *Emillius* was really possess'd of all those Qualities which go to the making up a perfect Lover, the Reader will be able to determine, when his future Behaviour shall be related ; but 'tis certain he had all the Assiduity, Impatience, Ardency of Desire of the most Passionate, and could not receive this Intelligence of a Friend so unexpected, and so capable of serving him, without an infinity of Transport—He watched the Hour, and went according to Appointment ; where he had not waited a moment, before *Berillia* appeared to introduce him. He made her a thousand Compliments for the Favour she did him ; to all which she made but short Answers, having other Matters in her Head——The Family not being all in Bed, she told him he must be content to divert himself in Contemplation, till she could find an Opportunity to get *Emanuella* into the Garden. He bow'd and obey'd, only intreated her to be as expeditious as possible, lest any body coming to walk, as the Sweetness of the Evening might probably invite some one or other, he should be discover'd : Which she assuring him she wou'd, and placing him in an Arbour where he was the least liable to be seen, left him to feast in Imagination

H. 2

gination on the Pleasures he was shortly to enjoy in Reality.

S H E kept her Word, and he had waited but a very little Time before he perceiv'd her returning, and *Emanuella* with her: he restrain'd the Transports of his bounding Heart, and continued to conceal himself till he should receive his Cue from *Berillia*; and perceiving they were coming down the Walk which led to the Arbour he was in, stood close behind the shelter of some Jessamin and Fillaree, with which it was covered. As they came pretty near, he heard *Berillia* say to her fair Cousin, Why, my Dear, should you persist in this Severity to your self and him you love? Had you but heard with how much Tenderness—with how much Zeal—he pleaded for Admittance, and begg'd me to assist his Suit, the Suit of burning, raging, desperate, dying Love, you could not—nay, you ought not to have denied him. But since you have, *answer'd Emanuella somewhat peevishly*, why do you now upbraid me with it? Suppose I had not, would you have forgiven me? (*hastily resum'd the other.*) There is no need (*said she*) of asking what I would have done, since you have not put me to the tryal. Well then, (*cry'd Berillia, easily perceiving her Inclinations*) suppose I really, in pity of his Sufferings have ventur'd to admit him; suppose he is now in this very Garden full of impatient Wishes, and trembling with Desire to throw himself beneath your Feet; will you consent to pardon what I have done? *Emanuella*, whose Soul was full of disorder'd Emotions, scarcely suffered her to bring out these last Words before, And is he here? *she cry'd.* I will
nq

The Untimely Discovery. 53

no longer hide it from you (*reply'd Berillia*) and whether you condemn, or thank my Conduct, cannot but take the part of a Passion which to me appears so truly meritorious——But 'tis in his Words, those Words which contrary to the Laws of Friendship, wrought me to introduce him, that I must hope to be clear'd in your Opinion——Appear! my Lord (*continued she, raising her Voice a little*) appear! and charm her to Forgiveness of us both. She had no sooner spoke this, than rushing from behind his leafy Screen, he threw himself at her Feet, embraced her Knees, warm'd her Hands with ten thousand burning Sighs, and missed no Art of soft, seducing Love, to melt her tender Soul, and make it all his own.

A S prodigious a share, as all who knew her acknowledged her to have of Wit, she saw not that these were common Arts, which those, least capable of Passion, make use of whenever excited, either by Interest, or Vanity; and that both these Inducements tended powerfully to draw an Attempt of this kind on her, she might have known, had she considered how much the Reputation of having a vast Fortune would gratify the one, and her well-known, and universally admired Perfections the other. But alas! not this Reflection, nor the Remembrance that a thousand times she had heard, from others unmov'd, the self-same things which now she listen'd to, had any power over her——She lov'd——and lov'd in proportion to the Delicacy of her other Sentiments——Her Notions were more refin'd——her Passion more elegant than those of other Women; and having been bred to believe

54 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

believe Sincerity one of the highest Virtues, she could not suspect a want of it in the Man she had so good an Opinion of; nor deviate from the Rules of it so far herself, as to affect an Anger she was far from being possess'd of—Her Words, her Looks, her every Action betray'd the Wishes of her Heart—confess'd her Transport—and told him that he could not sue in vain. *Berillia* was infinitely satisfied in the Observations she made, and that treacherous Creature receiv'd a thousand *publick* Testimonies of Gratitude from the one, and *private* ones from the other, which she was far from deserving.

THE amorous Pair stay'd not a long time together, lest any Accident should betray their Converse to Don *Jabin* or his Lady, whom *Emanuella* yet was very loth should know the Secret of her Inclinations—but the persuasive *Count* would not depart, without her Permission to return the next Night in the same manner as he had done this—nor would she have been well satisfied, had he appeared less pressing—And they took leave with less Regret than Lovers usually do, because they both assured themselves of a zealous Promoter of their common Happiness in the Friendship of *Berillia*.

MANY Nights pass'd over as this had done, and at last *Berillia* having brought things pretty near to the pitch she aim'd at, under pretence of waiting in the Garden to receive *Emilius*, would let in her own Lover (who neither being approv'd of by her Father, nor any of her Friends, she could see but by stealth) and when she found *Emanuella* and
the

The Untimely Discovery. 55

the *Count* were engag'd in a Conversation which a third Person might be spar'd, she constantly retir'd to another part of the Garden, and receiv'd the double Satisfaction of the Company of the Man she lov'd, and the Probability of undoing the Woman she hated. Not that any thing had yet pass'd between those two amiable Persons, but what was accountable to the strictest Virtue; yet the Passion she found them both possess'd of—— the Opportunities she allow'd them—— the continual Hints she gave the *Count*, not to let Modesty be his Enemy——and the Artifices she daily, almost hourly, made use of to melt *Emanuella's* Soul, and turn her all into Desire; gave her liberty (who knew Nature pretty well) to imagine an unguarded Minute might arrive, which might perfectly compleat her base Design, and reduce the envy'd Fair to a Condition both blameable and pitiable.

T H E Y were now arriv'd to such a height of Love confess'd, that the most binding Vows of everlasting Constancy had pass'd between them——*Emilius* often press'd that the Ceremony of the Church might put it past the power of even Fate it self to deprive him of the Blessing she had made him hope. But *Emanuella* would by no means consent, till the return of the Ships sent for that purpose should make her Mistress of that Wealth which was her Due. As she then was, she might have look'd on a Marriage with the *Count* as extreamly to her Interest; but as she expected to be, the Advantage was wholly on his Side: And among the other Niceties of her Passion, this was one, never to endure to be obliged to
the

56 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

the Man she lov'd. Their mutual Vows however, and her firm Resolution to marry him as soon as this Affair was settled, gave, as it were, a Sanction to much greater Freedoms than otherwise he would have dar'd to have taken, or she would have permitted ; and at last, O how dangerous is it to transgress, even the least Bounds of that Reserve which is enjoined by Virtue for our Guard ! from one Liberty they ventur'd on another, till rapacious, greedy Love, too conscious of his Power, encroached on all, and nothing left for Honour.

DONNA *Berillia* had too much Experience in these Affairs, not to be perfectly sensible of what had happen'd, tho' *Emanuella's* Modesty, and perhaps already a secret Remorse, would not suffer her to make any one a Confidant in this Part of the Story ; and the mischievous Wretch having so much of her Wish compleated, began to study how she should bring about the remainder ; that of exposing the Dishonour her Insinuations had in a great measure help'd to occasion, and bring on her unhappy Cousin, the *Shame* and *Misery*, as well as *Guilt*, which waits on a too fond Belief.

FORTUNE seem'd to take pleasure in assisting her Malice ; and before she could find an Opportunity to execute any thing she had form'd, gave an unexpected Shock, which without her aid, would have made a Woman of *Emanuella's* Temper, unfortunate to the last degree ; and it was with an infinity of inward Torment she received the News that all those vast Possessions left her by her Father, and which had been so long detained by the Baseness

The Untimely Discovery. 57

Baseness of Don *Pedro*, having been dispos'd of, and turn'd into ready Cash, and Bills for the Convenience of Exportation, by a sudden Storm were lost, and not above two or three of the Sailors escap'd to bring the fatal Tydings. So dreadful a Misfortune wou'd scarce have been supportable by most young Ladies; but *Emanuella* considered it in a deeper Sense than barely to be reduc'd from one of the *greatest* Fortunes to the *meanest*; she had never set any higher Value on Wealth, than as it might be serviceable to her Friends; and now, having one who was dearer to her than her Soul — one to whom she had made the greatest Condescensions, and one whose Estate she imagined was not very large, and whose Expectations wou'd be strangely disappointed in this Loss, made her regret it with an inconceivable Affliction. She had delay'd marrying him, 'till she was actually in possession of what she knew wou'd make him perfectly easy; and to be certain it never wou'd be in her power to make him any other Present than herself, gave her Agonies which not all her Fortitude could enable her to sustain with Patience. Had she been Empress of the World, *Emilius* should have shar'd that *Grandeur* with her; but she lov'd him with a Passion too refin'd, to be content he shou'd share with her an *abject* State of Life. Her Opinion had set him in so noble a Light, that she doubted not of his Love, Honour, or Generosity, and assur'd herself that it would be wholly her own fault if the Vows he had made her, were not authoriz'd by the Ceremony of the Church.

I

THE

58 *The Rash Resolve: or,*

THE Night after this distracting News was brought, she would not be persuaded to see the *Count*; and when *Berillia* ask'd her what she should say to him, she knew not what to answer. Confus'd, and wild, torn with a thousand different Anxieties, sometimes bid her reveal the fatal Secret. — Then, with the same Breath, recall'd that Order. — Tell him, I am undone, (*said she.*) Tell him, that cruel Fate, envious of the Blessings of his Love, has ravish'd me for ever from his Sight. — And presently after, No, no, (*resum'd she*) I will not have him know it yet. — I will have the Satisfaction of taking one dear Adieu, yet one more fond Embrace before we part for ever. — 'Tis possible my Grief may rise to that prodigious Height as to destroy me — and at once rid me of the Pain of Thought — of Memory — of curs'd Apprehension. *Berillia* all this while seem'd to endeavour to persuade her to Moderation, and entreated her not to shun his Presence; telling her, she was certain to lose her *Sight* would be an Affliction infinitely more inconsolable to him than that of her *Estate*: but the Arguments she made use of to convince her, she contriv'd shou'd appear too weak to be of any Efficacy, desiring nothing more than to be entrusted with a Message to him, which she resolv'd to deliver in a manner little conformable to that in which it should be given.

TWICE, or thrice, the perplex'd *Emanuella* sat herself down to write to her belov'd *Emilius*, and as oft lamented her Incapacity; the Emotions of her Soul were too violent to permit any Coherence in her Words. — And
after

The Untimely Discovery. 59

after a long debate within herself what would best become her Passion, and her Honour, desir'd *Berillia* to acquaint him with her Misfortune; and gave her leave to let him know she regretted such a Disappointment, only as she thought it rendred her more unworthy of him. *Berillia* rejoic'd beyond measure at this Opportunity of executing what she design'd; assur'd her she would do in every thing as she had commanded. — And by this means, said the cunning Ingrate, I shall make a Tryal of his Constancy: for if Men are by Nature so self-interested as they are reported, this Account I have to give him, will prove his noblest Sentiments. The Time for his Approach being arriv'd, broke off any farther Discourse; and she went into the Garden to receive him, leaving the half-distracted *Emanuella* almost drown'd in Tears.

THE impatient *Emilius* was waiting at the Gate, full of a thousand transporting Reflections on the *past*, and pleasing Expectations of *coming* Joys, when *Berillia* open'd it to him, and delaying to say any thing to him of what she had to reveal, 'till she had brought him into the Arbour, the happy Scene which had so lately blest him; she then began to accost him in this manner. My Lord, said she, I have a History to relate so little of a piece with those I have already given you of *Emanuella's* Sensibility of your Merits, that I know not if you will forgive me for relating it. *Emilius*, whose Passion was infinitely greater than what most of his Sex, especially after Enjoyment are possess'd of, cou'd not hear these Words, and miss *Emanuella* from the place she us'd to be always

ready to receive him in, without an inexpressible Disorder ; which he could not presently overcome, enough to be able to ask what it was she meant. The artful Traytreſs, observing his Surprize, encreas'd it, by ſpeaking in this manner. — I ſee, my Lord, (*reſum'd ſhe*) you cannot hear any thing which offers at a diſcovery of *Emanuella's* Falſhood, without the utmoſt Concern : Nor do I wonder at it, having been Witneſs of ſo many tender Proteſtations of an ardent Paſſion on both ſides. You may think it ſtrange, perhaps, that I, her Couſin, and her Friend, ſhould tell you this — but what is there in my power to do, which may conceal an Inconſtancy, which, tho' I ſhould invent ten thouſand Stratagems, in ſpite of me will ſhow itſelf ? I might indeed have made ſome Excuse for her not ſeeing you this Night, which might have ſeem'd plausible enough ; but what cou'd I have ſaid, which cou'd have beguil'd your Impatience in the ſucceeding ones ? — Since then 'tis what you muſt know, ſooner or later, I thought it the more generous part to acquaint you with it early, and arm you for the Miſfortune you will doubtleſs hear of in a little time from other Tongues than mine. The enamour'd Count felt his Heart ſink in him all the time ſhe had been ſpeaking, and could hardly aſſume Spirit enough, when ſhe had done, to entreat her to let him know, in few Words, the Accident that had befallen him. I will, my Lord ! *ſaid ſhe*, — but firſt let me deliver the Meſſage I received from *Emanuella* : She bid me tell you, that having this day an Account of that Ship, in which her whole Fortune was truſted, being loſt, ſhe cannot think of marrying
any

The Untimely Discovery. 61

any Man, but one whose Estate can make up for the Deficiency of hers, and that yours cannot, she has been inform'd: Therefore there being a Necessity of breaking with you, thinks it improper to see you any more—
How (*interrupted the Count*) no more but so?
a Necessity of breaking with me—See me no more!

GOOD Heaven! is it possible she can so suddenly recede from that height of Passion she last Night profess'd, and all at once degenerate into Coldness and damn'd Indifference!—But you mistake her sure, and what is Over-Tenderness misconstrue Hate——You'll soon be able to judge whether I do not, (*resum'd Berillia, affecting an Air of Indignation*)——But I shall give my self no further trouble, but leave you to the Proof.——With these Words she turn'd away, and seem'd as tho' she would have gone out of the Arbour; which *Emillius* perceiving, and repenting of what he had said, catch'd hold of her by her Gown, Stay, Madam, stay, (*cry'd he:*) Pardon the Distraction of a Lover, and ease the Pains you've rais'd by adding more.——Confirm the fatal Truth; tell me again my *Emanuella's* lost——that she is unkind—indifferent—false—and kill me with the Sound. Forbid it Heaven (*resum'd she, softning her Voice and sitting down again*) that Love should have such Power over a Heart like yours——Rouze! rouze, my Lord! your Soul, exert the nobler Faculties, think of her Deceit, Hypocrisy, Perjury, and forget her Charms. Had she refused to marry you, thus fallen as she is from all her Hopes, it had been a generous Proof of Self-denial;
but

62 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

but know 'tis all but feign'd, she imagines seeming to *shun*, she more engages your *Pursuit*, and expects to be press'd to what she wishes—and she will yield, depend upon it, if you insist on the Performance of the Contract. Sill, still, (*resum'd the impatient Count*) you speak in Riddles—But if ever Pity or Good-Nature sway'd your Soul, let me conjure you, Madam, to explain. I will (*said she*) but you shall swear first by every thing that's Holy, never to utter to *Emanuella* or any other Person what I am about to speak. I do (*cry'd he*) and may just Heaven renounce me when I break it. Know then (*pursued she*) that you have been deceiv'd, betray'd into a fictitious hope of marrying one who has been long since, if Vows have any power, another's Wife : My self was present at the Ceremony ; but the unhappy Man was driven from her Arms, e'er Consummation of their Loves. *Emanuella* has a Heart too sensible of the tender Passion, to be long without an Object to inspire it : in the short Interval you happen'd to address her, you know to what a Length her Acceptation of those Addresses has carried her—She vail'd indeed her looser Flame under a Promise of Marriage, which I have already told you was not in her power to make good : However it served for a Pretence, believing (according to the Mutability which is imputed to your Sex) you would be well enough satisfied to decline your Claim before the Return of the Ship—Her Expectations there being cross'd by your Constancy, and an Account she has lately receiv'd of the sudden Death of her Husband, and the Loss of her Fortune obliges her
to

The Untimely Discovery. 63

to act the artful Part, and seem to be averse to what is most her Interest to wish——But now my Lord! (*continued she with a well-counterfeited Concern*) I am arrived to the blackest Point of all her Character, and what indeed induced me to lay open all the rest——She has lately commenc'd a shameful Conversation with a Person whose Name I know not; but whom if you had ever seen, you would with me acknowledge the Depravity of her Taste——But not to grow tedious in a Relation which can afford you but little Satisfaction, she now, tho' not till now, designs to be your Wife, and only waits your protesting not to live without her, to engage her yielding to save you from Despair. Hell first shall seize her (*cry'd the Count, transported with the utmost Fury*) let her chuse a Fiend from thence, the fittest *Paramour*, and make the Wretch she has chose her Property. *Berillia* was in so much Rapture at the Success of her Project, that it was very hard for her to counterfeit any longer the Concern she had put on for the Baseness of so near a Relation; and therefore having afresh engag'd his Vows of Secrecy, told him a longer Stay might occasion Suspicion in *Emanuella*; and receiving a thousand Thanks from him for her friendly Caution, took her leave and went to *Emanuella* with the Story she had prepared for her.

SHE found that unhappy Lady in the Posture she had left her, extended on the Floor, in the most cruel Storm of agonizing Grief, and desperate Love; but it was not in the power of all her Sufferings to turn the Heart of this more than *Barbarian*; and when she
saw

64 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

saw her rise to meet her, and heard her, with an Accent which might have melted a Heart of Adamant, enquire how 'twas her dear *Emilius* look'd, what 'twas he said, and a thousand such Questions which her Tenderness suggested ; she sat for some Moments without making any Reply, and when she did, it was in this manner : I am infinitely troubled, my dear Cousin (*said Berillia*) that you employ'd me in this Errand ; I know not what to do, whether to relate the Truth, or amuse you with a Falshood be the most commendable : but summon all your Fortitude, arm your self with Courage to disdain the Baseness, the groveling Disposition of sordid, ungrateful Man. Oh Heaven (*cry'd Emanuella, ready to faint with Apprehension*) what means *Berillia*, what has *Emilius* done. All that can compleat a Villain, (*answered she*) a most consummate Villain !

T W I C E did the poor *Emanuella* swoon away, before *Berillia* explain'd her cruel Meaning ; but being eager to add to her Affliction, as soon as ever she was in a Condition to listen to what she said ; Cease, dearest Cousin (*cry'd she*) to mourn ; rather let generous Indignation fire your Breast, and arm you to disdain not only the perfidious *Count*, but the whole Race of Man———The cold, insensible, regardless Traytor, heard me with Tears recount your Grief, and speak what you endur'd in the Necessity of parting with him, with so unmov'd an Air, as tho' he were not Man, or were unskill'd in his Sex's Arts of Diffimulation. At last he said he pitied your Misfortune, 'twas very unhappy indeed for a young Lady to be without the means of keeping up
the

The Untimely Discovery. 65

the Grandeur she was born to—but that you must study Patience—that doubtless a great many Ladies would be very willing to accept of you as a Companion—and he hoped you would not want—bid me give his Service—and tell you that he wish'd it were in his power to remedy your Misfortunes.— I had not Patience, but revenged the Contempt with all the Revilings that a Woman's Tongue, made keen by the most inveterate Malice, could utter; but he appeared as unconcern'd at this; as at any thing else I had said: and making towards the Door, would fain have left me to rail by my self: but I detain'd him for some time, on purpose to vent the Fury I was possess'd of: but at length he broke from me, and left me almost breathless with the Struggle. Here she stopp'd, expecting what *Emanuella* would reply; but what that Lady felt at so unexpected, so shocking a Relation; was too big for Words! silent, the stormy Passions rolled in her tortur'd Bosom, disdain-ing the mean Ease of raging or complaining— It was a considerable time before she utter'd the least Syllable; and when she did, she seem'd to start as from some dreadful Dream, and cry'd, It is enough—in knowing one, I know the whole deceiving Sex--Nor will I be a second time betray'd—I'll hide me for ever from their Arts, their soothing Flatteries, their subtle Insinuations—no more I'll hear, or see, or think of Man—The best is base—*Emilius*, *Emilius* whom I lov'd is base—Few Women but in such a Circumstance would have writ, and upbraided the cruel Destroyer of their Peace; but *Emanuella's* Soul disdain'd

66 *The Rash Resolve: or,*

those Testimonies of continued Weakness, which however bitter they may appear in the *Expression*, the *Meaning* still is *Love*; for the Indifferent give not themselves the Pains. It was of this Sort she now wish'd to be thought by *Emilius*, and this Disposition help'd *Berillia* to keep any Discovery how much she had injur'd him from her Ears.

BEING determined never to be seen in Publick more, she thought a monastick Life the safest and most convenient Retirement from the World; and communicating her Intentions to Don *Jabin*, and his Wife, (letting them know no other, than that it was the loss of her Fortune which had made her of this Mind) they seem'd to think it the most prudent Method she could use; and the very next Day, without any other Consideration than the flying from a World in which she believ'd it an Impossibility ever to be happy, went into a Nunnery of *Pourclairs*, making choice of that Order as being the severest; resolving to punish her easy Belief, and the Condescension she had made to *Emilius*, in as rigid a manner as was possible. He, who after he had left *Berillia*, and began deliberately to weigh what had been told him, found it very difficult to believe it; and tho' he could not imagine for what Reason that young Lady, who had so much befriended him in the beginning of his Amour, should invent Stories so much to the prejudice of a Relation who lov'd her, only to break off a Correspondence with him; yet he was sometimes about to write to *Emanuella* in such a manner, as without Breach of the Vow he had made to *Berillia*, would have given him some
light

The Untimely Discovery. 67

light into the Truth : But the Consideration, that if she was not guilty in the manner she was accused, yet that the Ship in which her Effects were, was lost, was past all doubt ; and that to a young Nobleman, full of Ambition, and the Love of Grandeur, was sufficient to abate the Vigour of his other Passion : Beside, he had already enjoy'd her ; and where is the Man who dies for a repeated Possession ?—He therefore forbore to examine any farther into the Truth of the Affair ; and tho' he had some melancholy Reflection for a while, yet the natural Gaiety of his Humour diverted them from doing him any great Prejudice.

THE malicious *Berillia* triumph'd in having remov'd a Person whose superior Graces rendred hers unobservable, and revell'd in the continued Possession of the Man she lov'd without danger of Reproof. *Emanuella* was the only unhappy Person ; and it was neither in the power of Time, Absence, Philosophy, or Religion, to obliterate the Memory of *Emilius*, or assuage her Sorrows.

The End of the First Part.





T H E
RASH RESOLVE:
O R,
The Untimely Discovery.

P A R T II.



THE Passion which the Count had profess'd for *Emanuella*, was too sincere to be easily thrown off; and tho' in his Circumstances, it was wholly improper he should marry without a Fortune; yet he could not resolve to quit her without the utmost Reluctance—The first Storm of Indignation which the malicious *Berillia* had raised in his Soul, was no sooner over, than a great part of his former Tenderness return'd. He consider'd that what he had heard was so inconsistent with her
Cha-

70 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

Character, and with her Behaviour; that had it come from the Mouth of any other Person, it would not have found the least room in his Belief. Nor could he even from her set it down for Truth, in spite of the Improbability there appeared, that she should have any Design in deceiving him into an ill Opinion of a Woman, whom he knew she had Reason to esteem——This Division in his Thoughts, made him for some days sufficiently disquieted. Nor was he a little amaz'd, and alarm'd, when he was told that she was retir'd into a *Monastery*——This Proceeding, he thought vastly incongruous with the Account *Berillia* had given him of her Humour; and he was at the greatest loss in the World what Judgment to form——Fain would he have writ——fain would he have made her a Visit at the Grate of the *Pourclairs*; but the Promise her Cousin had exacted from him, deferr'd him on the one side; and on the other, the Reflection that, in case she should be found Innocent, he should be obliged to renew those Pretensions, which, as she now was, were no way conformable to his Ambition——However, he could not restrain his Inclinations, which were yet very tender to her, and, perhaps, might in time have weigh'd down *Interest*, if a Chance had not happened in his Affairs, which turn'd the Ballance, and prov'd how little Dependance there is on Man, when *Love* and *Gratitude* are the only Motives to engage his Constancy.

HE was one Morning in his Bed full of uneasy and perplex'd Meditations, when his Servant brought him a Letter, in which he found these Lines :

To

The Untimely Discovery. 71

To Count *EMILIUS*.

THAT you have wronged me in the most tender Part, I make no more doubt of, than that you are a Man of Honour enough to endeavour a Defence of what you have done. I desire therefore that you will meet me an Hour hence in the Field of St. Cruzada, either to repair the Injuries you have done me by your Life, or by depriving me of mine, put an end to the just Resentment of

OCTAVIO.

THE Surprise with which *Emilius* read this Challenge, was proportionable to the Occasion. He could not imagine for which of his Actions he should be call'd to account by a Gentleman whom he had scarce any knowledge of; whom he had not seen above two or three times, and whom he never had any particular Conversation with: But be-
thinking himself what a Man of Honour ought to do in such a Case, he ask'd if the Person who brought the Letter waited for an Answer; and being told that he did, he call'd for Pen and Ink, and immediately return'd one in this manner:

To Don OCTAVIO.

I Should be very sorry to be guilty of an Injury to any one, and am certain it is as distant from my Power as Inclination, to have done any thing to you which cou'd justly occasion a Summons of the nature I have received: But since I am accus'd of it, am ready

72 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

dy to give you such Satisfaction as becomes a Gentleman, and to that end will attend you at the Time and Place appointed ; being no less desirous to know the Reason which has made you my Enemy, than you are to declare yourself one to

EMILIUS.

H E had no sooner dispatch'd this, than he rose, and making what haste he could to dress, was in the Field little later than his Antagonist ; whom, as he came near, he found had his Sword ready drawn, which oblig'd him to put himself also in a Posture of Defence : But being unwilling to fight, without knowing for what Cause — You see, *Don Octavio !* said he, I have obey'd your Summons ; but as I am yet unacquainted with the Motive which induc'd you to send it, I desire you will be just enough to inform me, before we engage. You feign an Ignorance (*interrupted the other fiercely*) 'tis impossible you should not know, that Rivalship in Love is what the *Spanish* Honour cannot brook. — Were the adorable *Julia* less worthy of my Passion, the long Addresses I have made to her would scorn to yield to any new Pretender — therefore, defend the Wrong you have had the Boldness to attempt, or tamely fall the unworthy Victim of impatient Jealousy.

THESE Words, and the Name of *Julia*, so much surpriz'd the *Count*, that he could neither answer them immediately, nor recollect himself enough to parry the Thrust with which they were accompany'd, and he receiv'd a slight Wound in the Arm, and was very near suffering a second, in a place, perhaps, more dangerous,

The Untimely Discovery. 73

rous, before he had regain'd Presence enough of Mind to avoid it. But as his Surprize vanish'd, Indignation kindled in his Soul, and he soon let the other know it was not Fear which had rendered him thus long unactive; the Smart of the Wound rais'd him to an equal Fury, and he forbore endeavouring to convince the rash *Octavio* of his Mistake, 'till he had punish'd his Unadvisedness. Being an excellent Master of his Sword, he not only return'd doubly the Wound he had receiv'd, but by disarming him, rendered him incapable of giving more; but his Rage diminishing with his Adversary's Power, he generously return'd his Weapon, desiring still they might be Friends, and that he would explain what 'twas he meant by Rivalship, and *Julia*; assuring him, that he had no design on any Lady of that Name. *Octavio*, tho' he had too much Honour to renew the Combat with a Person in whose power it so lately had been to have taken his Life, gave him a Look which sufficiently demonstrated the continued Rancour of his Heart, and only telling him, that he knew *Julia* too well to believe she cou'd love a Man without being first belov'd by him, flung sullenly away, leaving *Emilius* in a much greater Consternation, than his Behaviour had put him in before. He cou'd by no means comprehend the meaning of this Adventure, nor from what Source the Jealousy of *Octavio* had sprung. He had heard much Talk of a Lady call'd *Julia*; but he had never seen her, nor was he certain it was for her sake all this had happened: but from that Moment he conceived a secret Wish, that he were indeed happy enough to be in that Lady's favour, whom he had heard spoke of as

74 *The Rash Resolve: or,*

one of the greatest Fortunes in *Madrid*, and a celebrated Beauty. The bare Conjecture that there was a possibility, that she might have seen and liked him, went a great way towards the expelling his Passion for a Woman he had already enjoy'd, and who now no longer had it in her power to conduce to the Gratification of his Ambition.—He spent that whole Day in Enquiries what sort of a Woman this *Julia* was, how large her Fortune, and who they were that had made Pretensions to her; and from all hands receiv'd such Accounts, as fill'd him with ardent Longings, that *Octavio's* Jealousy might have something more in it than an imaginary Cause. He was told by some, who seem'd to know a good deal of her Affairs, that that Gentleman had for a long time profess'd himself her Lover, but had of late been deny'd the privilege of visiting her, tho' for what reason, was yet a Secret; and these Tidings half confirm'd the pleas'd *Emilius*, that he was more blest than he cou'd have imagin'd.

BUT, as to inform himself as much as possible of the Truth of this Affair, took up the Day, the Night was employ'd in Contrivances how to make the best Advantage of what had been told. He had found out where she liv'd, and also that being an Orphan, the Riches she was possess'd of were entirely at her own Dispose; and nothing he thought now remained for him to do, but to form some pretty Stratagem, whereby he might become acquainted with her, without appearing guilty of a Boldness which might forfeit all the Kindness she had for him. Few Men had been more fortunate in Inventions of this nature than himself; and 'tis scarce to be

The Untimely Discovery. 75

be doubted, but that he would soon have found one plausible enough for his purpose, if he had not been spar'd the pains, by receiving in the Morning a Billet of a far different kind than that which had been brought him the Day before. The Contents of it were these.

To Count *EMILIUS*.

SINCE we are taught, that of two Evils 'tis best to chuse the least; to avoid being guilty of Ingratitude, I am oblig'd to break through the Decorum of my Sex, by writing to a Gentleman, to whom, I believe, I am altogether a Stranger.

For the Wound you have received on my account, I can do no less in Honour than apply a Balsam; to which end, I send you the most experienc'd Artist in this Kingdom: And if the Punishment of the Offender may be any Reparation for the Offence, give you my solemn Promise the rash Octavio shall dearly repent his Insolence, if I have any of that Power over him he pretends.

And tho' such an Invitation may be thought too great a Freedom, I shall be glad to make you sensible by Word of Mouth, as soon as you are in a Condition to come abroad, how much I regret the Injury has been done you. If a Person, so little qualified to merit your Conversation, has hitherto escap'd your Notice, the Messenger, who brings this, can inform you where you may know more of the Sentiments of

JULIA.

AFTER having mention'd the Inquietudes he was in, to find a proper Method to introduce himself to this Lady, 'twould be need-

less to express the Pleasure this Letter gave him. He commanded that the Person who brought it shou'd be shew'd up into his Chamber, and finding he appear'd like a Gentlemam, used him in the most handsome manner imaginable. The other soon inform'd him, that he was a Surgeon, and that he was order'd by Donna *Julia de Venelli* to attend him with all possible diligence 'till his Wound was cur'd. And tho' the Count assur'd him it was but a Scratch, and unworthy his Regard, yet he wou'd needs apply a Plaister to it; and pulling out of his Pocket a Scarf made of Silver Gause, and curiously embroider'd with Crimson and Green, and a Locket to fasten it together, which had a Cypher in it with the Letters of her Name set round with Diamonds of a very great Value, told him, she had sent him that to bind his Arm. — A Man of less Gallantry, and less Inclination to be well in the Esteem of such a Lady as Donna *Julia*, would scarce have refus'd so obliging a Present; and it is easy to imagine, that he suffer'd it to be put on with a Pleasure suitable to the Favour of the Sender. He intreated him to stay, and order'd a genteel Morning-Repast to be got ready, while he withdrew to his Closet to answer the welcome *Billet*, which he did in these Words.

To the most Excellent Donna

Julia de Venelli.

A HURT so trifling as that which I received from the Hand of Don Octavio requir'd not a Balsam of that Divine Nature your Goodness has bestow'd.

The Untimely Discovery. 77

bestow'd. — You rather, Madam! should have reserved your Pity for those Wounds the Fame of your Accomplishments has already made but too deep, and which (I had almost said I fear) your Eyes will render incurable, but by Death, or a Condescension, such as 'twou'd be the utmost Vanity to hope — But whatever Destiny you inflict, cannot but be glorious; and certainly, the next Blessing to the Heaven of living in your Favour, would be dying in the Pursuit of it.

I wear, most angelick of your Sex! the justest Sense of your unmerited Favours at my Heart, and your admirable Scarf on my Arm; which tho' it infuses not Pains of the same nature as those of Hercules's Shirt, will differ but little in their Consequence, if ever you should discontinue to allow me the Effects of that Infinity of Mercy you seem at present posselt of, and refuse me the Privilege of avowing that I am

The Divine JULIA'S

Everlasting Slave,

EMILIUS.

P. S.

If the Sword of Octavio had emptied my Veins of the best part of their Blood, that Tide of Extasy you have inspired me with, would fill them up again, and give a nobler Life, and added Vigour, to bear me to your Feet with humblest Gratitude and sublimest Joys. — Delay then my impatient Wishes no longer, this day permit me to offer up my Soul, an Oblation worthy of your Acceptation, no otherwise than by its Sincerity.

THE

78 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

THE Surgeon, who easily guess'd at the Lady's meaning who had sent him, went away perfectly pleased that he should be able to give her an Account of *Emilius's* Behaviour, which he knew would be so much to her Satisfaction. And the *Count* extreamly lifted up at this unexpected Turn of good Fortune, forgot every thing in the Contemplation of the Advantages he should enjoy in marrying a Woman of *Donna Julia's* Quality and Estate ; which that it was in his power to do, he might very well suppose, when she had made him such Advantages. It is not to be doubted but that he took all possible Care in the dressing himself that day, to secure the Conquest he had gain'd ; and having no Orders to make a Secret of his Visit to her, he went in his Chariot attended by two running Footmen, and four others all in rich Liveries — But alas ! there needed not all this Pomp to engage the already enamour'd *Julia* : She had for a long time been the Slave of Love ; she ador'd the charming *Count* from the first Moment she beheld him, which happen'd to be at Church soon after his Arrival ; and after many fruitless Endeavours to become acquainted with him, and hearing of his Engagements with *Emanuella*, she fell into a Melancholy, which had like to have cost her her Life — Don *Octavio* had made his Addresses to her for many Months, and at first flatter'd himself with hopes of Success ; but perceiving a sudden Alteration in her Humour, immediately imagined it to proceed from the Love of some other Person : and not able to discover any thing of the Truth, he at last found means by bribing a Priest (for what will not

The Untimely Discovery. 79

not Gold influence the Minds of some People to!) to get into the Confessional Chair at the time when she was to come to confess; and by telling her that her Melancholy, if not caused by some spiritual Remorse for any Faults she might have been guilty of, was sinful; and if she did not disburthen herself to her ghostly Father, and endeavour by Works of Penance to merit Absolution, her Case was more desperate than she was aware of; frightened her so, being naturally pretty much bigotted to the Religion she had been educated in, that she presently confess'd she was in Love. With whom? (*cry'd out the pretended Father*) for if it be a Person worthy of you, I will undertake to make you happy with him. To which again she as innocently as before answer'd, *Emilius*, a Roman Count lately arriv'd at *Madrid*—She had said more, but the Lover could no longer counterfeit the *Priest*; he threw off his Disguise, and showing himself to be *Octavio*, upbraided her Ingratitude and Falshood, as he term'd it, and vow'd Revenge on his happy Rival—It was in vain she endeavour'd to deter him, by threatening him with those Penalties the Law inflicts on all who dare to prophane the Sacrament of Confession in the manner he had done. His Rage was deaf to all Considerations, either of himself, or the *Priest* who had assisted him in this Stratagem; and he left her in the Church, to ruminate on what had happen'd, while he went and prepared a Challenge for *Emilius*, as has been before related—It is not to be supposed but she had Spies to observe his Motions; but they were either too careless of the Injunction laid on them, or too late to prevent him

him from fighting with the Count: But they brought her Intelligence of all that had happen'd; and since there was no Mischief on either Side, she was not a little contented that she had so good a Pretence to write to *Emilius*. Nor after she had received his Answer, can we imagine she was less diligent in making herself appear as amiable as possible, than he had been. Not only her own Person, but her House and Servants were all set forth to the best Advantage, and every thing seem'd so rich, so fine, so neat, that by the care that was used in making it so, the expected Guest might easily perceive how welcome a one he was.

THE mutual Desire each had to please the other, very much heighten'd the Graces of them both——*Julia* had a Face and Shape to which *Nature* had been so extreamly indulgent, that she stood but little in need of any Aids from Art: but having had Recourse to all that even the most curious had invented, joined to the Pleasure which sparkled in her Eyes, at sight of an Object she had so long and so ardently languish'd to behold; her Beauty appeared with such an Illustration, as requir'd a Heart better fortified with Constancy than was that of *Emilius* to withstand its Charms. And tho' as handsome as she was, she was by many degrees far less attractive than the abandon'd *Emanuella*; yet he imagined her infinitely more so——O the Enchantments of Novelty, the Delights there are in having something to subdue——the pleasing Fears——the sweet Hopes, the tender Anxieties——the thousand nameless, soft Perplexities which
fill

The Untimely Discovery. 81

fill the roving Soul of Man when in pursuit of a new Conquest ; but *after Possession* are no more remembred——Then *cold Civility* succeeds *tumultuous Transport*——When *present*, forc'd *Compliments* supply the place of *Ardor* ; when *absent*, curs'd *Indifference* that of *impatient Longings*——and dull insipid *Gratitude* is all the *yielding Fair* can hope for, even from the best of Men. *Emilius* now thought he had never seen any thing so lovely as *Julia*, and immediately became possess'd with as much real *Passion* for her, as a Heart could be, so liable to *Mutability* as his was. Love and Wit inspir'd him with a thousand engaging Softnesses, which she, eager to credit what she wish'd, believ'd ; and tho' she had heard a vast deal of his Pretensions to *Emanuella*, she now imagined him so entirely her own, that it never would be in the power of any other Face to make the least Alteration in his Sentiments to her disadvantage—She lov'd with too sincere and passionate a Flame to be able to disguise it ; and what she confess'd not in Words, her Eyes sufficiently inform'd him, and he reaped all the Satisfaction he could hope from this first Visit——He had her Leave to declare himself her Servant——She promised to discharge all others that pretended to that Title——and let him know enough of her Inclinations to sooth Imagination with a belief she would in a short time be brought to yield to all he wish'd——Resolving by his Assiduity to render himself worthy of the Favours he had receiv'd, he waited on her every day, and they were scarce ever asunder but in those Hours which Decency required.

M

THERE

82 *The Rash Resolve: or,*

T H E R E was nothing of this Affair a Secret ; the Jealousy of *Octavio*, the publick Visits of *Emilius*, and the undissembled Condescensions of the Lady, engross'd the whole Discourse of the Town. But what became of *Emanuella* when she heard this News, to whom the ill-natur'd *Berillia* immediately convey'd it in the worst and most distracting Description her Malice could invent ! She doubted not of his Coldness and Ingratitude before, by the implicit Faith she put in that Wretch who had so cruelly betray'd her ; but now to be told, to be assur'd, with a Million of aggravating Circumstances, that he profer'd to another all those Soul-attracting Protestations by which she had been deceiv'd—— to know another was in possession of all those Tenderesses — those soft Endearments — those transporting Fondnesses that once she thought were her's for ever, gave her Agonies too terrible to be conceiv'd but by those who have felt the same : Yet, in spite of all she endur'd, she still maintain'd her Resolution, of never seeing or writing to him more, firm and unshaken ; and the more she heard of his Perfidiousness, the more she thought it beneath her to take notice of it.

BUT while she was indulging her Despair for the many Misfortunes which had already befallen her, Don *Jabin*, and his Lady, who were extreamly sincere in their Professions of Friendship to her, were labouring all they could for her Service. They had a very great Interest with the Chief of the Nobility, and were so industrious in exerting it, that the Case of this distress'd Lady being represented to his Majesty's Consideration in terms the most

The Untimely Discovery. 83

most prevailing, engag'd him to command that Don *Pedro*, who was yet at *Madrid*, should out of his own Estate make up some Part of the Losses she had sustained; which tho' happening by the uncertainty of the Sea, were primarily occasioned by him, in refusing to bring over her Effects in a more favourable Season. The avaricious old Monster had no way to avoid this Decree; and the Grief of being obliged to obey it, together with the Stings he felt in his Conscience for the many Crimes he had been guilty of, threw him a second time into a fit of raging Madness, of which in a few Weeks he died unpitied by the whole World. The Provision which by the King's Order he had made for *Emanuella*, gave her kind Relations hope, that they should have her among them again, and they omitted no Persuasions that she would quit that austere Life, and return to the World again; but she had Grievs which were not in the Compass of their power to remedy, she could not endure to think of living where there was the least Probability of seeing the false *Emilius*; and all that was said to move her to the contrary, was no more than throwing Water against the Wind. Don *Jabin* and his Wife were both of them extreamly troubled, that all they had done for her was ineffectual to restore her to her former Chearfulness; but perceiving that their Endeavours to dissuade her from a monastick Life, serv'd only to increase her Obstinacy of persisting in it; they at length gave her over, not without a Belief that the Severities of that Order she had an Intention to embrace, would oblige her to change her

M 2

Mind

84 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

Mind long before her Year of Probation was expired ; and that she would in a little time be as impatient to quit the Convent, as now she appeared at being persuaded to it.

THESE good People were not deceived in their Conjectures ; they soon saw the Effect they guessed, though longer ignorant of the Cause.—In a much less space of time than they imagined, *Emanuella* indeed wish'd herself in any Place, rather than that in which she was ; but the Motive which induc'd her to that Desire, nay, inforc'd her to a Necessity of it, was of a nature so shocking, so terrible to be born, that it requires a Pen infinitely more skill'd in Description than mine, to represent a Condition of so consummate a Misery.

IT was not many Weeks since she had been among the *Pourclairs*, and in that time had not so much as once thought of the Consequence, which in all probability might attend the guilty Condescensions her Excess of Passion had yielded to *Emilius* : But now the Hour was come which was to make her know, that all she had endur'd from the Cruelty of Don *Pedro*—from the Loss of her Fortune—from the Ingratitude and Falshood of the Man she lov'd, were trifling Woes in competition with those in store for her—She found she was now destined to go through all that can be conceived of Shame—of Misery—of Horror—in fine, she found herself with Child !—with Child without a Husband !—with Child by a Man who she had heard from all hands was going to be married to another !—and what was yet worse, by a Man whom she accounted
the

The Untimely Discovery. 85

the vilest, and most perfidious of his Sex! — What Words—nay, what Imagination can paint out her Distress as it deserves! — She was infinitely more wretched than any other Woman would have been in the like Circumstances, by the Addition of a superior Understanding—and the Greatness of her Spirit, and that Fortitude which had so well enabled her to bear all other Misfortunes, serv'd here but to increase the Misery of her Condition, and prevent her from stooping to those Measures by which she alone could hope to secure her Reputation, and screen what had happen'd from the Knowledge of a censorious and unpitying World. Had she now written to the *Count*, there was a Possibility, that in spite of his new Passion for Donna *Julia*, all might have been well; his former Tenderness on the Eclaircissement of her Innocence, and the Treachery of *Berillia*, might, perhaps, have return'd: Or if not so, which indeed after Enjoyment could not be much expected; yet Honour and Gratitude would at least have obliged him to protect and support her in those Miseries, to which her Love for him had reduc'd her: But this was an Expedient she could not bear even to think on; and as often as it came into her mind, she would reject it with all the Contempt imaginable——What (*said she*) shall I descend to ask a Favour from the Man to whom I owe my Ruin? — Shall I, forgetful of my Wrongs, submit to be obliged to that cursed Villain? — that insolent Disdainer of my Truth and Tenderness? No, rather let me suffer all the Plagues that Heaven can inflict, or Flesh endure——Let me be driven to Want, to Beggary

86 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

gary—exposed to publick Infamy, the Sport of every Slave—or tarrying here, be buried quick—it will be a less Shock—less Horror than an Obligation to that intolerable Fiend!—the hated, loath'd *Emilius*! Thus did the Haughtiness of her Soul, and fatal Consciouness, how little she had deserved the Treatment she had found, suggest. Nor was her *Resentment* less pernicious to her than her *Modesty*; for as the one prevented her from making any Discovery to the Count, so did the other also deprive her of the Power of uttering the least Hint of this Affair to Don *Jabin* or his Lady. *Berillia* was the only Person to whom she could persuade her self to reveal it: but Heaven had by this time began to inflict on that false Creature some part of the Punishments her base Actions merited; her criminal Amour had by some means come to her Father's knowledge, and he had sent her under the care of an old Servant into the Country, far from *Madrid*, and the Conversation of her Lover; tho' had she been in the way of being intrusted, 'tis little probable she would have been of any service: But *Emanuella*, who suspected not her Perfidy, received a considerable Addition to her Sorrows, by being told she was gone. Pity is a prodigious Alleviator of Affliction, the most violent Grief finds some Ease in complaining; but when our Woes are of a nature, as will not admit revealing, they prey on our very Vitals, and waste the Spirits with unintermitting Anguish, and seldom fail of bringing on Death or Distraction. Nothing was ever more deserving wonder, than that this wretched Lady did not lay violent hands on her own Life: but
tho'

The Untimely Discovery. 87

tho' she wish'd to die, she forbore being guilty of that Act of Horror: Whenever the Confusion of her Thoughts permitted her the power of Consideration, she would begin to cast about what Course to take; but then the Impossibility there seem'd of her being able to find any, whereby she might conceal her Shame, plunged her afresh into Disorders, which at some times were very little different from Madness. The Cruelties she inflicted on herself in private, such as tearing her Hair, and Flesh, fasting, passing whole Nights together on the Floor; and instead of Rest, giving her self wholly up to the bitter Anguish, would be too tedious, and too melancholy an Account: how terribly she was abandon'd to Despair; and how little she regarded what might befall her, is evident, when the Effects of her now dearly repented Passion, began to grow too great for Concealment. Taking the Opportunity of the *Nunnery* being on some Occasion open, she went out in the Habit she was in, without having taken any thought where to go, or to whom she should apply; it was pretty late in the Evening, and the dusk favour'd her from being taken any notice of; till coming into a great Street where were many Passengers, the sight of them at a distance gave her so much of Thought, as to be apprehensive of being seen, and known; the Cathedral Church therefore of *our Lady* being near, she stepped into the *Porch*, and sitting down in a corner of it, by that means conceal'd herself from the Observation of any body: But what avail'd it, that when the Darkness coming on, the Streets were intirely free; she could direct her Steps to no Place

Place, but where either Shame, or the height of her Spirit would not suffer her to go: yet still keeping up her Resolution, that whatever became of her, and whatever should be the Consequence of her wandering, she never would consent to receive the smallest Shelter or Protection from the ungrateful *Emilius*; she left her Covert, and began her Journey, tho' she was insensible, and wholly incapable of designing any thing: Chance therefore it was which guided her to that part of the Town which led into the great Road to a Village called *Aine*: The Knowledge where she now was, for being unaccustomed to walk, made her but little acquainted with the Streets, gave her a kind of a fullen Satisfaction; she car'd not whither she went, so she was out of *Madrid*, and the force of that Desire, strengthen'd her to get a good way from it, before she found herself incapable of going farther: But at last, Weariness and Faintness got the better of Inclination; she could no longer pursue her Pilgrimage, and was constrained to lie down to take such Rest as she could in the Highway—To add to her present Hardship, which considering the Condition she was in, was such as no Woman, but herself, perhaps, ever sustained with Life; it began to rain so excessively, that in a very few Minutes she was wet to the Skin; the Shower was succeeded by a Storm of Wind, and such dreadful Claps of Thunder, as might have struck the most courageous Heart with Dread——But not all the Horrors of this Hurricane, made more terrible by the darkness of the Night, and the forlorn Silence of the Place——Not all she endured

The Untimely Discovery. 89

dur'd from its Fury, had the power to make her recede from that Resolution she had form'd, or wish for Shelter from *Emilius*. But in the midst of this dismal Scene, Fortune seem'd to offer her a Gleam of Comfort, as she was lying, her tender Limbs exposed to all the Rage of the un pitying Elements, and pouring forth Tears almost as fast as the Sky did Rain; she perceiv'd, when she least expected it, a Light which seem'd to be in a House not far off. She had so much of Self-Preservation left, as to endeavour to make up to it, which with much ado, numb'd and faint as she was, she did at last; she found it as she wish'd, a little Cottage, for had it been any other, she would rather have continued as she was, than gone to ask Relief where there was a Probability of being known. The poor good Woman of it, who was sitting up tending a sick Child, receiv'd her with as much Hospitality as the Place and her Circumstances would afford: She pluck'd off her wet Clothes, and gave her a Gown of her own to put on, made a Fire and brought her the best Refreshments she had.—But alas! the discontented *Emanuella* was little capable of tasting any; which her kind Hostess perceiving, and guessing by her Garb and Mein that she was a Person little accustomed to such Hardships, intreated to know what had occasioned her travelling alone on foot, and at such a dreadful Hour and Season. This Enquiry threw her unhappy Guest into such Returns of over-pressing Grief, that it was a long time before she could make any Answer; but when she had enough recovered herself to do it, she told her the truth of her having made her

N

Escape

Escape from the *Monastery*, only concealing the Reasons why she did so, and her Name : But the Woman having had many Children herself, suspected the former, and pitied her extreamly ; she would fain have perswaded her to go to Bed, but the other would not consent ; and only throwing herself cross it, she pass'd the remainder of the Night in most bitter Lamentations. When Morning came, she begg'd that she might have those Clothes which had been lent her, believing it might serve as a sufficient Disguise, if by any Accident she should be seen by any that knew her ; and told the Woman, she should not only have hers in Exchange,, but some Money to boot.—To which the other willingly consented, not only because of her own Profit, but also that believing she was about to prosecute a Journey in which she might be pursued, they might be of service to her. Our unfortunate Traveller felt as much Pleasure at this Opportunity of transmographying herself, as was consistent with her Condition ; and designing to go yet farther from *Madrid*, took her Leave. The extream Dirt of the Road made it impossible for her Feet, unused to tread such Ground, to bear her as fast as her Desires would have carried her ; but in spite of all she still went on, and without making any stop either to eat or drink, till that Day was almost spent. Evening coming on, she went into an *Inn*, believing now she was far enough from Discovery——Nature beginning to accuse her that she had acted an inhuman Part to the unborn Innocent within her, who bore its share in all the Hardships she endured ; she order'd something to be

he got ready for her to eat, of which having taken as much as her distracted Thoughts would give her leave to do, she went to Bed, and endeavour'd to compose herself.——The extream Weakness she was in, overcoming all those Perturbations which had so long kept her waking, she fell into a sound Sleep, and in the Morning found her Mind as well as Body had been very much refresh'd by it.—She began to consider seriously what it was best for her to do; and that natural Vivacity and Spirit, which had already carried her through so many Difficulties, now by degrees returning, gave her hopes she should also get through this, with less Trouble than her Despair had at first suggested——and resolving to run no farther into Inconveniencies, such as she had pass'd in that little Time since she had left the *Monastery*; she hir'd a couple of *Mules* and a Guide to conduct her to the next *Town*, which she was inform'd was *Alcala*: From that she design'd for *Guadalaxara*, because she thought the other not so far distant from *Madrid*, but that Don *Jabin*, to whom there was a Necessity she must send for Money, might send some Person to know the Reasons of her coming away in so strange a manner.—Reason having now regain'd its force, she no sooner had formed this Design, than she began to put it in execution; and the People of the House furnishing her with *Mules* and a Guide, she got safely to *Alcala*, and from thence to *Guadalaxara*, without any thing happening in her Journey worthy of Remark; unless it were that she, who but a day or two before had so wholly given herself up to Despair, that she

seem'd to dare all kind of Miseries, now appeared as careful of her Life, as before she had been the contrary : But this will not be thought strange by any one, who considers how impossible it is for the Excess of any Passion to continue ; a weak Constitution, accompanied by a mean Judgment, it immediately destroys, and Death or Madness is the Consequence, as it happened in the Case of *Don Pedro*. But *Emanuella* had a more than ordinary Strength as well of Nature, as of Reason, to struggle with the Torrent of her, for a time, impetuous Grief ; which at last enabled her to overcome it, at least so far as 'twas requisite for Self-Preservation, of which for a time she had seem'd wholly regardless.

WHEN she was arrived at *Guadalaxara*, she took Lodgings in a private House ; pretending that she had a Husband whom she expected to follow her in a little time : and to prevent all possibility of a Discovery, told the People her Name was *Mercina*. She took the same prudent Care also in the Directions she sent to *Don Jabin*, writing to him in this manner :

To Don *JABIN*.

THE many Proofs I have received of your Friendship, would oblige me to conceal nothing from you, were there no other Person but my self concerned——I entreat, therefore, that you will believe I made a Secret of leaving the *Pourclairs* not out of Choice, but Necessity ; and as such, vouchsafe to pardon it.—My Affairs requiring an immediate Supply of Money, I beg you will remit in
Bills

The Untimely Discovery. 93

Bills to the value of about two Hundred Crowns, and direct them to be receiv'd by Donna Mercina, at Guadalaxara, near which place I am; that Lady is my particular Friend, and will not fail to do me Justice in the Trust I repose in her—I desire also that you will write under a Cover to her, an Account of yours and your good Family's Welfare, for which I shall ever most ardently petition Heaven; being (however my present Circumstances may oblige me to appear the contrary) in the sincerest manner,

Don Jabin's

Most affectionate Kinswoman
and devoted Servant

EMANUELLA.

P. S. *I doubt not but your accustomed Goodness will still extend it self so far in my favour, as to silence whatever Aspersions may happen to be cast on my leaving the Monastery so suddenly, by seeming to have been privy to it, and that it was for no other Reason than the too great Severities practised by that Order.*

S H E might have omitted this last Request : She was no sooner miss'd, than the true Reason of her Departure was blazed abroad. One of the Nuns, being more quick-sighted than the rest, had discovered her Condition; and after she was gone, related it to the whole Convent. What is in the mouths of such a Number, especially of that Sex which is seldom bless'd with Secrecy, and of that Sort too who have little else to employ their time with,
cannot

94 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

cannot be expected to be with-held from the knowledge of all who have any Conversation with them. *Emilius* among the rest was inform'd of it, which very much help'd to confirm him in the Opinion that all *Berillia* had said concerning her Conduct was true : Judging of her Actions by that of the generality of Women, few of whom would have known themselves to be in the Circumstance she was, without acquainting the Person chiefly obliged to pity, with the Misfortune——— He doubted not therefore but that it had happened by him, whom that Monster of Treachery had told him had supplanted him in her Affections, and that that was the Reason she had never written to upbraid the Change of his Humour in his Addresses to *Julia*, as he imagined she would have done, if she had been innocent herself.—And these Conjectures, which tho' in reality the most injurious that could be, appeared so reasonable, that they entirely destroy'd all those small Remains of Tenderneſs, his new Desire for an Object yet unenjoy'd, had left him : And now entirely devoted to *Julia*, and to the Advantages he propos'd by marrying her, left nothing undone which might engage her to consent.—She who was half won before-hand, and had only made some faint Denials for Form's sake, easily suffer'd herself to seem over-persuaded to follow her Inclinations ; and they were married in great Solemnity, in a very little time after *Emanuella* had departed from *Madrid*.

BUT Don *Jabin*, who had but too true a guess at the State of her Affairs, and made no doubt but that *Emilius* was the Man to whom she

The Untimely Discovery. 95

she ow'd her Undoing, forbore to aggravate her Afflictions by sending her any Intelligence either of what was talk'd of concerning her self, or of the Marriage of her Lover: But sending her the Money which she desir'd, and which he easily believ'd she wanted, writ no more to her, than to entreat she would continue to let him hear from her; and that as soon as her Affairs would permit, she would return to *Madrid*.

THIS Supply, and the Belief that every body she had left behind her, were as entirely ignorant of her Circumstances as she could wish, made her as easy in them, as could possibly be expected. Her Courage and usual Fortitude now, with such Success, exerted themselves; that she waited the dreadful Hour, which she knew was shortly to arrive, with all the Resignation and Patience imaginable: and at the appointed time brought a Son into the World, who, from the moment of his Birth, seem'd to promise he would be an Ornament to it.

I am of opinion, that the greatest part of my Female Perusers, will imagine this unfortunate Lady could regard a Child whose begetting had cost her so many Tears but with Indifference, and that she must have look'd on him with more Remorse than Tenderness; but *Emanuella*, as most of her Notions were vastly different from those of the generality of her Sex, so were they also in this. Had the Ceremony of the Church made *Emilius* as much her Husband, as by his Vows he ought to have acknowledged himself; and had he never swerv'd in the least tittle from that Constancy he had sworn

96 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

sworn to maintain inviolable, or that Ardency of Passion which he once profess'd ; she could not have loved his Son with greater Fondness— Never did maternal Tenderness reach to a height more elevated than her's—A thousand Lives she would have thought well given to have preserv'd this darling of her Soul— All the Ignominy which this Adventure, if divulg'd, would bring upon her, was now no longer a Concern to her—Even Virtue was become less dear ; and she could scarce repent she had been guilty of a Breach of it, so much she priz'd the Effect—and it would only have been with Transports of unconceivable Affection she had beheld the lovely Babe, if the Reflection how little it was in her power to do for him, had not sometimes given a check to the Pleasure she took in calling him her own.—She felt, indeed, all the Mother's Joy, but with it infinitely more Care than ordinarily attends that Title, and was, as it were, divided in her Thoughts between excess of *Rapture*, and excess of *Pain*.—But however severe the intervals of the *latter* might be, she was sufficiently invigorated by the *former*, to be able to sustain them ; and while she had her dear-lov'd Infant in her Arms, and uninterrupted, gaz'd upon his growing Beauties ; nor felt immediate want of any Necessary either for him or herself : she had not the power to think too deeply of what future Miseries might befall her ; but her ever-varying Fortune, which would not suffer her to continue long in any settled State of Life, made a sudden Change in her Affairs which obliged

The Untimely Discovery. 97

obliged her to other Considerations than those which at present took up her Mind.

THE ungrateful *Berillia*, who, as I have before taken notice, had been sent from *Madrid* under the Government of a *Duenna*, some little time before *Emanuella* left the *Pourclairs*: where she was carried, was kept a Secret to every body; for the Cause of her being banished her Father's House, being her Intrigue with a Person he could not approve, he resolv'd to take the most prudent Measures that he could, to prevent the place of her Retirement being discover'd. The Person in whose Charge she was intrusted, had a Sister who liv'd at a small Village call'd *Tortol*, within a short Mile of *Guadalaxara*, and there she was to be conceal'd for some time. He had as good as made an Agreement for her going into the *Convent* of *Franciscans*; but as he could not be certain, but that she might be in the same Circumstance with her unfortunate Cousin, he was willing to be convinced to the contrary, before her Entrance; and for that purpose plac'd her at this Distance from *Madrid*, where whatever happen'd might be conceal'd. The Place where she was kept being so near *Guadalaxara*, he writ to *Morena*, for that was the Name of her who was appointed Guardian over his Daughter, to make a little Journey thither. He order'd her to enquire for a Woman call'd *Mercina*, and endeavour by her means, if possible, to come to the Speech of *Emanuella*; but if that could not be accomplish'd, to inform herself of the Truth of her Affairs, and give him an account. This Letter happening to be brought when *Morena* was out of the way on

O

some

98 *The Rash Resolve: or,*

some Business, *Berillia* took it in; and knowing it to be her Father's Hand, broke it open.—— She had, ever since she had been there, thought of nothing, but how she should get away: and was over-joy'd to find *Emanuella* was so near, resolving to take this Opportunity of making her Escape to her, not doubting but the Power the other's mistaken Friendship had given her over her, would furnish her with Arguments to prevail on her to act according to her Desires. She was kept entirely without Money; and the Belief that she was far from any body who either could or would furnish her with means of making an Escape, in case she should desire it, made her be watched with much less Circumspection than otherwise she would have been; and she had an Opportunity to go out of the House the very day she had intercepted the Letter. The Weather favour'd her Design, and it being but a small Walk to *Guadalaxara*, she easily reach'd it before Sun-set.

EMANUELLA had not yet recover'd Strength enough to rise, and was prodigiously surpriz'd when she was told a Lady of a good Appearance enquir'd for *Donna Mercina*, and would not be deny'd the privilege of speaking with her.—— She had contracted no Acquaintance in that Place, and could not imagine on what account a Stranger should seem so pressing to see her. —— But the People of the House acquainting her that they had already made all the Excuses they could for the Condition she was in, and that every thing was ineffectual to get rid of her, she was at last oblig'd to give leave for her
Admit-

The Untimely Discovery. 99

Admittance. The Room was made pretty dark, and the Bed-Curtains clos'd, as is usual in such Cases : So that *Berillia* could not discern who it was she was about to speak to ; but desiring that all who were in the Room might leave it, she address'd her in this manner : *Donna Mercina*, said she, there is but one Excuse I can alledge for this Intrusion, but that I hope will be a sufficient one : I doubt not but you are acquainted with the Force of Friendship, and will not think it strange that to prove its Sincerity will carry one to greater lengths than this——I am inform'd it is in your power to let me know where I may find *Donna Emanuella*, a Daughter of the late Governor of *Porto-Rico*. Never was there a more tender Regard between Persons of the same Sex, than that which my Soul paid to this Lady, and which I flatter myself I was favour'd with from her ; but some Accidents have for a long time depriv'd me of the Blessing of her Conversation ; nor 'till this Day, could I for many Months get the least Intelligence in what Part of the World it was I might hope to find her——I intreat you therefore to direct my Search——I am satisfied she will not take it ill when you shall tell her it is to *Berillia*, her Cousin, her Friend, that you have made this Condescension.——The Astonishment that *Emanuella* was in, to find it was she (for she immediately knew her Voice) kept her from interrupting her 'till she came to these Words ; but then the Joy she felt at this Recovery of a Friend so long lost, and whom she thought so perfectly in her Interest, broke out in these Expressions——Can it be possible !

O 2

100 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

possible ! cry'd she, *throwing open the Curtains*, has Heaven in compassion of my Sufferings sent my dear *Berillia* to me ? — Come to my Arms, my best, my only Friend ! *Emanuella* will ever bless the Day which brought thee here — 'Tis on thy faithful Breast I may pour out the secret Anguish of my Soul — 'Tis from thee I may assure my self of both Advice and Consolation — Thou who *Lovest* will *Pity* me. — A thousand such like Demonstrations of the sincerest Welcome did she give her, which the other return'd (as soon as the Consternation, at finding her so much sooner than she expected, was a little over) with all the seeming Truth, and tenderest Love imaginable : And what was yet more obliging to her than any thing she could say to herself, she kiss'd and embrac'd the Child with an Ardour so like Sincerity, that one who had less Confidence in her might easily have mistook for it. When the first Raptures of this meeting would permit them to talk of Business, they began to relate to each other all the Particulars of their Adventures since last they parted : But when *Emanuella* heard by what means *Berillia* had been directed to enquire for her, and had read the Letter *Don Jabin* had sent to *Morena* ; she found she had but flatter'd herself with an Opinion that the Cause of her removal from *Madrid* had been a Secret, and could not forbear expressing how nearly she was touch'd at the loss of that Reputation she had taken so much pains to preserve. And this Regret was of excellent service to further a Contrivance which the wicked *Berillia* had form'd. She presently began to dissuade her from all thoughts

The Untimely Discovery. 101

thoughts of ever returning to *Madrid*: Nor, said she, since *Don Jabin* is so diligent in his Inquiries, can you be any longer in private here, tho' I have been so fortunate in intercepting one Letter, he will undoubtedly write again——*Morena* knows you, and in the Person of *Mercina* will *Emanuella* be discover'd, and every Circumstance of this Affair related. I would advise you, since, when one is determin'd to be conceal'd, all Places are alike, to call in what Money you have in my Father's hands, and quitting *Guadalaxara* with all possible expedition, settle in some other Town.——For my part, if I had less reason to fly from a Father from whom I now no more can hope for Favour, my love for you would oblige me to banish all other Considerations, and continue with you 'till Death enforces a Separation.——The again deceiv'd *Emanuella* highly approv'd of this Advice, and thank'd her for it, and for the Offer she made of living with her, in Terms which the Intentions of the other were far from meriting. Since she had resolv'd to proceed in this manner, the other reminded her, that she must not delay it; because if they tarried till the Account of her making her Escape from *Morena* were sent to her Father, it might possibly make him suspect his Letter had fallen into her hands, and that they were together.——Nothing could be more natural than this Supposition; and for that reason *Emanuella* dispatch'd a Letter to him immediately with a demand of a thousand Crowns, that being the best part of what was her Due; not doubting but by the time it would come to her hands, she

102 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

she should be able to take a Journey. *Berillia* also writ a Letter at the same time to her Lover, but the Contents of it she took care to conceal from her Cousin, only telling her it was to upbraid him for the many Misfortunes her Passion for him had occasioned her. After the Letters were gone, and they had concluded on every thing proper for their Expedition, they began to make what Preparations they could for it, that when the Answers should come, they might have nothing to do, but to depart.—*Emanuella* had her young Son baptized by the Name of *Victorinus*: A Nurse was provided for him, whose Circumstances would permit her to go with them to any Place they should make choice of; Mules and a Man-Servant to attend them were hired, and every thing contriv'd, so as to be ready at a moment's Warning.

H O W unkindly soever *Don Jabin* might take it, that *Emanuella*, who ow'd the being Mistress of so much Money wholly to his Intercession, seem'd to think him unworthy of her Confidence, which way she design'd to dispose either of that or herself; he did not fail to send it: and tho' her good Sense and the Gratitude of her Nature, gave her some Shocks at treating him in this manner; yet the Artifice of the Treacherous *Berillia*, join'd to the innumerable Perplexities of her Mind, prevented them from taking so great Root in her Reflections, as otherwise they would have done.

A L C A L A was the Place they had agreed to go to, not only because they were both of them entirely unknown to any body there, but

The Untimely Discovery. 103

but also, that it being famous for Learning, *Emanuella* thought the young *Victorinus*, when he grew up fit to receive it, might have all the Advantages of it, without her being oblig'd to send him from her sight; a Misfortune, which her Tendernefs for him made appear to be the most dreadful that cou'd possibly befall her: And tho' it being much nearer to *Madrid* than the Place they were in, yet both of them resolving to take up other Names, they might live there with as little danger of Discovery as in any other City.

IT being Evening when they set out, they lay that Night at an Inn about the mid-way: *Emanuella*, who was too fond of her little *Victorinus* to suffer him to be one moment from her sight, wou'd needs have his *Nurse* the Partner of her Bed, and *Berillia* had one to herself in another Chamber. Tho' on vastly different Subjects, both these Ladies had sufficient to employ their Minds. — One pass'd away the restless Hours in Contemplation on the many turns of Fortune she had known, and in imploring Heaven, that where she now was going she might find a Settlement for Life—The other was applauding her good Genius, for furnishing her with Artifice to bring about almost whatever she undertook; and flattering herself with a thousand Joys in store, all owing to her own Wit, her own Fertility of Invention, and Perfection in the Art of Diffimulation.

IT was very early in the Morning when *Emanuella* rose, and having order'd the Mules to be got ready, went herself to awake her Cousin; but was not a little surpriz'd, when coming into her Chamber, she was already up, and

and gone out : however, imagining no more than that, not able to sleep, she had rose, and was gone to take a walk either in the Fields or Garden, bade one of the Servants of the House to call her—O Heaven ! *said the Fellow to whom she gave this Command*, do you not know, that the Lady who last Night came with you is gone ? —— Gone ! *cry'd she*, what mean you ? she can be gone no farther than to take a little Morning Air, therefore prithee make haste to find her, and let her know we are ready to prosecute our Journey. Alas ! *re-sum'd he*, I fear she has deceiv'd you — I give you my Word, that if she continu'd to ride, as she set out, she is, by this time, some Leagues off. *Emanuella* cou'd by these Words think no other than that he who spoke them was mistaken in the Person she enquir'd for, and therefore took the pains to describe her to him : but he presently told her, that he very well knew who it was she meant ; that they had no other Guests in the House but those that came with her, and that a young *Chevalier* well-mounted had come by Day-break, and took her away with him. I leave the Reader to judge what an Astonishment this Intelligence must create in the Mind of her who heard it : She was for some time unable to give any Credit to an Information so highly improbable to be true ; but when she return'd to her Chamber, and found that not only every thing that belong'd to her was missing, but also a little Cabinet, which she had entrusted to her Charge, in which was contain'd most of the Money she had receiv'd from *Don Jabin* ; 'tis hard to say, whether Amazement for so base and cruel an Action, or Grief

The Untimely Discovery. 105

Grief for the Misfortunes it must of necessity subject her to, was most predominant in her Soul—to be betray'd, robb'd, and forsaken in so barbarous a manner, by the Person whom of all the World she had placed the greatest Confidence in—to be exposed with her dear Infant, to all the Miseries which attend Poverty—to lose at one Stroke all that she had in the World——No means left her to make the least Provision against Want and Beggary, was something so shocking, so dreadful, as rendred all her Courage useless.——

She went into the Room where *Nurse* was dressing her young Master for his Journey, and the Sight of him made the Reflection of the Loss he had sustain'd more terrible to be born: She had not Words presently to relate what had befallen her: and when the good Woman, easily perceiving by her Countenance that something of ill had happen'd, entreated to know the matter; she could get no more from her, for a good while than, O *Nurse* I am undone! ——But that, *cry'd she*, is a trivial Woe, that lovely Babe, that Charmer at your Breast, is ruin'd——we must starve, *Nurse*! perish for want of Bread——the little All we had, is lost——no means is left us for Support——no Hope but in the Grave.——

With these and the like Exclamations did she make the other sensible, something very unfortunate had happen'd; but what it was, she was far from being able to guess; 'till her Mistress having a little more recollected herself, at last acquainted her with the whole Story. Never did any one bear a greater part in the Sufferings of another, than did

106 *The Rash Resolve: or,*

this faithful Creature in those of *Emanuella*; the Affability and Kindness with which she had been treated by her, had gain'd as great an Interest in her Affections in the short time she had been with her, as tho' she had been bred up with her; and then her Tenderness for the young *Victorinus*, was more than equal to that which Mothers ordinarily feel for their own Children.—— She join'd in all her Lamentations, and vented ten thousand Curses on the perfidious and ungrateful Cause of them: But perceiving that this rather encreased the Distraction of *Emanuella*, than any way comforted her, she began to change her Talk, begging her to be, as easy as she could, and to proceed in her Journey to *Alcala*; and having enquir'd which way *Berillia* and her Conductor took, and being inform'd, they went towards that Town, she endeavour'd to inspire her with a hope that they might be heard of there.—— There was indeed but little Probability in this Conjecture; but as this was not a Place to continue in, the distress'd Lady thought she might as well go there as to any other Place; and complying with the Persuasions of her *Nurse*, they left the Inn, and in a short time arriv'd at *Alcala*.

NURSE's Predictions had so much of Truth in them, that on Enquiry they found that such Persons as those they sought had pass'd through the City, but had staid no longer than to take a small Refreshment, and were gone on the Road to *Madrid*.—— To send any body after them, *Emanuella* knew would be in vain; because it was impossible they would tarry there, on the account of Don

Jabin:

The Untimely Discovery. 107

Jabin : therefore she was obliged to sit down with the Misfortune without the least Hope she should ever have any Reparation for it; but with what racking Reflections, those who will but give themselves the trouble of thinking what a Woman in her Circumstances must feel, will be better able to judge, than all the Descriptions I could give, would make them.

WHAT now could this unhappy Lady do? she was in a Place where she was entirely unacquainted, tho' that she was so, was the only Consolation she had; she had no means of providing for herself and little Family, and when the Charges of her Journey were defrayed, had scarce any Money remaining——No Condition sure was ever so calamitous as her's——Her Spirits had doubtless sunk beneath the weight of Sorrow, which oppress'd her, if the Vigour of her Care for her dear Child had not kept them up.——Something must be thought on for the procuring for *him* the Necessaries of Life, whatever should become of herself——and thinking nothing too much to do for him, she threw off the fine Lady, endeavour'd to forget whose Daughter she was, and the Hopes she was bred to, and submitted to the meanest, and most servile Offices for Bread.——She took a little Lodging in the cheapest part of the Town, and leaving her *Nurse* at home to take Care of that which was much dearer to her than all other Considerations, she went every day to a *Convent* in that City; where doing Services for the *Nuns* in the manner of an *Out* or *Lay-Sister*, she made a shift to get as much as maintain'd them, tho' in a manner which

108 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

none who had known her before these Misfortunes came upon her, could have believ'd she could have liv'd to endure. But what will not Love enable one to go through ! what Difficulties are so great but Inclination can Surmount ! She condescended to every thing with Chearfulness, for the sake of *Victorinus* ; and while she fed her longing Eyes with gazing on his Infant-Charms, and clasped the lovely Innocent in her Arms, she thought herself not wretched ; and passing all the Night in that sweet Employment, forgot the Hardships of the Day. In spite of the real Coldness with which she had been treated by *Emilius*, and the monstrous Ingratitude and Baseness she had been made to believe him guilty of, her Soul still confess'd the Graces of his Person ; his Image was too deeply impress'd in her Mind, ever to banished thence, tho' effac'd and blotted by the Memory of his Crimes : The little *Victorinus* had Features so perfectly resembling his, that there wanted but Age to make them appear the same ; and this Likeness not a little added to the Fondness she otherwise had for him. All the Passion she once had for the *Father*, was now transmitted to the Son ; which join'd to the soft Care which all who are *Mothers* feel, rais'd her's to the most elevated Pitch that Humanity is capable of being inspir'd with.

BUT, to prosecute the melancholy History of her Misfortunes, she had languish'd away (for it could not be call'd living) seven or eight Months at *Alcala* in the manner already represented, without seeing, or being seen by any body she knew ; but 'tis probable the one
might

The Untimely Discovery. 109

might be owing to the little notice she took of every thing but what concern'd her Business, and the other to the Station she was in, so far different from that in which any one would have imagin'd to have found the accomplish'd, and once so much ador'd *Emanuella*. But one day being at the Cloyster-Gate on her usual Employment, she saw a handsome young *Fryar* waiting to be admitted to speak with the *Abbes*; happening to stay a little longer than was customary, she had an opportunity of considering his Face, and fancying at first sight she knew him, on looking more heedfully, soon discovered him to be *Don Octavio*, one whom she had formerly many Opportunities of conversing with at the House of *Don Jabin*, and whom she since had heard had fought with *Emilius* on the account of *Donna Julia*. Curiosity made her enquire of some of the *Nuns*, who she perceiv'd knew him, what had been the occasion of his becoming one of the *Religious*; and was told by them, that it was occasion'd by *Despair*: that Honour preventing him from attempting any thing against a Rival who had given him his Life, he forsook the World as soon as his hopes were at an end, by the Marriage of *Julia* with the *Count*; and that the *Abbes* of that Nunnery being his Aunt, he came there to pay his Duty as he pass'd thro' *Alcala* in his way to some other part of the Country. *Emanuella* had experienc'd too much of Love and *Despair*, to be surpriz'd at the Effect she found those Passions had caus'd in him, and it was with compassion only she reflected on a Change so little to be expected from that Gaiety, which he was once
the

110 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

the most fam'd for of any *Chevalier* in *Madrid*. She was highly satisfy'd however in her Mind, that her Dress, and the Alteration of her Circumstances had so much disguis'd her, that a Person who had been so perfectly acquainted with her Face, should now not have any notion he had seen it before, and began to live with more security in her thought, that she might continue undiscover'd, tho' she should happen to be seen even by *Emilius* himself, the Person of all the World from whom, as she then was, she most desir'd to be conceal'd. But alas ! it was not ordain'd for this unhappy Woman to have any part of her Wishes compleated ; she but hoped to live and die in this forlorn Obscurity, and that also was deny'd her : It was but a few days after she had seen *Octavio*, that a Lady, call'd *Donna Jacinta del Florezada*, a young Widow of a vast Estate, who us'd frequently to come and pass some Hours in conversation with the Nuns, desir'd to speak with her ; she had often seen her at the *Convent*, and taking more notice of the Delicacy of her Hands and Complexion, the Sweetness of her Voice, and the graceful Manner in which she delivered her Words, than many others who had the same opportunity of observing her, imagin'd she had been educated in a fashion which might deserve a better State of Life than what she at present liv'd in ; and having some young Children, believ'd she might be a proper Person for a Governess : She discours'd her on that Head, and putting many questions to make tryal of her Capacity, found it so infinitely beyond what even her good Opinion had suggested, that she immediately

The Untimely Discovery. III

ately made her an offer of coming into her House, and assur'd her of Usage more like a Sister than a Servant.

THIS Proposal, tho' an extraordinary Favour, (for Donna *Jacinta* was not only one of the greatest, but best Woman in the Place) was not altogether so agreeable to *Emanuella* as the other expected.—In the first place, she knew not how to part with that dear Babe, whom as yet she had never been absent from one Night, and whom her very Soul was wrapt in.—And in the next, she was unwilling to go into a Family where she knew there was always a great Variety of Company, for fear some one or other might happen to know her.—The first of these Reasons she made no scruple of acquainting Donna *Jacinta* with, and the other she palliated by saying she was of a Disposition too melancholy to endure the sight of many People; and for that cause fear'd she might be unfit for the Employment she would engage her in.—But the obliging Lady would be deny'd by no means; she had taken a fancy to her, and was resolv'd to have her: she told her she commended the Love and Care she seem'd to have of her Child, and that she would be far from endeavouring to alienate an Affection so praiseworthy, or make her unhappy by taking her from that which she so dearly priz'd. You shall have your Child with you, *said she*, both that and a Nurse to look after it shall be as welcome as your self; and as it grows up, I will undertake to give him an Education equal to my own: and as for your other Objections, tho' I think Company the best relief for Melancholy, I will not
press

press you to come into it—You shall see no body but those whom you think fit.—Nor will I exact any thing from you, but what shall be agreeable to your own Inclinations. There appeared so uncommon a Good-Nature and Frankness in this Lady, as well as Advantage in the Offer she made her, that *Emanuella* must have thought herself both her own and Child's Enemy to have refused it.—She accepted it therefore with all the Acknowledgments of Gratitude with it, and immediately went home to put herself in as good a Capacity as she could, to return to this kind Patroness for good and all. Her poor *Nurse* was over-joy'd when she heard the News, and every thing being ready in a few Hours, all the little Family remov'd, from daily Care, Scarcity, and sometimes Want, to Ease, Plenty, and to Chearfulness: They were receiv'd with a Welcome far beyond their Expectations; had an Apartment assign'd for them, as tho' they had been Guests, not continued Inmates of the House: the Servants were order'd to treat *Emanuella*, who had now given herself the Name of *Placillia*, with all the respect imaginable, and her *Nurse* with the same Kindness, as if it were their own young Master she attended. Donna *Jacinta* was so far from promising more than she intended to perform, that on the contrary her *Words* came infinitely short of her *Deeds*. Nor was she of that flashy uncertain Temper which some People are of, tho' accounted Good-humour'd too, of being one day extravagantly fond of those they call Friends, and the next scarce owning they have any such Acquaintance: She was
always

The Untimely Discovery. 113

always the same, always in one Temper, unless it were, that her Affections seem'd every day to encrease to her new Companion ; but that is little to be wonder'd at, since this unhappy Fair had a stock of Charms in her Conversation and Behaviour, which were not to be discover'd all at once : The Amendment in her manner of living made also so great a one in her Looks, that she was hardly to be known for the Person who us'd to be employ'd in Messages, or whatever other mean Office the Nuns had no more discernment than to put her to. — She now began to resume her former Charms, and appear again herself. *Jacinta* perceiving her Skill in Musick, Painting, Philosophy, and all those Accomplishments which few but those of Quality can afford, or at least take the pains to have their Children instructed in, could not be persuaded but that she was of Noble Descent, and frequently solicited her to give her the History of her Life ; but the other could not be prevail'd upon to relate more than that her Father was a Gentleman in a distant part of *Spain*, and that by marrying against his Consent to a Person who was now dead, she had been reduced to many Misfortunes. This was a Story she had fram'd, for all who enquired into her Affairs ; nor could all the kindness of this Lady oblige her to reveal the Truth : Her Nurse was also extreemly faithful to the Trust she had reposed in her, nor ever divulged the least Hint of those Affairs she knew, which tho' but a small part, was yet enough to have made all that her Mistress had said appear fabulous.

Q

THUS

THUS did she live as happy as a Person can live, who lives dependent on the Favour of another : that good Lady took care to confer her Obligations in such a manner, that they should be as little as possible uneasy to the Receiver ; and the other was so sensible of her Favours, that she at length became her's as much thro' Inclination as Duty.—She had continu'd with her about a Year without any thing happening of moment, and she was beginning to think Fortune was grown weary of persecuting her, and would permit her to continue in that Asylum of Tranquillity which she now enjoy'd : She had no reason to imagine she should not live and die with this kind Friend ; and the Experience of her Goodness to herself, gave her a certainty that the young *Victorinus* would find the Effects of it in as full a manner as if she were to live.—She would often talk to *Donna Jacinta* in this manner, who, tho' she never heard her without renewing the Promises she had before made her, yet she endeavour'd to put her off from such kind of Discourses, because she thought them a kind of Food to that Melancholy she seem'd but too much to give way to. They were sitting together one day, when a Gentleman and Lady, attended by a great number of Servants, alighted at the Gate, which oblig'd *Donna Jacinta* to go to receive them : *Emanuella* continu'd in her Chamber, the other perceiving how much averse she seem'd to be seen by any body but the Family, had for a good while left solliciting her to come into Company ; but she had not now remain'd long alone, before she came running into the Room, desiring her

The Untimely Discovery. 115

her she would oblige her so far as to come down——she told her the Persons that came to visit her were her near Relations, and that the Lady, who was most passionately fond of her Husband, and had no Children by him, had happen'd to see the little *Victorinus* at play in the Garden, and imagin'd him so like her Lord, that she express'd a prodigious Impatience to see the Mother. It would be impossible to represent the disturb'd Motions of *Emamuella's* Soul all the time she heard her speak——she began to think of something, tho' at present she could not well tell of what——a sort of distant Guess——a wild Notion of a Possibility of some wonderful Event——a thousand incoherent unconnected Ideas ran in an instant thro' her Mind, and almost threw her into a Swoon. Donna *Jacinta* was extremely surpriz'd to find so sudden an Alteration in her Countenance, and ask'd her if she were not well.——No, Madam (*answer'd she, scarce able to speak*) and therefore intreat you would excuse my appearing before this Company. I know not how to do it (*resum'd the other*) since they are so very pressing, but will endeavour it at your Request——tho' I could wish, (*added she*) that I could prevail on you: the Lady, who is my Cousin Germain, is marry'd to a Count of the Empire, and it may be prodigiously in their power to——She had opportunity to say no more, the Person she was speaking to, was now incapable of hearing her, and fallen at her Feet on the Floor, quite senseless.——Amaz'd as she was, she omitted nothing for her Recovery, and throwing Water on her Face, soon brought her to herself; but

116 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

the Torrent of Tears which gush'd from her Eyes, as soon as she open'd them—the Sighs, which at her return of Breath seeming as tho' they would exhaust it quite, made the good-natur'd Observer half stupefy'd with Grief and Wonder : Nothing was more apparent, than that she had been brought into this Condition only by her being press'd to go into this Company; and not being able to guess the reason of it, and perceiving she did not go about to speak it—For Heaven's sake, *said she*, what have I said to occasion this Confusion of your Soul? or what has Count *Emilius*, or Donna *Julia* done, which should render their Presence so hateful to you? These Words, which so entirely confirm'd her in those Suggestions which already had work'd such sad Effects, were very near throwing her again into those Faintings from which she had so lately been recover'd—but mustering up all the Spirit she had left to stand this Shock, which of all that had befallen her, seem'd the most terrible, she flung herself at the Feet of Donna *Jacinta*, and with trembling Hands catching hold of her Robe, O! pardon me, (*said she, in scarce intelligible Accents*) pardon me, most excellent Lady, that I have abus'd your Goodness with a feign'd Tale—I am not the Person I pretended, but a Wretch unworthy of your Favour—a Wretch, who by one fatal Crime has drawn down all the stor'd Vengeance of high Heaven on her—but, as you have hitherto been so divinely kind—O cast me not off at once—Expose me not to Horrors worse than Death—than Hell—O save me from the Sight of *Emilius*, and you shall hereafter be made sensible of the whole Truth

The Untimely Discovery. 117

Truth of my unhappy Story. Here she stopp'd, and Donna *Jacinta* was about to make some Reply, when she was prevented, by the sudden coming in of *Emilius* and his Lady, with the young *Victorinus* in her hand: The Surprise they were in, that *Jacinta* stay'd so much longer than they expected, their Impatience to see the Mother of a Child whom both of them were so much charm'd with, made them take the Liberty, being told which Room she was in, of coming up. *Emanuella* being opposite to the Door, had the opportunity of seeing them first; and in the instant Distraction that View gave her, incapable of any Thought but how to shun it, a Window by Accident being open, she flew to it, and crying out, *Fate, thou hast done thy worst!* was very near throwing herself out of it, if Donna *Jacinta*, who, tho' equally surpriz'd, had her Thoughts more prepar'd for such an Adventure, had not been very quick in catching hold of her. *Emilius*, who at once saw *Emanuella* and her Despair, stood for some Moments like one depriv'd of Motion——No Words can reach what 'twas he felt at an Object so unexpected! So alarming!—the most strong Surprise, the most violent Grief, the most passionate Tenderness at once possess'd him, and he was as unable to express the Force of either, as I am to describe it.

DONNA *Julia*, who had but one Passion to struggle with, soon overcame that enough to ask her Cousin *Jacinta*, what had occasioned the Confusion she beheld, and her own Consternation; but that Lady, who still held the afflicted *Emanuella* in her Arms at the other end of the Room, and was endeavouring to per-

118 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

persuade her to Moderation, had not leisure to make any Reply to what she said, or to ease her own Wonder, by enquiring the Source of this Affair ; which tho' she guess'd at part of, was far from imagining who *Emanuella* really was, or the Causes she had for Despair. *Emilius* was the only Person who cou'd unfold this Mystery, and believing, that since so much had been discover'd, it were best to reveal the whole, resolv'd to do it, tho' it were so nice a Point, that it requir'd all the Rhetorick he was Master of, to handle without giving Offence to *Donna Julia* : He was also divided in his Sentiments, whether it wou'd not more add to the Disorder of *Emanuella* to relate the Story before her Face, or by taking the Company into another Room, leave her in suspense ; but after a little debate in his Mind, he at length concluded on the latter as most proper ; and drawing nearer to the Place where *Donna Jacinta* and *Emanuella* were, addressing himself to the former, Madam, said he, I believe it will be much better for us to retire, and leave this afflicted Lady to that Repose our continuing here may hinder her from enjoying. I will not, Madam ! added he, turning to the other, and bowing very respectfully, presume to remain in your Sight, nor return to it 'till those Stains the Treachery of the unworthy *Berillia* have cast on my Character are remov'd — then you will find *Emilius* has not been so blameable, as at present he appears ; and will, I hope, admit his Presence, without giving him any Tortures by the sight of yours. As much averse as *Emanuella* was to hear him speak, the Name of *Berillia* attracted

The Untimely Discovery. 119

tracted her Attention, —— in the midst of her Agonies, in the midst of that Shock of Nature his sudden coming had given her, she wou'd have been pleas'd at finding him not altogether so guilty as she had believ'd him; and fancying there was a possibility that unfaithful Creature had deceiv'd her, in the Representation she had made of him, as well as in other Affairs, would have been contented to have had him repeat what he knew of her; and finding there was now an absolute Necessity of every thing being discover'd, thought the Recital might as well be made before her Face: she felt something at her Heart, which gave her an Assurance she shou'd not long survive so publick an Eclaircissement of what she had done, and was willing to submit to the shame of it, to gratify her Impatience, to acknowledge herself mistaken in condemning the Man, whom to have found innocent she wou'd, a long time ago, have parted with Life. If, *said she*, my Lord! you have any thing to tell me of the Falshood of that wicked Wretch, more than what I am already appriz'd of, I beg it may be no Secret: Set forth in what terms you please her Faults, and my Misfortunes; I am inur'd to Miseries of all kinds, and can endure even this severest Tryal. —— Perhaps, *continu'd she weeping*, with greater Fortitude than the rest, because it is the last — the last of Horrors I can live to know. She made this Request in such a manner, and accompany'd it with so many Sighs, and such Distortion of her Features while she was speaking, that the Count made a doubt whether it was best for him to comply with it; and 'tis probable wou'd have evaded

evaded it, had she not over, and over again, intreated he wou'd relate all he knew, and put a period to the Amazement which his Wife and *Donna Jacinta* were all this time involv'd in; 'till finding himself press'd past Denyal not only by her, but by those two Ladies, who glad she had propos'd it, seconded her Desire, he was oblig'd to satisfy their Curiosity; which after having a little recollected what he was about to disclose, he did in these, or the like Words.

I believe, *said he*, that for the Satisfaction of all here, I need repeat no more than what *Berillia* herself confess'd, when happening to be taking the Air, about a Mile from *Madrid*, I saw that unhappy Wretch lying on the Grass, weltring in her Blood, wounded in three or four Places, and almost ready to expire: So sad an Object rais'd all that was compassionate in my Soul, but when I went nearer, in hopes to afford her some Relief, Words wou'd but poorly make you sensible what 'twas I felt at knowing her to be *Berillia*, whom I thought one of the sincerest of my Friends.—I began to testify some part of my Concern, by enquiring by what means she had become in that Condition, and offering to bind up her Wounds, but she wou'd not permit me; but discovering all the marks of the most poignant and terrible Despair that ever was, told me, all Care wou'd be in vain, that she was a dead Woman—and that if there was a Possibility for her Wounds to be healed, she wou'd herself make others, which shou'd be beyond the Power of Art. — And then, perceiving my Amazement at hearing her speak in this
man-

The Untimely Discovery. 121

manner, You (*cry'd she*) *Emilius*, have the least Reason to pity me of all the World—you I have wrong'd in the highest manner.—*O!* *contin'd she*, in an Agony to which the Rack is mean, Heaven never can forgive the Injustice I have done you, nor the Ruin I have brought on the innocent *Emanuella*—both—both of you I have betray'd—traduc'd, and tho' she is the greatest Sufferer, 'tis you appear the only Criminal. She then, on my Intreaty, and Assurance of Pardon for whatever she had done, proceeded to inform me, how cruelly she had accus'd me to you, and confess'd, that all the Intelligence she had given me was false concerning your clandestine Marriage with an inferiour Person, who since grown weary of, you had sent to *Andaluzia*, where he died; of a shameful Intrigue you carry'd on with another, even at the time that you permitted my Addresses; and a thousand such like monstrous Inventions, which I do not very well remember; or if I did, shou'd blush to wound your Ears with.

EMANUELLA cou'd not hear the Recital of such vile Accusations without lifting up her Eyes to Heaven, in token of Astonishment, that there cou'd be such Wickedness permitted; but restrained herself from saying any thing to interrupt him: and he went on in this manner.

IT may seem like an idle Excuse, *contin'd the Count*, for me to say in my Defence, that when she endeavour'd to bring me to that Opinion her base Intentions aim'd; she made use of all the Artifice the Devil ever taught, and bound me from revealing, either by Words,

R

or

or Letters, a tittle of what she had said, by Oaths too terrible to be dispens'd with; so I shall only say, before this Lady who is now my Wife, I at that time thought myself too much the Husband of *Emanuella* to have made my Addresses to any other, had not the Stratagems of the false *Berillia* impos'd so artfully on my Belief, as to make me imagine the Engagements between us had been first dissolv'd by you. — But I will not detain your Attention, by alledging any thing in vindication of a Man, whom, perhaps, you wish not shou'd be clear'd; and who has it not now in his power to repair the Injuries you have suffer'd on his score. — The dying *Berillia*, as I was about to tell you, had Breath enough to confess all this first part of her Barbarity at large, but her Strength decreasing, she run but slightly over that which she afterwards was guilty of to you, in conspiring with a young Man, whom she for a long time had held a criminal Conversation with, to rob you of that Money she had advis'd you to call out of her Father's hands; — and how the Villain, as she was travelling with him to *Toledo*, as he had made her hope, had taken it from her, stabb'd her, and left her in that condition in which I found her. — The Horrors which seiz'd on this poor Wretch, at the approach of Death, wou'd be too dreadful to describe: Never did I sustain a shock like what the sight of them occasion'd in me; but, base as she had been, I had promis'd her Forgiveness; and indeed, the Penitence she express'd seem'd to deserve it: therefore, after waiting 'till I found she had no longer Sense of Pity or Consolation, I remounted, and rode as
fast

fast as I cou'd into the Town, with the melancholy Account of what I had seen and heard to Don Jabin, who, not forgetting she was his Child, tho' a disobedient one, sent Servants to fetch her Body, and bury'd it in a Fashion suitable to her Quality.

HERE *Emilius* concluded his Narration, which, as he expected, put an end to the Wonder this little Company had been in, before they had any guess how *Placillia* and he had been acquainted: but not only his Wife, but *Jacinta* had also heard much of *Emanuella*, the Misfortunes which the Avarice of Don *Pedro* had subjected her to, ——— the Favour she had found from the King, in obliging him to repair part of the Loss she had sustain'd, ——— the Engagements she had with the Count, ——— their breaking off, ——— her going afterward among the *Pourclairs*, ——— her sudden leaving them; ——— and the Discourse that fill'd the Town for what reason she had been oblig'd to do so. ——— All this was no Secret to either of them, and from the first Discovery that *Placillia* was *Emanuella*, they ceas'd to be surpriz'd at the effects of such a meeting: but both of them, as well as *Emanuella* herself, expected he would have taken some notice, in his Discourse, of the little *Victorinus*, who, doubtless, had not been left unmention'd by *Berillia*; and whom, since the clearing of his Mother's Innocence, he cou'd make no doubt of being his own Child: ——— but that was a Subject he fear'd wou'd be too shocking to the well-known Niceness of *Emanuella's* Modesty. ——— Besides, he knew not how his Wife might take a Repetition of what, by many Circumstances,

R 2

she

124 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

she cou'd not but be sensible of without,——
 But that Lady suspecting the reason of his Silence on that head, and willing to shew how much her Soul disdain'd that mean Passion Wives are too liable to fall into; taking *Emanuella* by the Hand, and pressing it with a most obliging Tenderneſs, 'Tho' Madam (*said ſhe*) the Count has Charms, which created in me a Wiſh to become his Wife, long before I had the leaſt Hope of being ſo; I beg you will believe me, when I proteſt by all that's ſacred, that had I been appriz'd of the Right you had in him, I would have choſe to fall a Martyr to Deſpair, rather than by gratifying my Deſires have been guilty of ſo much Injuſtice; nor can I ever yield to be Partaker more of Joys to which you have a ſuperior Claim, unleſs you vouchſafe to give a Sanction which the Prieſt had not the power to do: *Emilius* firſt was yours, —— is ſtill yours, by all thoſe Ties which ought to bind an honeſt Mind; and, if you can forgive the Crime he has been but betray'd to act, I here reſign him, and with him, the Title I have innocently ſo long uſurp'd. —— *Emanuella*, who had liſtned with Surprize to this uncommon Generoſity, wou'd ſuffer her to proceed no farther, but interrupting her,—— How glad am I (*said ſhe*) to find before I die, one Woman, whoſe Excellence of Nature will preſerve my Sex from thoſe Imputations the monſtrous Wickedneſs of *Berillia* wou'd elſe draw on it: —— But, do not think, moſt incomparable *Julia*, that I have a Soul ſo little capable of Gratitude, as to abuſe ſuch Goodneſs; —— *Emilius* is only
 yours,

The Untimely Discovery. 125

yours; whatever Engagements had pass'd between us, I myself dissolv'd.——When, by the Loss of my Fortune I thought myself unworthy of his Bed, I relinquish'd all the Right his Vows had given me to him; and his enfranchis'd Heart was free for you, or any Lady whose Deserts might claim the Prize. —— I have nothing to accuse him of, and am too much his Friend, not to rejoice that his good Stars directed him, where Beauty join'd with such consummate Virtue cannot fail to give him lasting Happiness. Nothing I cou'd say wou'd be sufficiently Picturesque, to paint the various Agitations which perplex'd the Soul of *Emilius* all the time they were speaking; but the Matter was too delicate for him, to offer at an Interposition, and not being able to say any thing but what might possibly cause Distaste either in the one or the other, he chose to remain silent, and leave the noble-minded Ladies to decide the generous Contest, as they pleas'd: When the admirable *Julia* thus prosecuted the Design, which had induc'd her to speak in the manner she had done to *Emanuella*. Since, Madam! (*said she*) either to the Sweetness of your Disposition, which will not suffer you to render a Woman, who, you think, has not sufficient Fortitude to sustain it, miserable by the Loss of all she loves, or to the little Inclination you have to pardon him, who, after the admirable *Emanuella*, cou'd look on any other with a Lover's Eyes: To which soever of these Reasons I am indebted for the continuance of the Name I wear, you must per-

126 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

mit me to remind you, there is another Tye, of which you have not the power to disengage *Emilius* : ——— This lovely Infant (*continu'd she, taking him in her Arms*) whom at first sight attracted my Love, must ever be acknowledg'd as the just Heir of all his Father is possess'd of; ——— and, give me leave also, to regard him with a Mother's Tenderness; and how many Children soever Heaven shall be pleas'd to bless me with, make him an equal Sharer with them of all the little Fortune I can call my own. ——— Nay (*added she, after a little pause, and perceiving, by her Looks, the Confusion of Emanuella's Soul at these Words*) as a Testimony that you are not displeas'd at the Interest I pretend to take in this little Charmer, you must consent to live with me as a Sister, ——— as a Friend. ——— Here Donna *Jacinta* (pitying from her Soul the Emotions *Emanuella* must feel at such Obligements from her Rival) thought it was her Place to speak; and interrupting her, No, Cousin, (*said she*) I must put a bar to this last Request; ——— I had a Friendship for *Emanuella*, before I knew who she was, and cannot consent to part with her when I find her so much more worthy my Esteem: ——— She must continue with me 'till Death inforces a Separation. ——— She was about to say something more, when *Emanuella*, over-press'd with Shame, with Gratitude, with Tenderness, and perhaps, a mixture of another Passion more difficult to be supported than all the rest; had no longer Strength to struggle with the differing

The Untimely Discovery. 127

ing Agitations, and sunk fainting in her Chair: It would be hard to say, whether the Care of bringing her to herself, appear'd most zealous in the Endeavours of Donna *Julia*, Donna *Jacinta*, or *Emilius*; the latter of whom, as soon as she was in a Condition of hearing them, said a thousand tender and obliging things to her; nor did the generous Partner of his Bed conceive the least Displeasure at it, but, on the contrary, thought he never cou'd express a Sense enough of what that unhappy Lady had suffer'd for him, and wou'd have rejoic'd to have had it in her power to have afforded her any Consolation: but alas! her Misfortunes were now arriv'd at their utmost height, and soon must know a Period with her Life. — Resentment was all which for a long time had kept the Lamp of Life awake, and that being now extinguish'd in a Flood of softer Passions, the other must of necessity expire. — They soon found she was too much disorder'd for Conversation, and therefore, thought it convenient she should be put into a Bed, where perceiving she grew worse, a Physician was sent for to attend; but from the Moment he saw her, he began to doubt any Success of his Prescriptions: In short, she died in three days, of no other Distemper than a broken Heart; equally lamented by Donna *Julia*, as by *Emilius* and *Jacinta*: Nor did they, after her Death, take less Care than they had promis'd of young *Victorinus*; each seem'd to out-vye the other in their Fondness of him: He was bred in all the Accomplish-
ments

128 *The Rash Resolve.*

ments which can adorn a Youth of Quality; and after the Decease of *Emilius*, and his generous Lady, who never had any Children herself, was left in possession of the Fortunes of them both, with a considerable Addition from the Friendship of *Jacinta*: which he makes use of with a Nobleness of Soul, proportionable to the Hopes of those who gave him the Means of expressing it; and is at this day the greatest Ornament of the Kingdom which claims his Birth.

F I N I S.



10 JU 68

1.7 OVI to Excel, or the First Reading
1.8 Novel in three parts. The Fourth
Edition, corrected.

To the Hon. Secy of the Navy
 Washington, D.C.
 Sir:

2. The Bible Reveal: or the Secret History of Christian Prophecy: A Novel. The Second Edition.

To be LETT.

Rejuvenation: A Novel. A

COMEDY.

Novel. In Three Parts.

And on the 11th I, like a common Town, it rain.
If we were Deacons, we of course deliver;
First to their Rain, or rather to Snow.

2. Letter from a Lady of Quality to a Gentleman - Translated from the French. To which is added A Discourse concerning Virtue and this Nature, by way of Epilogue.

NOVELS, &c. writ by Mrs. Eliza Haywood.

1. **L**OVE in Excess, or the Fatal Enquiry ;
a Novel. In three Parts. The Fourth
Edition, Corrected.

*In vain from Fate we fly,
For first or last, as all must die,
So 'tis as much decreed above,
That first, or last, we all must love.*

Lanldowne.

2. The British Recluse ; or the Secret Hi-
story of Cleomira, suppos'd dead : A Novel.
The Second Edition.

*Women are govern'd by a stubborn Fate ;
Their Love's Insuperable, as their Hate !
No Merit their Aversion can remove,
Nor ill Requital can efface their Love.*

Waller.

3. The Injured Husband ; or the Mistaken
Resentment : A Novel. A

*Short are the Triumphs of the Face alone :
Where Conduct fails, how tott'ring is the Throne !
Without this Virtue, Woman's weakly crown'd :
Our Minds fix Government, our Eyes but found.*

Dryden.

4. Idalia : or, the Unfortunate Mistress. A
Novel. In Three Parts.

*Under how hard a Fate are Women born !
'Priz'd to their Ruin, or expos'd to Scorn :
If we want Beauty, we of Love despair ;
And are besieg'd, like Frontier-Towns, if fair.*

Waller.

5. Letters from a Lady of Quality to a Che-
valier. Translated from the French. To which
is added, A Discourse concerning Writings of
this Nature, by way of Essay.

11

A

W I F E

To be LETT:

A

C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL
in DRURY-LANE,

By his MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mrs. ELIZA HAYWOOD.

L O N D O N;

Printed for DAN. BROWNE *junr.* at the *Black-Swan*
without *Temple-Bar*; and SAM. CHAPMAN, at the
Angel in *Pall-Mall*. M.DCC.XXIV.

(Price 1 s. 6 d.)

W I F E

To be LETT:

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

in DRURY-LANE.

By his M^A the Governor.



Written by Mrs. ELIZA HAYWOOD.

L O N D O N :

Printed for D. BROWN jun. at the Black Swan
without Temple-Bar; and SAM. CHAMBERLAIN, at the
Angel in Pall-Mall. MDCCLXXIV.

(Price 1s 6d)



PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. THEOPHILUS CIBBER.

THE Tragick Muse, to merit wish'd Applause,
 From fancy'd Misery, real Caution draws;
 Her flaming Strokes display some purple Crime,
 The Passions feel, and the Soul swells Sublime,
 The Comick, all this Pomp of Woe declines,
 Softens her Light, and rather smiles, than shines;
 She but your known familiar Follies shews,
 Prudes, Misers, Cullies, Fops, Coquets, and Beaus:
 With her, as at some poor Man's Feast, you meet,
 Where, what the Guests contribute, makes the Treat.

Criticks! be dumb to-night—no Skill display;
 A dangerous Woman-Poet wrote the Play:
 One, who not fears your Fury, tho prevailing,
 More than your Match, in every thing, but Railing.
 Give her fair Quarter, and whene'er she tries ye,
 Safe in superior Spirit, she defies ye:
 Measure her Force, by her known Novels, writ
 With manly Vigour, and with Woman's Wit.
 Then tremble, and depend, if ye beset her,
 She, who can talk so well, may act yet better.

Learn,

W I F E

To be LETT:

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL
in DRURY-LANE

By his Majesty's Command.



Written by Mrs. ELIZA HAYWOOD.

L O N D O N

Printed for D. BROWN, at the Blue-Strap
without Temple-Bar; and J. C. GARRARD, at the
Sign in Pall-Mall. MDCCLXXII.

(Price 1s 6d)



PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. THEOPHILUS CIBBER.

THE Tragick Muse, to merit wish'd Applause,
 From fancy'd Misery, real Caution draws;
 Her flaming Strokes display some purple Crime,
 The Passions feel, and the Soul swells Sublime,
 The Comick, all this Pomp of Woe declines,
 Softens her Light, and rather smiles, than shines;
 She but your known familiar Follies shews,
 Prudes, Misers, Cullies, Fops, Coquets, and Beaus:
 With her, as at some poor Man's Feast, you meet,
 Where, what the Guests contribute, makes the Treat.

Criticks! be dumb to-night—no Skill display;
 A dangerous Woman-Poet wrote the Play:
 One, who not fears your Fury, tho prevailing,
 More than your Match, in every thing, but Railing.
 Give her fair Quarter, and whene'er she tries ye,
 Safe in superior Spirit, she defies ye:
 Measure her Force, by her known Novels, writ
 With manly Vigour, and with Woman's Wit.
 Then tremble, and depend, if ye beset her,
 She, who can talk so well, may act yet better.

Learn,

*Learn, from the opening Scene, ye blooming Fair,
 Rightly to know your Worth, and match with Care;
 When a Fool tempts ye, arm your Hearts with Pride,
 And think th' Ungenerous born to be deny'd:
 But, to the Worthly, and the Wise, be kind,
 Their Cupid is not, like the Vulgar's, blind:
 Justly they weigh your Charms, and sweetly pay
 Your soft Submission, with permitted Sway.*



EPILOGUE,

Spoken by the AUTHOR.



*W*omen, who by Nature love to tease ye,
 Will have it, that the newest things best
 please ye;
 Sure then, to-night, our Graspall claims Compassion,
 For ne'er, since Bridal Antlers were in fashion,
 Heard ye of one, who to a Beauty married,
 Wou'd fain have been a Cuckold, and miscarry'd.
 This Man's of Novelty, a Proof most ample!
 Had ye but Grace to copy out th' Example;
 Each well comply'd with by his kinder Fair-One,
 Wou'd own that Graspall's Fate's a new and rare one.

Well,

*Well, we have shown ye Av'rice to the Life,
 A rich old Miser, melting down his Wife,
 Not into soft Desires, and amorous Puling,
 He, sober Thinker ! was for no such Fooling.
 Tho many a sparkling Jewel grac'd his Honey,
 He thought no Gem, about her, worth that Money :
 Two Thousand Pounds, he judg'd, would soften Satyr,
 And weigh against the heavy't Horns in Nature.
 Strange Bargain ! but since Husband wish'd to strike it,
 What Whim could work with Madam—not to like it !
 'Twas this—she shun'd, when 'twas her Husband's
 Tasking,
 What her own Bounty would have given for asking.
 Women, however stirring in their Way,
 Are ne'er too active, when they move t'obey ;
 They rather would (if I can understand 'em).
 Not do at all—than do as Spouse commands 'em.*

*But to be grave—the Heroine of our Play
 Gains Glory by a hard, and dangerous Way :
 Belov'd, her Lover pleads—she fears no Spy,
 Her Husband favours—and her Pulse beats high.
 Warm glows his Hope—her Wishes catch the Fire,
 Mutual their Flame, yet Virtue quells Desire.*

*Safe th' Untempted may defy Love's Call,
 Why should the Unencounter'd fear to fall ?
 Virtue must pass thro Fire to prove its Weight,
 And equal Danger make the Triumph great.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Fairman.	Mr. Boman.
Mr. Grasfall.	Mr. Evans.
Sir Harry Beaumont.	Mr. Wilks.
Captain Gaylove.	Mr. Bridgewater.
Courtly.	Mr. Oates.
Toywell.	Mr. Cibber.
Sneaksby.	Mr. Parler.
Shamble.	Mr. Harper.
Tim.	Mr. Peplow.

W O M E N.

Widow Stately.	Mrs. Willis.
Mrs. Grasfall.	Mrs. Haywood, the Author.
Celemena.	Mrs. Tenoe.
Marilla.	Mrs. Lindar.
Amadea.	Mrs. Brett.
Dogood.	Mrs. Davison.



ACT I.



SCENE I,

Enter Captain Gaylove, Courtly, and Shamble.

Courtly.



Little thought when I went out to take the Air this Morning, to be so agreeably surpriz'd with the sight of my old Companion, and Friend——but I hope no Misfortune of yours has oc-

casion'd me this Happiness, which I confess would be much more compleat, but for that Doubt.

Gaylove. While Fortune has a Being, we must all expect to find Vicissitudes——but nothing of my own Affairs can take me up so much as to make me forgetful of my Friends.—— May I yet wish you Joy? Art marry'd? Or do you still set *Hymen* at defiance?

Court. No, *Charles*, I am not yet so happy.

B

Gay.

Gay. Happy ! Is it possible you can term the Loss of Liberty a Happiness? you, who of all Mankind seem'd most averse to it.

Court. My Eyes, at last, are open'd, *Charles*, and I now court those Bonds as a Blessing, which I once look'd upon as galling Fetters.

Gay. Poor *Ned*——I pity thy Change—— But pray who is the Lady whose Charms have wrought so wonderful a Transformation?

Court. I will not go about to describe her, because I am certain you'll look on her real Character as an extravagant Encomium;—— but she is the Niece of Mr. *Fairman*, whom you have often seen with me in *London*.

Gay. If I remember the Man, he's of a downright sincere Temper, affable and obliging; but I believe loves Money.

Court. You read his Character:——His Brother was a positive, hasty, old Gentleman, and consider'd Money as the Source of all Happiness—— left an only Daughter, whom, on his Death-bed, he oblig'd to swear she should marry the Man he propos'd to her, (one who is, without exception, the greatest Fop in nature, but has 3000 *l.* a Year, which was an irresistible Motive to him :) You cannot but have seen him either at *London* or *Bath*; his Name is *Toywell*.

Gay. O ! I know him perfectly.

Court. This Wretch, who has no Sense of what is truly valuable, and esteems *Marilla* only for her Fortune, makes me despair of Happiness : for she seems so religiously bent to keep her Vow, that all my Applications hitherto have been ineffectual to obtain any thing more from her than a bare Complaisance.—— But prithee, dear *Charles*, give me leave to be impertinent, and enquire what drove you to *Salisbury*?

Gay.

Gay. Why faith, *Ned*, you know in what manner I us'd to live ;—— the Consequence of which was a certain Equipage of People call'd Duns, whose daily Attendance was no way pleasing to me.——In short, my Creditors having no Patience, my Father no Compassion, and I no Money, I was oblig'd to leave *London* in complaisance to my Tradesmen—fearing I should put them to the expence of providing a Lodging for one, who thought himself too far engag'd to 'em already—therefore selling my Company in the Guards, I bought in one of these Regiments. —— But prithee, *Ned*, give me some little Idea how you spend your time here.

Court. As they do in most Country Towns—— the Men in Hunting, Hawking, and Drinking—— the Women in Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving——not but there are some more elegant among us, to whom I shall make it my business to introduce you.

Gay. I shall think myself infinitely oblig'd to you.

Court. Of the Number of those I last mention'd, is Sir *Harry Beaumont* ; who, tho' he chuses to live retir'd in this Country at present, where he has a vast Estate, has been a very great Traveller, and from all the different Courts where he has been, brought with him every thing worth the wearing of a fine Gentleman.— In short, I know nothing of his Character that a Man of the strictest Honour wou'd not be proud of—then for his Wit and Conversation, 'tis such as I'm sure you'll be infinitely charm'd with.

Gay. The Description you give of him is no more than what he merits——I knew him about a Year ago, he then made his Addresles to a Relation of mine——I never heard what occasion'd their breaking off——I thought him a most accom-

4 *A WIFE to be Lett.*

plish'd Gentleman, and I am glad to hear his late Accession to his Uncle's Title and Estate has not taken from him that easy Gayety and Freedom of Behaviour, which is one of the greatest Charms of Conversation, and without which the brightest Wit wants relish.

Court. You shall anon renew your Acquaintance with him—he has engag'd me to dine with him to-day, your Company will add to the Pleasure of the Entertainment, and in the Afternoon I will carry you to visit some Ladies.

Gay. May I ask you who they are?

Court. I believe you never saw either of 'em—one is my Mistress, the other is Daughter to Mr. Fairman, whose Name is *Celemena*:—— She is speedily to be marry'd to a very Blockhead, one *Sneaksby*.——She is a Woman of a world of Life and Spirit in her Conversation, and has as much Wit as her intended Husband wants it; I am certain you will be pleas'd with her Acquaintance.

Gay. I were stupid else, if she be what you represent.—But, *Ned*, I have heard of a mighty fine Woman you have here, since my coming into these Parts, one who bears the Bell from all the rest——I think they call her Mrs. *Grasfall*.

Court. She is extreemly handsome indeed, and virtuous they say;——but I never visit there:—She is marry'd to the most covetous miserable Wretch that ever was; he denies her the Privilege of any Company, not out of Jealousy, but for fear she shou'd be at any Expence in entertaining 'em.

Gay. And how does she endure a Restraint so disagreeable to her Youth and Beauty?

Court. With a Resignation, which is surprizing to all who know her:——But come, we'll take a little Walk, and then to dinner.

Gay. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

Enter Dogood, and pulls Shamble back.

Dogood. 'Tis he for certain !

Harkye ! harkye ! 'Squire *Sancho*, you have follow'd your *Don Quixote* long enough—to take upon you the Protection of a distressed Damsel—without any Infringement, I hope, on the hardy Knight—your Master.

Shamble. Faith, Lady, I know you not ;— and if you have any Commands for me, I shall be more at leisure, and in better humour after Dinner.

Do. Well, I find the Proverb's false, which says, Custom is a second Nature—or the want of a Dinner would not put the accusom'd Mr. *Shamble* out of humour.

Sham. Ha ! by my Veracity, *Jenny* !

Do. Ay, by my Maidenhead (as terrible an Oath) the very same ; but I wonder thou could'st forget me in so short a time.

Sham. Why how was it possible to know thee thus metamorphos'd, fine Lace Pinnners transmogrify'd into a round-ear'd Coif and a high-crown'd Hat——a Gold Watch into a Pincushion, and a Tweezer into a Scissar-Cafe—— Prithee on what Design art thou thus equipt ?

Do. Why, faith, *Shamble*—— I found Trading in publick grew somewhat slippery, and now deal all in private.

Sham. What, kept ?

Do. Not for the purpose you mean——In short, being weary of the Life I led in *London*, I resolv'd to take up, and live retir'd——I found means to be recommended to the Service of one of the richest Widows in this Country, with whom I now live as a Housekeeper——not but I have a great deal of spare Time for the service of my Friends.

Sham.

Sham. Ha ! say'st thou so ? Why then methinks 'tis greatly in thy power to oblige my Master——thy Assistance may be needful in a Place where he has so little Acquaintance. The Company of a kind She would not be unwelcome to a Man of his Constitution——and as his Affairs stand at present, a rich Widow or Heiress would be an excellent Cordial to his sinking Fortune.

Do. O ! I thought you would be glad to own me——Why my Mistress is a Widow, and exceeding rich ; but, duce on't, her Age and Affectation will never down with thy queasy stomach'd Master.

Sham. Prithee what, who is she ?

Do. The Relict of a Country Mercer, who, dying, left her an immense Sum of Money, besides a good Estate he had purchas'd in Land——She has no Child, but a foolish Nephew is look'd upon as Heir——he is speedily to be marry'd to a young Lady of a great Fortune, and a celebrated Beauty——I could wish thy Master were in his place, but that's impossible to be effected.

Sham. But has this old Lady of yours no Suitors ?

Do. Yes, enow——but she is all for a Title ; a Man of her own Station she looks upon as unworthy of her. As soon as this Marriage is over, she designs to go to *London*, and lay out her whole Estate, rather than want a Bargain of Knight's Flesh.

Sham. I have a Thought come into my Head, which may prove a lucky one——Dost thou not think if I were equipt accordingly, I might pass for a Knight ?

Do. A Knight, ha ! ha ! ha !

Sham. Why, I have seen as bad a Face in a gilded Chariot.

Do. That's true ; and now I think on't, 'tis not the Man, but the Title that must charm her—

her—I don't know, but with my Management, such a thing might be possible.

Sham. If it cou'd, 500 l. are thine out of her Money—besides a Premium better than any Jointure I can make her.

Do. O Goodman Promiser! as if I were not acquainted with your Abilities—make but the Money secure to me, and I'll give you a Discharge from all other Demands.

Sham. Well, but harkye, I suppose with your Change of Habit, you have also shifted your Name—by what must I call you now?

Do. Dogood, at your Service.

Sham. A very good Name, and I hope prophetic to us both—but come, shall we step into some House, and consult about this Affair?

Do. Ay, I have an Acquaintance just by. *Ex.*

Enter Mrs. Grasfall, and Amadea in Boys Cloaths.

Wife. Very unaccountable—that neither at Home or Abroad, I can one Moment get rid of this little troublesome Impertinent.—Have you any Business this way, Sir.

Amad. No other, Madam, than to wait on you; now the Camp's so near, 'tis unsafe for Ladies to walk alone.

Wife. I am much obliged to you—but I apprehend no Danger. I cannot harbour so ill an Opinion of the Gentlemen of the Army, as to imagine any of them wou'd offer an Affront to a Woman, who, I hope, looks not to deserve it—and as for the Meaner Sort (Thanks to the good Discipline they are under) they they are oblig'd to follow the Example of their Leaders.

Amad. Were it so, which yet I can't allow—there is another Danger not less imminent, tho' perhaps more pleasing than what I have mentioned—

A

A certain Gentleman who lives not far off, and very much frequents this Walk, carries a kind of Spell in his Eyes and Tongue, which has been fatal to many of your Sex.

Wife. Ay; pray who is that?

Amad. I fancy, Madam, after what I've said, 'tis needless to repeat his Name—however, for your Satisfaction—

Wife. My Satisfaction! what means he?

Amad. Ha! she blushes—then my Suspicions are too just.—Yes, Madam, since you take pleasure in the Sound, Sir *Harry Beaumont*.

Wife. Was ever such an Insolence—I take pleasure in the Sound! What is Sir *Harry Beaumont* to me, or I to him?

Amad. Nay, if you are angry, Madam—

Wife. Have I not Reason? What Act of mine has ever justify'd this Rudeness—but I guess by whom you are set on; and if it were not more Love of myself, than my Husband, I wou'd be reveng'd even in the way he fears.

Amad. Nay, now I understand you not—but if you think your Husband—

Wife. Yes, I know you wou'd not dare, unless authoriz'd by him, to treat me in this manner—Ungrateful Man! have I submitted to the hard uncoveted Condition of his Wife, to be at last suspected of Dishonour—O! to what Fate are wretched Women born! Condemn'd to Slavery, tho' conscious of superior Merit, and bound to obey the severe Dictates of a very Fool, when e'er the Name of Husband gives 'em Force.

Amad. Transport not thus your self with causeless Rage, but listen patiently, while I confess I am alone the Offender—your Virtue appears fair, your Conduct blameless, to the fond Eyes of your admiring Husband—but the judging World,
which

which takes delight in finding something to condemn, watch all your Actions; and as I so freely have begun, I will take the liberty still to remind you, that the frequent Visits of Sir *Harry Beaumont* are most pernicious to your Character.—

Wife. 'Tis well—then this is your Surmise.

Amad. If mine, why not others?

Wife. No, bold Adviser—my Reputation is too well establish'd—no Malice ever attempted to fully my unblemish'd Fame, till thou, for what base End I know not, hast presum'd to tax me—but I despise whatever thou can'st say, and secure in my own Innocence, defy thy Malice.

Amad. But one word more—if to receive the Addresses of a Man, whose utmost Wit can find no Form to make 'em look like honourable—and varnish o'er the vile Design they are made for; if this, I say, be not a fault to Vertue, I have done.

Wife. Oh Heav'ns!

Amad. If you are free from this, then I confess my Accusation false—but if charm'd with Flattery, your Sexes bait to ruin, you still encourage the Deceiver's Hopes, you wrong yourself, not I. I leave you to reflect on what I've said; and, as you want not Sense, entreat you to exert it on an Occasion which requires it all—think, 'tis your good Genius warns thro' my Lips, immortal Honour, Fame, and Peace, attend to crown the glorious Conquest—Eternal Infamy, Disgrace, and those worse Racks the Stings of Conscience, watch to seize your Soul, if you persist to listen to the undoing Vows of faithless *Beaumont*.—Madam, farewell, and rest assur'd, whatever my Thoughts are, my Tongue, but to yourself, shall on this Theme be dumb for ever. [Exit.

Wife. His Words, methinks, have open'd all my Heart, and fill'd it with a Horror, till now a

10 *A WIFE to be Lett.*

Stranger to me—O Vertue! if I in aught had swerv'd from thy strict Precepts, I shou'd not wonder at these Starts, and Tremblings—but as I have held, and still will hold my Honour dearer than my Life, why am I thus alarm'd? Why, arm'd with Innocence, did I not hear, unmov'd, the audacious Monitor? O 'tis too true, I've been to blame: tho' resolute never to yield to what the Tempter sues for, I have, perhaps, with too attentive Ears, listned to his Persuasions—and 'tis a Crime to Vertue, ev'n but to hear what loose Desires suggest—were I unmarried—cou'd I with Honour receive Sir *Harry's* Love, how happy were my Lot?—For sure, of all Mankind, he is most form'd to charm, and bless a Woman's fondest, softest Wishes—but as I am, tho' hard my Fate, I must be blind and deaf to all his Worth, and place my sole Felicity in Duty.—That Creature here!

Enter Toywell.

Toy. She's here, and alone—now will I accost her with such Phrases, as she shall not be able to withstand.—Stay, Madam, fly not your adoring Slave—who long has languish'd for this Opportunity, to tell you that he dies for you.

Wife. What means the Wretch? are you mad, Sir?

Toy. If Love be Madness, I have wondrous Cause—for from the first Moment I beheld that Field of Beauty, I have done nothing, but wish and languish, burn and bleed, with Passion and Desire.

Wife. Hold, Sir; if you really are in your Senses, let me tell you, you are guilty of an Assurance, which you will not find me easy to forgive.

Toy. No matter for that, I know she's pleas'd with it—Ah, Madam! as the inimitable *Orway* says, Who can behold such Beauty, and be silent?

Wife.

A WIFE to be Lett. II

Wife. Wretched Animal—If I did not think that all Advice was lost upon you, I wou'd give you this friendly Caution—to know to whom you speak.

Toy. Ha ! Perhaps I've been too grave--Gad, I'll try another way. [*aside.*] —Why, Faith, Madam, I believe I know you, and I am sure I know myself--there stand you, Mrs. *Susanna Graspall*—without Exception, the most agreeable Woman breathing—married to an old decrepid, miserly Curmudgeon—who debars you from all the Pleasures of Life ; and here am I, *Jack Toywell*, in free Possession of full three thousand Pounds a Year—with Youth, Vigour, and some other tolerable Qualifications, ready with my Person and Fortune to make you happy in all those Enjoyments your Husband's Age and Avarice denies.—Gad, I am mighty florid to-day.

Wife. Since you oblige me to be more serious than I thought at first your ridiculous Addresses merited, I must tell you, that you are an impudent pretending Fop—that I despise and loath you; and if you dare to trouble me again with such impertinent Discourses, my Husband shall be acquainted with the Character you give of him.

Toy. Come, Madam, egad I like you ne'er the worse for this dissembled Coldness—it whets the Edge of Appetite, and gives a double Relish to those Raptures you yielding will bestow.

Wife. Nay, if you grow rude—

Toy. No Rudeness, Madam, but what you will one day pardon:—A Lover must begin with humble distant Sighs, but when the Ice is broke, and he has once ventur'd to say he loves, then he proceeds by swift Degrees to greater Freedoms—your Hand, your Lips.—

[*Offers to kiss her.*

Wife.

12 *A WIFE to be Lett.*

Wife. Impudent Villain. [*boxes his Ears.*] But here's Company—if ever thou dar'st affront me thus again.

Enter Beaumont.

Beau. Ha ! so free !

Toy. Sir *Harry Beaumont*—dear Sir *Harry*, I am your most obsequious humble Servant.

Beau. Yours, yours, Mr. *Toywell*—a good day to you, Madam, I see you are taking the Benefit of the fresh Air this Morning—I doubt not but you have been agreeably entertain'd in the Conversation of so polite a Gentleman as Mr. *Toywell*.

Wife. I shall not envy you that Happiness, Sir *Harry*, therefore leave you to enjoy it—your Servant ! Oh the Difference of Men ! [*Ex.*]

Beau. Madam, your most humble—methinks, Mr. *Toywell*, the Lady seems displeas'd—what have you done to her ?

Toy. O Sir *Harry*, you and I know the World too well, to think a Woman's Anger, in some Cases, worth regarding ; I dare swear it has escap'd the Observation of neither of us, that they are frequently most pleas'd, when least they seem to be so.—

Beau. What ! then you have been making Love.

Toy. Why, Faith, she is look'd upon as one of the finest Women in the County—and having had of late a pretty deal of idle time on my hands, I took it into my head to make her some Offers, which, I believe, when she has consider'd on, she'll scarce refuse.

Beau. Conceited Coxcomb ! but she has the Reputation of a vertuous Woman.—

Toy. Vertuous ! so they are all till they are try'd—and I don't remember to have heard that before me, any Man of Figure has attack'd her—

Beau.

Beau. Intolerable Fop!——A Man truly deserving of a Lady's Favour, Mr. *Toywell*, seldom discloses his Design on the Woman he admires, but to herself——for any thing you know, Mrs. *Grasfall* may have been Proof against the most elegant Addressees.

Toy. 'Twas then for want of a right Method in applying them—for my part, I never yet had the Mortification to engage with any Woman, silly enough to hold out above three Summons.—

Beau. You are a happy Man indeed——but methinks 'tis a little odd you dare venture to make an Attempt of this nature so near your Marriage—for I hear your Wedding with the fair *Marilla* is to be accomplished in a day or two—Suppose she shou'd hear of it.

Toy. Psha! 'tis so long ago since we were contracted, that for a great while we have regarded each other with an absolute Indifference.——I lik'd her well enough indeed at first, but the Certainty that she must one day be my Wife, has set her in the self-same View as she wou'd have appear'd after seven Years Possession. But now I think on't, I promis'd her Uncle to dine with 'em to-day——prithee, Sir *Harry*, go along with me, I shall be so dull else.

Beau. I wou'd willingly accompany you, Mr. *Toywell*, to such agreeable Conversation, if I were not engag'd at home with some Friends, who I believe by this time expect me.

Toy. Phoo, Pox——well then I must take my leave; 'tis pretty near One, and they dine consumed early.——Sir *Harry*, your Servant. [Exit.

Beau. Your Servant, Sir.——Fool! Heavens, how strange a Creature is a Lover!——I am asham'd to think the Rivalship of such a Wretch can give me Pain, and yet it does—which proves
more

14 *A W I F E to be Lett.*

more strongly than I e'er knew before, the Violence of my Passion——Yes, I find I love to such a height, that if unlicens'd Enjoyment be a Crime, 'tis here excus'd by the Necessity—but be it as it will, wou'd I promise it myself at any rate—but Hope is not so vain; yet she has heard my Suit, and still continues to admit my Visits—confesses an Esteem, and if so, 'tis the first Step to Love——A constant Affiduity, in time, perhaps may loosen the strict Bonds of galling Duty, and make the Charmer mine.

*Ne'er let the Lover of his Wish despair,
Whose Vows of Passion reach th' attentive Fair:
Tho' bent to follow Vertue, 'tis her Fate
At last to yield, if once capitulate.*

End of the First Act.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Celemena and Marilla.

Cel.  RITHEE, good Cousin, take a Friend's Advice, and cast off this obstinate Humour of marrying the Man who slights you, and slighting the Man who loves you. *Toywell* has indeed a great Estate, but *Courtly* knows how to use what he has handsomely, and is withall very easy in his Circumstances.—Can any thing, that has not taken
an

an entire leave of her Understanding, persist in a Resolution of throwing herself away in this manner?

Mar. Allowing all that you have said—the religious Observance I owe to the Vow I made my dying Father, leaves me no choice.

Cel. If the Dead cou'd tell what we Living are doing, I am apt to believe the old Gentleman wou'd quit his Grave a while, to forbid the Banes, and save his Daughter from so visible a Ruin.— Besides, the Vow you made was forc'd, and consequently not binding.—Heavens! it provokes me to see you act so contrary to Reason, nay, to your own Inclination too; for I am sure you love *Courtly*.

Mar. How came you so well acquainted with my Thoughts, good Cousin?

Cel. Prithee, none of your Airs! I know you have sense enough to distinguish a Man of Parts from a Fool.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Ladies, Mr. *Courtly* and a strange Gentleman desire to know if you are at leisure.

Cel. Show 'em up. [*Exit Servant.*] Now let me see you use him as you us'd to do, and I protest I'll disclaim Kindred with you.

Mar. You will—but I fancy I shall put it to the venture.

Cel. I wonder who he has brought with him.

Enter Courtly and Gaylove.

Court. Ladies, I hope you will pardon my introducing a Gentleman whose Conversation will hereafter make his own Apology.—This, Captain, is Mr. *Fairman's* Daughter; this, his Niece.

Cel.

16 *A WIFE to be Lett.*

Cel. We are too well acquainted with Mr. *Courtly's* Delicacy, not to afford a ready Welcome to any whom he calls Friend. Such Entertainment, Sir, as furnishes a homely Country Cottage, you may expect.

Gay. He must be covetous indeed, could form a Wish beyond what here is to be found.

Cel. This Fellow has something in him prodigiously agreeable, I can't help liking him.—[*Aside.*] Well, Mr. *Courtly*, I have been labouring for you, you must now e'en speak for yourself.

Court. If all that can betoken a sincere and ardent Passion, cou'd influence the fair *Marilla* to pity what I feel, she would not thus cruelly resolve to make my Rival happy.

Mar. If you have any value for my Quiet, you will forbear to urge a Suit, which, were my Inclination otherwise, is not in my power to grant; and consider me not as Mistress of myself.

Court. Shou'd the Man you purpose to bless, not know the Value of the Treasure you bestow, I do assure you, Madam, 'twou'd give me an Uneasiness almost equal to the Loss of you.

Mar. That's generous indeed, but—

Court. Yet give me leave—Your pardon, Madam! [to *Cel.*] [*They walk apart.*]

Cel. O Sir, you will have it, if your Friend will as willingly forgive your leaving him to the Conversation of a raw Country Girl.

Gay. Now have I a great mind to tell you the pleasure he does me, but fear of disobliging, stops my Mouth:

*But Eccho shall so oft repeat your Name,
You'll learn my Sufferings, and reward my Flame.*

As my Passion is more than common, my Style, Madam, ought to be no less than Heroick.

Cel.

Cel. But had I an inclination to give ear to it, you have more Modesty, I hope, than to make love at first sight——But now I think on't, perhaps you may imagine, that the Apprehension of the fine things may be saying yonder, makes me wish I were capable of inspiring the same; however, to shew you I have vanity enough to believe I've made a Conquest, when I have found the Bark of every Tree carv'd with the cruel *Celemena's* Name, and you have sigh'd away some seven Years——

Gay. I find, Madam, you're like to be pretty reasonable.

Cel. *When Cooing Doves the shady Cypress shun,
And hide their Heads, to find their Complaints outdone;
When sympathizing Grief o'erspreads the Plains,
And Shepherds mourn your Fate in rural Strains;
When my Disdain's the Theme of every Song,
And Celemena hangs on every Tongue——*

Gay. For Heaven's sake Madam! have you no Compassion?

Cel. *When cruel Nymph thro' Hills and Valleys flies,
And distant Eccho cruel Nymph replies——*

Gay. Dear Madam, come to a Conclusion.

Cel. I have done——and here give you permission to spend the following seven Years in the same manner; then come to me again, and I perhaps may allow you my Hand to——Kiss.

Gay. Truly, Madam, I can't but say your Demands are extremely moderate——But can't you as well suppose all this past?——I have lov'd you very passionately these seven Minutes, and, according to Modern Calculation, they appear so many Ages.

Cel. No, I can't suppose one word on't——nor can I admit of your Modern Calculations——'tis impossible the Man can love me, who would hesitate on starving, hanging or drowning, on my

18 *A WIFE to be Lett.*

account—much less in passing a few Years in so sublime a Despair, as I have enjoin'd you—

Gay. But, Madam—

Cel. A word more—and I'll not allow of you as a Servant, till you have kill'd Lions, and made Monsters tame.

Gay. There's no talking to her—she will be too hard for me. O! here comes a Relief.

Enter Fairman and Toywell.

Toy. So, Ladies and Gentlemen, Wit and Beauty are inseparable here, and, let me Blood, I am so pleasant myself, I am like a Fish out of Water, in dull Company.

Fair. O' my Conscience, this Nephew of mine that is to be, grows every day a greater Fop than ever. Your Servant, Gentlemen. Daughter, pray invite this good Company to your Wedding. —I expect 'Squire *Sneaksby* to-night, and to-morrow shall make you one.

Cel. Heaven forbid—"Tis very sudden, Sir.

Fair. His Aunt, Child, the Widow *Stately*, is a fickle Woman; if she happen to marry again, or should change her mind, there is not such another Match in the County—You don't consider, she is to settle best part of her Estate on him: and the Fortune I'll give you, will set you on a foot with the Nobility—

Mar. Now, *Celemena*, 'twill be my turn to wonder how you can submit to be the Wife of a Fool. —But, Uncle, this *Sneaksby* is accounted exceeding silly.

Fair. He is good-natur'd, Niece, and rich; two things a young Woman ought to prefer to a full Head and light Purse.

Toy. Nay, Sir, you would not marry my Cuz to a Fool—Why, Sir, she'll never enjoy a happy Minute with a Fool—

Fair.

Fair. Hum! then you think a Fool can never make a good Husband.

Toy. Certainly.

Fair. Ha! then if you have any value for the Fair Sex, shew it, by laying aside all Thoughts of marrying.

Toy. The old Gentleman is mighty testy, methinks.

Fair. Well, *Celemena*, I expect your Compliance.

Cel. Sir, my Duty obliges me not to dispute with your Commands—But I may find some way to evade 'em. [Aside.

Fair. That's my good Girl, and to-morrow thou shalt have my Blessing in a Bag of ten thousand Pounds—But come, I have some Business with you; your Servant all. [Ex.

Toy. *Marilla.*

Mar. Sir!

Toy. Prithee, my Dear, e'en let our Wedding be to-morrow.

Mar. Sir, you know my Obedience to my Father submits my Will to yours.

Toy. To-morrow then, if you please; 'twill save Expences.

Court. Heaven! that she can bear this Usage—Dear Madam, have some compassion for yourself, if you have none for me.

Gay. Pardon a Stranger's Freedom, Madam, if I say, not only my Concern for my Friend, but also the sincere Esteem your Character has fill'd me with, makes me wish you could avoid this Marriage.

Mar. I thank you, Sir—but alas! you speak the Charms of Liberty to a Galley-Slave.

Gay. But suppose some lucky Means should offer, would you then bless my Friend?

Mar. There is not a Possibility, unless the Dead could be restor'd to Life, and give me back

20 *A WIFE to be Lett.*

my Vow—but if there were, I'd promise nothing.

Court. I do not ask it—May your Fate be happy—my own I leave to your Dispose.

Mar. 'Tis kindly said—and I, perhaps, should not be found ungrateful—But I'll order Tea, you'll follow.

Court. Immediately, Madam. I fancy, *Charles*, this is a good time for our Design.

Gay. Ay, ay, let me alone—Poor Lady, I pity her.

Court. So do I, for he had all her Fortune in his hands——But I am strangely surpriz'd; he was reckon'd one of the most substantial Men in *London*: I fear his breaking will involve more than *Marilla* in his Ruin.

Toy. Ha! what's that? Pray, Sir, who is the Gentleman you speak of?

Gay. Mr. *Trusty*, Sir, a Banker in *Lombard-street*.

Toy. Ha! Mr. *Trusty*!

Gay. Yes, Sir; a Statute was taken out against him two days before I left *London*—But you seem concern'd, Sir; I hope it will prove of no Prejudice to you.

Toy. Me! hum! no, Sir—I had no Dealings with him, but I know the best part, if not all of *Marilla*'s Fortune was lodg'd in his hands—I must find some way to break with her—This was lucky News, a Day more, and it had been as unfortunate. Gentlemen, your Servant. [*Exit.*]

Gay. Come, cheer up, *Ned*, who knows how this may work.

Court. His mercenary base Nature gives me some hopes.

Gay. If we could as easily contrive some Stratagem to defer *Celemena*'s Wedding; for I confess I feel something here that will give me Disquiet to see her marry'd to another.

Court.

A WIFE to be Lett. 21

Court. How! *Charles*, I thought you were proof against Love and Matrimony.

Gay. Why, will you allow nobody to repent of their Mistakes but yourself?—*Celemena* has Wit, Beauty, and Good-nature—and I heard her Father express himself very prettily to her—10000 *l.* would make a Convert of one more Reprobate than your humble Servant.

Court. 'Tis a receiv'd Article indeed—but let's in, the Ladies wait.

Gay. Allons. [Ex.

Mrs. Graspass discover'd reading at a Toylet.

Wife. How small a Relief can Books afford us when the Mind's perplex'd?—The Subject that our Thoughts are bent upon, forms Characters more capital and swelling, than any these useless Pages can produce—and 'tis no matter on what Theme the Author treats; we read it our own way, and see but with our Passions Eyes——*Beaumont* is here in ev'ry Line—*Beaumont* in all the Volume—I'll look no more on't——These Opticks too are Traytors, and conspire with Fancy to undo me—To what shall I have recourse?

Enter Beaumont.

Beau. The Door happening to be open, and nobody in the way, I presum'd to enter without Ceremony.

Wife. Ha! catch'd in this Confusion of my Soul! when all my Thoughts were unprepar'd and hurry'd! Unlucky Accident!

Beau. You are disorder'd, Madam— I hope my Presence has not offended.——

Wife. Sir *Harry*, you can be guilty of but one Offence—forbear to talk of Love, and you shall ever be most welcome here.

Beau. O too severe Injunction! you know this is the only Command I could refuse to obey you in—

in—and yet, unkind and cruel, you rate the Price of my Admittance at an Impossibility. The Language of my Eyes you have long since understood and pardon'd, why then is it greater Guilt when told you by my Tongue?

Wife. The Crime in both is equal—and since with Innocence I can admit of neither, have resolv'd——

Beau. On what?

Wife. Never to look on you, or hear you more.

Beau. What have I done to merit such a Sentence?

Wife. How shall I answer him, or how disguise the real Reason of my Change of Temper, for much I fear he will not think it Hate?—That I no sooner did forbid your Visits, was because I hoped you would endeavour to overcome a Passion which, I think, I never err'd so far by any Words or Actions to encourage—and wish'd I might with Honour have preserv'd your Friendship.

Beau. Are Love and Friendship then at such a distance they ne'er can meet? O! wou'd you but rightly weigh their Likeness, you'd find the Scale so even, you'd think them Twins——Friendship is Love refin'd, and Love is Friendship of a warmer Soil—There's such a Sympathy between 'em, the Breast that harbours one, can never be a Stranger to the other.—

Wife. I must not harken to such Sophistry——Hark! I think I hear somebody coming, and have reason to believe that of late I have had Spies upon my Actions—Step into the Closet while I see who 'tis.—

[*Ex. Beau.*]

Enter Toywell.

Toywell! what means this Intrusion? Did I not bid you trouble me no more? Or if I had not, were there no Servants in the way to keep down such Impertinents?

Toy.

Toy. No, faith, Madam, all your People are in the middle of the Street yonder, crowding about a Pedlar's Pack—and chusing Nick-nacks; and so, Madam, Passage being free, I took an opportunity to, to, to——come in, Madam.——

Wife. Very well—but I shall call 'em to guard it better, and shew you down a nearer way than you came up, unless you leave me immediately.

Toy. I don't think you have so litte Understanding—Besides, I am come to make a new Proposal——I have heard some News, which will certainly disappoint *Marilla* in her hopes of marrying me——I can now settle a whole Heart upon you.

Wife. Peace, thou despicable Fop—— if you fancy this Gallantry, as 'tis possible you may be weak enough——I pity your Simplicity—— But if your Designs are as base as your impudent persisting in this Behaviour intimates, once more I tell you, I have Virtue to arm me against the Assaults of your whole Sex, and Value enough for my Husband, to let him know the Favour you would do him——Who's there?

Toy. Nay, Madam, if I part with you so, you may justly suspect my want of Parts——Women often pardon Actions when they will not Words: a little Compulsion gives 'em an Excuse.—— Come, come, you will not be always cruel.

Wife. Unhand me, Villain——help——

Toy. Nay, nay, I can stop your Mouth—— [*As they struggle, she falls against the Closet Door, which opens, and discovers Beaumont.*] 'Sdeath, Sir *Harry Beaumont*! why who the devil thought to find you here? I beg ten thousand Pardons, if I have been the Cause of your Imprisonment— Let me blood, I must banter him a little——he dares not resent it, for fear I should tell.

Wife.

24 *A WIFE to be Lett.*

Wife. O ! I'm undone—my Reputation's ruin'd !
For Heaven's sake, Sir *Harry*, how came you there ?

Toy. I suppose, Madam, Sir *Harry* offer'd this
as a Piece of Gallantry ; but I hope your Good-
ness will pardon him, for all the vain Attempts he
may make on a Virtue so impregnable as yours—
ha ! ha ! ha !

Beau. Give over your ridiculous Mirth, or——

Toy. Fye, fye, Sir *Harry*, that's no proper Wea-
pon to be us'd in a Lady's Chamber——But,
Sir *Harry*, you forget the Lady desir'd you to tell
her how you came hither.

Beau. Madam, I heartily beg pardon for the
Surprize I have occasion'd you—but having some
Business with Mr. *Graspall*, and finding nobody at
home, I took the freedom to step into the Closet,
which I knew to be well furnish'd with Books—
designing no more than to amuse myself till he
came home—I happen'd to meet with one which
so agreeably entertain'd me, that till the opening
of the Door, I had forgot where I was.

Toy. Hum ! Mr. *Graspall* has indeed an ad-
mirable Collection—but Age has somewhat im-
pair'd his Eye-sight, poor Man ! I believe he sel-
dom reads——And I must own 'tis a great Con-
veniency for a Gentleman, who has not Books of
his own, to have the liberty of so fine a Library.

Beau. Sir, I wish you either cou'd, or wou'd
explain yourself—But if you harbour a Thought
to the Prejudice of this Lady's Character, cou'd
I discover it, I'd make such an Example of you,
as should be a Terror to all talkative Coxcombs.

Toy. Who I, Sir *Harry* ?

Wife. The Aspersions of this Fool are intole-
rable——tho my Innocence should make me de-
spise his Malice, and my Character not fear it,
yet those of his own Stamp may believe the mean
Reflections he may cast on me.

Toy.

Toy. You see, Madam, what Inconveniencies attend Ill-nature ; when you are kind, I'll——

Wife. Peace, Screech-Owl—— [Exit.

Beau. Come, Sir, the Lady is now gone ; and since I am the unhappy Cause of her Uneasiness, it lies upon me to vindicate her Reputation——A Fool's most dangerous Weapon is his Tongue, and I find there is no way to stop yours, but by cutting it out——Draw, Sir.

Toy. I don't like his Looks—Gad, I wish I had not been so witty—Draw, Sir *Harry!* why I hope you are not in earnest—What draw on your Friend for a little harmless Rallery?—if you have no more value for me, I'll shew you I love you better.—

Beau. That shan't do, Sir.

Toy. Why, Sir *Harry,* I was but in jest as I hope to live—— I vow to Gad I believe the Lady as chaste as the Moon, and her Virtue as conspicuous as the Stars in the Firmament——Draw quoth'a ! What draw upon my Friend—Sir *Harry Beaumont!*—All the World shan't make me draw upon my Friend.

Beau. Harkye, Sir, your Cowardice shan't screen you another time—if ever I hear a word injurious of this Lady, assure yourself I shall justify her Honour with my Life. [Ex.

Toy. Pox ! who would have thought he had lov'd fighting so well?—I'm glad I'm well off tho'——I'll trouble myself no more about her—there are as fine Women to be had without venturing one's Life for 'em. Now if I could but find some plausible Pretence to break with *Marilla,* I should be the most easy Man in the World ; for

*When her Fortune's gone, the loveliest Woman
In this wise Age is a fit Wife for no Man.*

The End of the Second Act.



ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Captain Gaylove, Courtly laughing,
and Shamble very fine.*

Gay.  A! ha! ha! how fawcy the Rogue looks?

Court. Why he tells you his Grandeur must charm the Widow.

Sham. Ha! ha! I have quite forgot my Dancing for want of Practice—but Business, State-Affairs, Intrigues, and one Hurry or another takes up all my time—Ha! ha! Pray Gentlemen stand by——Do you know who I am? Won't this do, Sir? *[In an affected Tone.]*

Court. Rarely! *[Dancing in an aukward manner.]*

Gay. Excellent! if he can but keep up to his Character.

Sham. O! Sir, there is no one thing in the World so soon learnt as the forgetting what one really is, in the Appearance of another——Humility is a Lesson few study with much Pleasure, and all, at some times, are truant from. Then why may not I, Sir *Tristram Shamtown*, forget I have been your Honour's Pimp and Serving Man.

Court. Sir *Tristram*.

Gay. Aye, that Name was of my inventing. But pray, good Sir *Tristram*, don't so far forget your self, as to neglect the main Chance—take care to put the Widow off settling any Part of her Estate on her Nephew.

Sham. No, no, Sir, never doubt it, I shall retain that Principle of Honour, to serve my Friends,
when

when in so doing I doubly serve myself—If I marry the Widow, depend upon it not a foot of the Estate shall be parted with.—In that I go a great way in breaking off the designed Match between her Nephew and *Celemena*.

Court. A great way—all in all! for I am satisfy'd Mr. *Fairman* will never sacrifice his Daughter to such a Fool as *Sneaksby*, without a Certainty of the Widow's Land for her Jointure.

Gay. Well, faith, I have a strong Opinion we shall succeed—prithee *Shamble* tell honest *Jenny*, Mrs. *Dogood* I think you call her now, that if she has not quite forgot past Kindnesses, she must lend her Assistance in this Affair; and to refresh her Memory, let her know 500 Pieces more are at her Service, the Moment *Sneaksby* quits his Pretensions to *Celemena*.

Sham. I'll warrant you, Sir—but 'tis about the time she order'd me to come.

Gay. Come, shall we walk? Mr. *Fairman*, you know, was so obliging to desire we'd pass the Evening there.

Court. With all my heart—tho' it is feeding me with the Fare of *Tantalus*—I ought to shun the Sight of what I must desire, and yet am hopeless of enjoying.

Gay. Never despair, our Design on *Toywell* may have more effect than you imagine.—Farewell *Shamble*, good Luck attend thee—if any thing happens, I shall be here, or at Mr. *Fairman*'s. *Ex.*

Sham. I have a good Stock of Impudence, and that often carries the day.

And they went to a Widow's House,

And she was dancing naked,

And all the Tunes the Piper play'd,

Was take it, Widow, take it.

[Exit.

Enter Sneaksby and Tim.

Sneak. Come, *Tim*, let's go close together—I can't abide to be out when it grows towards dark, now here be all these Soldiers come down—they are plaguy mischievous, they say——.

Tim. Ay, Sir, my Mother us'd to tell me terrible Stories of 'em.

Sneak. 'Twan't well done of Aunt, so 'twan't, to turn one out as soon as ever one come—She might have made one eat a bit of somewhat first, methinks—what did I care if I did not see my Mistress till to-morrow, we an't to be marry'd to-night.

Tim. Mayhap, Sir, she thought 'twou'd not look respectful enough.—

Sneak. What did I care, I have paid respect to her long enough, I think—besides, is not she a going to be my Wife, and as long as we know one another's Mind, what signifies making such a to do about it?

Tim. Why, Sir, you told me you had never ask'd her the Question yet.

Sneak. What then? Aunt has, and Father-in-law that must be, and that's as well—Oh here he comes.—

Enter Fairman.

Fair. Your Servant, Father-in-law—— Mr. *Sneaksby* your Servant—how happens it your Aunt is not with you—I expected her.—

Sneak. Why, Aunt gives her Service—but she has some great Visiter to come to-night belike, for all the House is stuck with Candles, and she is woundy fine.

Fair. An humble Servant, it may be.

Sneak. Mayhap so, I never ask Questions.

Fair.

A WIFE to be Lett. 29

Fair. I wish I had the Writings seal'd tho'.
[*Aside.*

Sneak. 'Tis nothing to me, you know she has promis'd me the Estate.

Fair. If she should marry, I much question whether she'll keep her word—I must be satisfy'd. [*Aside*] But come, Sir, let's go in, my Daughter expects you.

Sneak. Ay, Father-in-law—but I wish you'd let me have a bit of somewhat first, for *Tim* and I are plaguy hungry, and Aunt wou'd not let us stay to eat a bit.

Fair. You shall command any thing my House affords.
[*Exit.*

Enter Dogood and Shamble.

Do. Well, now I think 'tis almost impossible our Plot shou'd fail—the Widow is half distracted in Love with you, before she sees you.

Sham. My Person cannot but secure the Conquest.

Do. You wou'd have laugh'd if you had seen how greedily she swallow'd the Bait—but you must be sure to strut and look big, and not lose an Inch of your Grandeur.—

Sham. O, you need not fear—none look so proud and scornful as your new made Gentry.

Do. I have told her, I waited on a Sister of yours in *London*; that you have a good Estate in Possession, and another in Reversion; that you are of a most ancient Family.—

Sham. And my Name is—

Do. Sir *Tristram Shamtown*—of *Shamtown-Hall*—but I hear her coming, step into the next Room, and you shall hear a little of her Humour.

[*Exit. Sham.*

Enter

Enter Widow.

Wid. And did Sir *Tristram* tell you he'd be sure to come?

Do. I warrant you, Madam, he'll not fail; for tho' I say it, he had always a great Respect for me.

Wid. I long to see him—how do I look, *Dogood*?

Do. Perfectly amiable, Madam.

Wid. I think I am bloated to-day—[*Pulls out a Pocket-Glass.*] Here, pull this Ribband a little more to my Face—so, there, 'tis well enough now—well, I don't like myself, 'tis impossible a Man of his Quality shou'd take a fancy to me.

Do. 'Tis rather impossible he shou'd not, Madam. But hark, somebody knocks—'tis he for certain.

Wid. Well, I vow, I believe something will come of this, for I never had such a Palpitation since the Day I first saw Mr. *Stately*.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A Gentleman enquires for Mrs. *Dogood*; he told me his Name, but 'tis so hard a one, I have forgot it.

Wid. It must be he—this Blockhead is us'd to nothing but the Vulgar—but if he continues with me, he must improve his Understanding.

Do. Desire the Gentleman to walk up.

Wid. And do you hear, Loggerhead, be sure you pay him a great deal of Respect. [*Ex. Servant.*] I leave thee to receive him—I'll step into the next Room, and settle myself a little, and then return as if I did not know any body was here.—

Do. Very well, Madam—and in the mean time, I'll be giving him a Character.

Wid.

A WIFE to be Lett. 31

Wid. That's my good Wench—— and I'll reward thee. [Exit.]

Do. They say good Actions reward themselves—— but if my Project goes on as luckily as it begins, I am like to have Rewards from all Sides.

Enter Shamble.

So, you have nothing to do, you see, but to summon the Governour, the Fort's ready to surrender.

Sham. Egad, and I like the Situation of it extremely, it seems to want no Fortification.

Do. You see but the Outworks, there's a Magazine within, of Plate, and Jewels, and old Broad-pieces, that have not seen the Sun these forty Years, enough to set the whole Country in a Blaze—— But I hear her coming—— now to your part.

Sham. Ay, ay,—— And your Lady is so fine a Woman you say, *Mrs. Dogood?*

Enter Widow.

Do. She's here, Sir *Tristram*.

Wid. Dogood! blefs me! I did not know you had any body with you——

Do. A Gentleman you have often heard me talk of, Sir *Tristram Shamtown*, Madam.

Wid. Oh Heav'ns! Sir *Tristram Shamtown*! I am asham'd to be caught thus in my Dishabillé—— and the House, O gad, the House is not fit for any body to come into, much more a Gentleman of Sir *Tristram Shamtown's* Quality.

Sham. Madam, 'tis impossible that any thing can be more elegant than the Oeconomy of ev'ry thing about you—— I was perfectly charm'd with your House, till the Appearance of your Ladyship made me forget all but you.

Wid. O Sir *Tristram*!

Sham.

32 *A WIFE to be Lett.*

Sham. O Madam!

Wid. You are such a Courtier——

Sham. You are such a Beauty——

Wid. So full of Gallantry.——

Sham. So full of Charms——

Wid. Nay, Sir *Tristram*——

Sham. So all over engaging, that it wou'd puzzle a Logician to define your Brightness.

Wid. This is too much, Sir *Tristram*.

Sham. Madam, every body that has Eyes must admire you——what a Shape——pray, Mrs. *Dogood*, did you ever see so exact a Symmetry of Body?

Wid. O fye, Sir *Tristram*! you make me blush to death——

Sham. What a Foot! Mrs. *Dogood*, pray look at your Lady's Foot——there's a Foot proportion'd to the Body; the Body suited to the Grandeur of the Face; and the Air of the Face bespeaks the Grandeur of the Soul——

Wid. I vow, Sir *Tristram*, you quite confound me——but you Men of Quality are so used to Rallery——

Sham. How, Madam! another such a word wou'd make me curse my Stars, grow mad, and die——Is there any need to say I adore you, after having seen you?——

Wid. Alas, Sir *Tristram*, I have nothing in me worth the regard of a Man of your Quality——

Sham. Ah, Madam, you cannot be ignorant of the Pow'r of your Charms, and but say this because you think me undeserving of your Favour——

Wid. I protest you wrong me, Sir. Sir *Tristram Shamtown* cannot but know any Woman wou'd be proud of his Addresses.

Sham. If you receive 'em, Madam, let all your Sex besides think as they please——Mrs. *Dogood*, you know I cannot flatter; help me to convince your
Lady

Lady of the Sincerity of my Passion—for my Stock of Speeches are almost exhausted.

Do. What do you think of him, Madam?

Wid. O charming! but dost thou think he really admires me so much as he says?—

Do. I never saw a Man so much transported.

Wid. What a difference between a Man of Quality, and the Vulgar!—*Mr. Stately* never courted me in this Manner.

Sham. Speak, Madam, what must I do to prove myself your Beauty's Slave—Will nothing but my Death suffice?

Wid. O Heaven forbid, *Sir Tristram*! I wou'd not do so much Injustice to the World, whose chief Ornament you are.

Sham. Your Goodness is equal to your Beauty.

Wid. Will you favour me so far, *Sir Tristram*, as to take part of a Collation, just what the House affords.

Sham. A Sallad, with your Ladyship, is preferable to Ortelans in any other Company.

Wid. Dogood, lead the way, and see if ev'ry thing is ready.

Do. Yes, Madam— [Ex.]

Wid. *Sir Tristram*!

Sham. Exquisite Hand!

Wid. Nay, *Sir Tristram*.

Sham. Madam, I obey. [Ex.]

Enter Celemena, Marilla.

Mar. Sure never any two were so nearly ally'd in their Misfortunes as ourselves—Was there ever such a Wretch in Human Kind, as *Sneaksby*?

Cel. Never, unless it be *Mr. Toywell*; but if I had no more to fear from the Resentment of a living Father, than you have from a dead one, I shou'd not think my Condition very deplorable.

Mar. You talk strangely; were mine alive, I might hope by Prayers and Tears to move him, or that the Sight of *Toywell's* Indifference might change his Mind: but as he's past the Knowledge of all this, and has my Vow, nothing remains for me, but Patience in my Sufferings.

Cel. Well, I find there's no persuading you—— but for my part, I'm resolv'd——

Mar. On what?

Cel. Never to be Wife to *Sneaksby*.

Mar. But how will you avoid it?

Cel. Nay, that I can't tell. [Sighs.]

Mar. Here comes one may inform you, for if I know any thing of the Language of the Eyes, you understand one another's already.

Cel. Psha!

Mar. Farewell, I'll be no Interruption.

Enter Gaylove.

Cel. Why, *Marilla*, *Marilla*.

Gay. Whither in such haste, Madam?

Mar. Your Pardon, Captain; I have Business. [Exit.]

Gay. Have you told her our Design on *Toywell*?

Cel. No, nor I would not have you——I know not but she may be whimsically nice enough to disapprove the Means, tho' she would bless the Effect.

Gay. 'Tis not impossible—but methinks, Madam, you stand here prodigiously indolent and degagée—I fancy you forget to-morrow is your Wedding-day—What, no Preparations? Spouse that must be, is arriv'd, I see—but I think, at present, he seems more inclinable to pay his Addresses to a good Supper, than a Mistress—As I came thro the Hall just now, I saw him lay about him, like a Man of Mettle, at a piece of cold roast Beef, and a Tankard of Ale.

Cel.

Cel. 'Tis ungenerous in you, Captain, to insult.

Gay. Who I, Madam? I protest the farthest from it in the World——Why I thought you had been infinitely pleas'd with the Match—and that no Discourse could have been so agreeable as that which mention'd Mr. *Sneaksby*——And without doubt the Squire will make you prodigiously happy in a Husband—

Cel. Well, Captain, well.

Gay. If your ready Compliance with your Father's Commands, had not assur'd me 'twas your own Desire, I had a Project in my Head, which would certainly have left you at your liberty.

Cel. For Heaven's sake, what?

Gay. No, Madam, no; far be it from me to separate Hearts so strictly join'd——Marry, Madam, the lovely beloved Youth;

*Enjoy th' unenvy'd Title of his Wife,
While I at distance languish out my Life.*

Cel. I hate your Rallery—when one has a mind to be serious——But tell me what you mean, and I'll forgive it.

Gay. That won't do, Madam; I have you in my power now, and you can't blame me if I follow your own Example in making use of it.

Cel. Duce take you—Well, but what must I do to bribe you then?

Gay. Why faith, Madam, no less than cancelling all the Injunctions you laid me under this Morning; that you will immediately, on the breaking off of this Match, put me in possession of the same Title your Father designs to give *Sneaksby*.

Cel. O the impudent Demand! So to escape one Slavery, I must throw myself into another, which, for ought I know, may be as bad.

Gay. Nay, if you think so—

Cel. Stay, have you no Conscience?

36 *A WIFE to be Lett.*

Gay. You hear the Price, Madam.

Cel. I thought a Lock of my Hair, or my Picture, had been a Reward, the greatest your Ambition could have ask'd for the highest Obligation.

Gay. No, no, Madam—Knight-Errantry has been a long time out of fashion; I shan't bate an Ace of what I told you—but see, here comes your Doom, if you persist in Obstinacy.

Cel. Cursed, teazing, charming Devil.

Enter Fairman and Sneaksby.

Sneak. I hope, Father-in-law that must be, you have told her every thing, for I hate a great many Words. An' she were a Man now, I should know what to say to her; but mayhap she mayn't like my way.

Fair. Well, well; she knows your Mind.

Sneak. Why that's well enough—Your Servant, Mistrefs.

Cel. Your Servant, Sir.

Fair. Captain, if you please, we'll walk into the next Room.

Gay. I wait upon you, Sir. You'll remember the Conditions, Madam. [Ex.]

Cel. Hang you—Won't you please to sit, Sir?

Sneak. No, I thank you, I'd as lief stand—What must I say now? I wonder what made 'em go away?

Cel. I hope he has not Courage enough to be impertinent.

Sneak. I suppose, Mrs. Celemena, you know that Aunt and your Father think it convenient our Wedding should be to-morrow.

Cel. 'Tis so design'd, Sir, I hear.

Sneak. Nay, as the Saying is, as long as 'tis to be, the sooner 'tis over the better—for my part, I have nothing to say against it; have you?—

Cel. Not that I know of, Sir.

Sneak.

A WIFE to be Lett. 37

Sneak. Why then, I may go to the Company again, mayn't I?

Cel. With all my heart, Sir—

Sneak. Nay, do you go first; I an't so unmannerly neither.

Cel. O intolerable! Heaven grant the Captain be in earnest—or I shall lose my Senses. [Ex.]

Enter Graspoll and Wife.

Grasp. You know, Spouse, the Duty of a Husband is to love and provide for his Wife; and, in return, the Wife is oblig'd to obey the Commands, and study the Interest of her Husband.

Wife. I don't know that I have given any occasion for this Recital of a Wife's Duty.

Grasp. Far be it from me to accuse thee—I mention Obedience to a Husband, not that I believe thee to have err'd in it, but that it being fresh in thy Memory, thou might'st not boggle at any thing which tends to the enriching thy Husband.

Wife. To what purpose can this Harangue be made? Sir, let me know what you expect from me, and I shall answer with a ready Compliance.

Grasp. Indeed thou'rt very good, and thou would'st not scruple any thing for thy old Lovy, ha! *Pudsy?*

Wife. I hope you can command me nothing I can make a Scruple of obeying you in—But why all these Precautions?

Grasp. Well, well, I ha' done—I ha' done—But remember that Obedience to a Husband ought to be the *Primum Mobile* in a Woman—Here, *Pudsy*, read this.

Wife. Heavens! a Letter from Sir Harry.

Grasp. Read, *Pudsy*, it's prettily turn'd—Come, I'll read it for thee.

Madam,

38 *A WIFE to be Lett.*

Madam,

What I feel in the Contemplation of your Cruelty this Morning, is not to be express'd: I beg you will be, at least, so just, as to let me know to what I owe so great a Misfortune.

Your Everlasting Admirer,

Beaumont.

Now, *Pudsy*, you shall see if I had not a tender Regard for your Youth, and a just Consideration of my own Age. I fitted him with a Letter in your Name.

Wife. I am undone—O! Sir, I beg you on my Knees, whatever Appearances may be against me, you will not think me guilty of Dishonour; for on my Soul—

Grasp. Rise prithee, I am not jealous—Hear what I writ to him—I have the Copy—O here 'tis.

Wife. What will this come to?

Grasp. Now, *Pudsy*, you shall hear.

Sir,

The Satisfaction you require of me shall be made you, if you will give yourself the trouble to meet me in the little Field behind our Garden, at four a-clock this Afternoon—

Your Humble Servant,

Susanna Graspall.

Wife. And did you send him this impudent Letter in my Name?

Grasp. Have patience—Condemn me when you have reason, *Pudsy*.

Wife. I know not what to think.

Grasp. The appointed Hour, and the Lover, came together; whom I accosted with, Sir Harry, your humble Servant, and so forth,

Wife. Heavens! how I tremble?

Grasp. And then it seems, said I, by this Letter, which accidentally fell into my hands, that
you

you have some Affairs to negotiate with my Wife. Now she being under Covert-Baron, can transact nothing without my leave; for which reason, and believing my Age and Experience might enable me to treat more effectually with you, I answer'd your Letter—Nay, Sir *Harry*, said I, don't blush (for he did look curfedly confus'd, that he did) a Sword and a Wife, said I, are both useless to me; and as I wear one for the Ornament of my Dress, so I marry'd the other as a Grace to my House——

Wife. Where will this end?

Grasp. Now, Sir *Harry*, says I, whoever has the use of my Sword, it's but reasonable he pay for the furbishing——and if you really have so violent a Passion for my Wife, as your Letter intimates, pay the Money down she has expended me in Clothes, and allow me some Consideration for the Pity I have of your Sufferings, and I here give you free Ingress, Egress and Regress——I was some time before I could persuade him that I was in earnest.

Wife. In earnest, Sir!——

Grasp. Ay, *Pudsy*; for a good while I could not make him believe I really design'd him the Favour of paying me 2000 *l.* the Price I set for giving him the liberty to——visit thee now and then, that's all——But I convinc'd him at last, and he immediately sent the Sum propos'd to my House, in a strong Box, with Condition only of keeping the Key, till you set your Hand to the Covenant. Now, *Pudsy*, if thou hast any Love for thy old Hubby, never let such a Sum depart the House, by a foolish Denial——if thou dost, it is as bad as robbing me, for whatever I have in my Custody, I always look upon as my own.

Wife. Is it possible you can have so mean a Spirit?—Or do you believe, if you have so fordid
and

and groveling a Soul, that I can, regardless of my Fame, and lost to Vertue, yield to such a detested Bargain.

Grasp. Dear, dear Pudsy—don't be too hasty in resolving—consider, will Fame ever get thee 2000l? Remember, Pudsy! two thousand Pounds! when I think what a Sum it is, I sweat at the Apprehension of Vertue.

Wife. And would you be a Cuckold?

Grasp. Two thousand Pounds, Pudsy—

Wife. Despis'd and pointed at.

Grasp. Two thousand Pounds.—

Wife. Become the publick Scorn, and all for Gain, a little trifling Trash.

Grasp. A little, dost thou call it? I wish thy Vertue has not flown into thy Head, and turn'd thy Brain—Why what dost thou value thy Vertue at?

Wife. The World cannot repair the loss of it.

Grasp. Ah! to be sure thou art a little touch'd, but don't think that I'll be fool'd out of the strong Box—if you are mad, I am not; and you had best consent quietly to what I desire, or I shall make you—'Sbud I've been too humble—

Wife. No Husband's Power extends to force the Execution of unlawful Commands—But sure you cannot be so dead to Shame, to wish it seriously.

Grasp. Seriously! why there 'tis now—Don't I tell you that 2000 l. are in a strong Box, and that I have that Box in keeping—and that there is nothing hinders me from being Master of it, but your refusing to perform Articles.

Wife. Monstrous Stupidity! not to be believ'd!

Grasp. But you'll believe it, I hope, when you find Sir Harry tells you the same thing—I have appointed him to come this Night—I'll give you half an Hour to consider on't—but would advise

advise you not to be a Fool, nor think to make me
so——— [Ex.]

Wife. Thou mak'st thyself a wretched, wicked
Fool: Was ever any thing like this?

Enter Amadea.

Amad. Start not, Madam, I have overheard all,
and know not whether my Admiration of your
Virtue, or Amazement at your Husband's base
Intention, most takes up my Thoughts.

Wife. Expos'd to him——Heav'ns! this Story
will be the Jest of the whole Country——Whatever
are my Husband's Faults, is not your business to
examine—and 'twas unmannerly to listen to our
private Conference.

Amad. I doubt not of your Pardon for this and
many other Actions, which have seem'd imper-
tinent, when you shall know my Reasons for Cu-
riosity; which now, fully convinc'd of your Vir-
tue, and confident of your Good-nature, and
Compassion, I shall make no scruple of revealing—
I am a Woman, Madam.

Wife. A Woman!

Amad. My Name *Amadea*—descended from a
Family I need not blush to own——blest with a
Fortune equal to my Birth, and bred in expecta-
tion of the fairest Hopes——Sir *Harry Beaumont*
once was not asham'd to own to all who knew
him, he thought me worthy of the tenderest Pas-
sion.——

Wife. A Woman! and Sir *Harry Beaumont's*
Mistress——

Amad. His Wife, if Vows can make me so—
therefore in such a Circumstance, you cannot
wonder I took all Opportunities to dive into the
Secret of his coming hither——You shall hereafter
be inform'd of all the Particulars of my Story—but

42 *A WIFE to be Lett.*

the time allow'd you for Consideration is so short; I must defer it, and only beg you (for in your power alone it is) to help a wretched Woman, and save me from eternal Ruin and Despair.

Wife. Alas! what can I do?

Amad. Seem to consent to what your Husband asks, and leave the rest to me.

Wife. How will that serve you?

Amad. You shall know anon—In the mean time, I conjure you to dissemble a Compliance—— your Virtue shall not suffer by your Charity to me.

Wife. Well, you shall persuade me.

Amad.—*Heav'n will reward the generous Aid you lend,
And the soft Wishes of my Soul befriend:
Since, true to Virtue, my Endeavours aim
Only the dear false Rover to reclaim.*

The End of the Third Act.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Dogood, Shamble, and Widow.

Wid.  NDEED, Sir *Tristram*, this Offer of your Sister for my Nephew convinces me the most of any thing of your Affection—— I wish there were a way for me to get off with Mr. *Fairman*.

Sham. Madam, the Passion I have for you makes me study your Interest, which I think you ought to prefer to Ceremony——My Sister's Fortune, which is 5000 *l.* more than Mr. *Fairman* proffers with

with his Daughter, is in her own hands, and I'll undertake she shall be content with only her own Money settled on her.

Wid. That is obliging indeed—I was certainly bewitch'd when I agreed to Mr. *Fairman's* Proposal—But alas! I did not think of marrying then, nor am I sure I shall yet.

Sham. How, Madam! not sure of marrying? You have undone my Quiet—drove me to Despair, and without you retract those cruel Words, you shall very soon see the fatal Consequence.

Wid. Nay, Sir *Tristram*, I only said—

Sham. O you have ruin'd me! Farewel Board-Wages and Lace'd Liveries! Farewell all Joy, all Peace of Mind, all Happiness—Welcome ye solitary Groves and baleful Yew, ye purling Streams and cooing Doves; behold the unhappy *Shamtown* oppress'd with Grief, and sunk with sad Despair, joins in your Moan! the cruel Stately scorns my Passion.

Wid. Sir *Tristram*, won't you hear me?

Sham. Oh! can I bear a Doubt of that Happiness I so ardently desire, and yet live? No, no, Death will soon ease me of these Pains—I will rip up this faithful Breast, and shew my panting Heart.

Wid. Sir *Tristram*, I did not say that—

Sham. Was it for this you gave me hopes? Did you raise me up but to make my Fall the greater?

Wid. Why, Sir *Tristram*! Lard, I think he's run mad indeed—What shall I say to him, Dogood?

Do. Tell him you'll marry him this minute—Say any thing.

Wid. Then, Sir *Tristram*, to show you—

Sham. What unhappy Destiny drove me here, or first fix'd my Eyes on that lovely cruel Woman—Oh that I could forget I ever saw you!

Wid. Why, Sir *Tristram*, to convince you that I am not cruel, send for a Parson, and make me my Lady *Shamtown*.

Sham. Ha! do you mock my Grief? Nay, then Death must be my Portion. [*Offers to fall on his Sword.*]

Do. Ah!

Wid. Ah! for Goodness sake, Sir *Tristram*, I am in earnest, I vow and swear—I will marry you this minute, if you please.

Sham. Can it be possible—But I'll not believe I am so happy.

Wid. Then follow me, and put it to the proof. [*Exit.*]

Do. You'd make a rare Actor.

Sham. Send for a Parson, lest some unlucky Accident should prevent us—I'm quite out of breath. [*Ex.*]

Enter Celemena and Gaylove.

Gay. Well, Madam, what think you of my Plots? You see, as near as your Cousin *Marilla* thought herself to *Hymen*, my Contrivance is in a fair way to make her lose sight of him.

Cel. I can't but say you are like to be successful enough, and I should be very apt to employ you in the same Business, if you were not so exorbitant in your Demands.

Gay. Good Workmen, Madam, will have good Prices—I would fain do your Business once for all—If I should be compassionate enough to hew off this Rub in your way for little or nothing, who knows but another may start up—No, no, let me see you at your Journey's end—Lodge you safe in Matrimony, and I'll trust to your Management afterwards.

Cel. You are very confident of your own Abilities, I find—But suppose you should be mistaken—
Many

Many a Woman has been glad of a Fool after Matrimony, that she would have despis'd before.

Gay. That's because then she has a Husband too wife.

Enter Courtly.

Court. Dear *Gaylove*, I am infinitely oblig'd to thee—*Toywell* is grown so insolent to *Marilla*, that if she should still persist in her Resolution of marrying him, I think 'twould cure my Passion.

Cel. 'Twas almost come to a downright Quarrel, when we left 'em.

Court. Nothing to what is now— Here they come, pray observe 'em.

Enter Marilla and Toywell.

Mar. I wish, Mr. *Toywell*, you'd forbear your Visits, unless you could behave yourself with more good Manners—You play the Husband too soon.

Toy. And to deal plainly with you, Madam, I think you play the Wife too soon.

Mar. If I never give you leave to call me by that Title, your Usage would almost excuse my Breach of Vow.

Toy. Why really, Madam, I believe, of all Womankind, your Charms have the least effect on me—and I don't think 'twould be the death of me, if you should refuse me that Blessing of calling you my Wife—If that's your Desire, pray let me know it, probably I may have Tenderness enough for you, to give up my Pretensions on very easy Terms.

Mar. Say on what? say on any——Leave me but a Competency for Bread, and take the rest of my Fortune.

Toy. Which is little enough, if she knew all—Look ye, Madam, tho you are so cruel as to tax me

me with Indifference, to shew you how vast a Regard I have for your Ease, I will forego all the Happiness I propos'd in the Possession of so much Beauty, and now swear from my Soul, in the Presence of these Witnesses, that upon no account will I, *John Toywell*; ever be the Husband of you, *Marilla Fairman*.

Mar. I thank you, and with Joy receive my Liberty.

Court. Now, Madam, may I not hope? ———

Mar. The Usage I have receiv'd from him, is sufficient to make me hate all Men. [Ex.]

Court. Yes, Madam. [Ex.]

Gay. Why, are you in earnest, Mr. *Toywell*? really quitted your Pretensions?

Toy. Really! Ay, Captain—'twou'd have been carrying the Jest too far, to have marry'd her without a Portion.—There stands one, and a good agreeable Woman——Egad, I think I'll make Love to her.

Gay. But you know she's to be marry'd to *Sneaksby*.

Toy. It's no matter for that—do you think she'd be such a Fool to refuse me for him?

Gay. But you have affronted her Cousin, don't you believe she'll resent it?

Toy. Psha! I'll tell her 'twas for her Sake.

Gay. Nay, you may try: Madam, here's a Gentleman is fallen desperately in Love with you on the sudden——

Cel. Who? What do you mean?

Gay. That he must explain.

Toy. Madam, I long have ador'd you; 'tis impossible to tell you with how much Ardor; that, your Glass must inform you, because nothing else can give you any just Idea of your Perfections.

Cel. The Fool's distracted sure; or is it your Contrivance too?

Gay.

Gay. No, faith, Madam, 'tis all his own——

Toy. Till this happy Moment, Madam, I was not at my own Disposal—but was oblig'd to smother all the Transports of my Soul, when I beheld you——

Gay. Hold, Mr. *Toywell*—take care——here's a Rival approaching, trebly arm'd with Mead, Syder, and Metheglin.

Toy. What, *Sneaksby* drunk! O the Putt!

Enter Sneaksby drunk.

Sneak. Adod! Father-in-law keeps good Liquor; but 'tis plaguy heady—who's here? O Mistress! Wife that must be, here, tie my Neckcloth——

Cel. Oh hideous! really Sir, I don't know how.

Sneak. Not know how! you are very fit for a Wife indeed! mayhap you'll never learn.

Cel. 'Tis possible.

Toy. O the Brute, how he smells! sure, Madam, you cannot consent to bury your Youth and Beauty in the Arms of that Wretch——

Cel. Whatever he is, I prefer him to a Fop——
Mr. Sneaksby, you are not apt to be jealous, I hope——*Mr. Toywell* is making Love to me——
How do you approve of it?

Sneak. Making Love to you—ugh!

Toy. Well, Sir; and what then, Sir? what if I do, Sir—Egad I may bully him.

Gay. I don't know but these two Coxcombs might afford some Diversion—if we had time to work 'em to any Pitch.

Sneak. Ugh——why then, mayhap, you may make me a Cuckold——

Toy. And what then, Sir?

Sneak. Ha! ugh! what then, Sir——why then? mayhap I may break your Sconce, I'll tell you but that.

Toy.

48 *A WIFE to be Lett.*

Toy. How, Sir! gad I'll charm her with my Courage. Do you see this, Sir? [*Draws.*

Sneak. Why Mistress, do you stand there and see your Husband that is to be——murder'd——but he shall kill you first, I'll tell you but that.

Gay. O Sir! he'll do you no hurt——Come, put up, Mr. Toywell, put up.

Sneak. Nay, you shan't stir.

Cel. Out, filthy Creature!

Sneak. What's the Matter——ugh——

Cel. Oh insufferable! Captain, help me.

Gay. Ha, ha, ha——come Mr. Toywell, you see your Antagonist is not *se defendendo*——'twill be generous to lend your Arm to help him in.

Cel. Oh, I am poison'd! [*Ex.*

Toy. In Complaisance to you, Capt.——faugh! how he stinks.

Sneak. Ugh! What are you doing——Murder, Murder!——where are you carrying me? Murder!

Enter Servants.

I Serv. Murder! What's the Matter?

Gay. Why, your young Master that is to be, as he says, is a little overtaken, that's all.——

I Serv. O, the Squire's drunk.

Sneak. Murder, Murder!

Gay. There; there lug him in—— [*Ex.*

Enter Beaumont and Grasfall.

Beau. Well, my kind Solicitor, what Hopes? shall we enjoy our Mistress, or not? Here's the Key, old *Mammon*, gives you Admittance to your Yellow Beauties——methinks thy Looks foretel Success, and say, your Wife gives ear to Reason——

Grasp. Ah, Sir Harry, what Pains have I taken?

Beau. But to what purpose, my old *Plutus*? What's the Success; is she still cruel? and must I fend for the Box?

Grasp.

Grasp. When the Box goes, your Suit ends, good Sir *Harry*—Ev'n *Jove* had been repuls'd, if a Show'r of Gold had not introduc'd him—my Reasons had, I hope, some effect, and I left her—

Beau. How, my dear *Graspall*?

Grasp. Like the Sea after a Storm, tho' the Winds are laid, there yet remains some Swell—which must have time to settle—But the Key, Sir *Harry*.

Beau. Nay, I must have some Assurance that I don't part with such a Sum for nothing, the Minute your Wife consents—

Grasp. Consents! 'sbud she had as good meet a hungry Lion, as pronounce the first Letter of a Denial—I'll have the Letters *N. O.* struck out of the Alphabet, except to poor Rogues that come for Money, and there, Self-preservation makes it lawful.

Beau. Farewel. [Ex.]

Grasp. I'm in the House, if you want Help—Since I can't persuade him out of the Key, I'll force the Box; let him take the same Method if he pleases, with his Mistress.—Bless me! that Sir *Harry*, esteem'd a Man of Wit, can part with such a Sum, for such a Bauble as a Woman! [Ex.]

Enter Mrs. Graspall, Beaumont.

Wife. And is it possible then, Sir *Harry*, that you can have join'd with my Husband in an Attempt at once so ridiculous and base—but tho' your Gold has had this Influence on his fordid Nature, know, I despise the Man who dares believe 'twill bribe me out of my Honour.

Beau. Far be it from me, Madam, ever to have harbour'd such a Thought; and as the Proposal was made by your Husband, 'tis he alone you shou'd condemn.

Wife. But you agreed to't.

H

Beau.

Beau. If I had not, you might have believ'd I had thought so small a Sum more valuable than your Favour.

Wife. You have taken a very wrong Method to obtain it: But as for him, base, mean-spirited, and fordid as he is, he is my Husband still—nor will I wrong him, tho' by his own Consent.

Beau. Can you have so much value for a Man, who, tasteless of your Charms, and ignorant of the Treasure he is master of, wou'd barter it for Trash—if no Compassion for my Sufferings wou'd move you, methinks the Injury he does you, shou'd prompt you to revenge.

Wife. What you call revenging Injuries, is being accessary to 'em.

Beau. Your Husband has transfer'd his Right to me; and if deaf to Arguments, has giv'n me Pow'r to seize——

Wife. Which if you dare attempt——

Beau. Be not frighted, Madam; I never gave you cause to think I'd be a Villain——Honour has always been the Guide of my Actions—and 'tis that now whispers me, No Epithets so vile, as that of Ravisher.

Wife. And does it not inform you too, you ought not to ask of me what Honour forbids me to grant——you look confounded——Oh, Sir Harry! how forcible is Truth, tho' ne'er so plainly utter'd?——Not all your Learning, Wit, or Artifice, can form an Answer in Contradiction to this short Demand.

Beau. Madam, I will not answer on this Theme——because I know that all the Arguments I cou'd bring, wou'd, to a Woman of your Temper, appear too weak to convince you that all those Conversations, which the World calls criminal, are not also really dishonourable in themselves——nay, I will own to you, that I cou'd wish

wish there were a Possibility for me to love you less, unless my Passion cou'd appear in a more noble Light.

Wife. 'Tis generously confests'd—but why will you then persist to urge a Suit your Reason does condemn?

Beau. Ah, lovely Creature—you may as well ask Madmen why they rave—but do not mistake me; when I say I wish I lov'd you less, 'tis not because my Reason tells me 'tis a Fault, but because it is not in my pow'r to give you so convincing a Proof as I wou'd do, of my sincere Affection: the Flame I feel for you, is in it self so pure, I grieve it shou'd appear in any Likeness with those unconstant Fires which base Desires create; I tremble when I approach you; and tho' I'd forfeit Life to touch that Hand, so fearful am I to offend, I dare not ask it—Consider, Madam, and justly weigh the difference between us.—Did *Toywell* treat you thus?

Wife. That Wretch's Impudence was owing to his Folly—if I look into your Designs, they are the same; and you, but with more Art, wou'd ruin me.

Beau. By Heav'n I wou'd not—your Reputation shou'd be sacred and unblasted—the dear, the happy Secret safe lodg'd within my Soul, shou'd take no Air, nor let in the least room for a Conjecture—then for your Fears, those little Fears, which all your Sex are prone to, and which the Inconstancy of ours too frequently gives Cause for, I'd follow you, as now, with Sighs and Pray'rs, and ardent Vows of everlasting Passion.

Wife. Then you'll allow that Constancy's the only Test of true Affection.

Beau. Most sure it is, the only certain one.

Wife. How am I then secure of yours, till I have purchas'd the Experiment at a Rate too

52 *A WIFE to be Lett.*

dear—I must resign my Honour, my Vertue, and my Peace of Mind, before I can promise myself the least Assurance I have not done all this for an ungrateful Man——

Beau. There are a thousand Marks by which you may distinguish which Passions will be lasting, and which not—and if repeated Vows and Imprecations can have Force——

Wife. No, Sir *Harry*; I know with how much ease you Men absolve yourselves the Breach of Vows in an Affair of this nature—but since you have confest that Constancy's the only Proof of true Affection, answer me, did you ne'er love before?

Beau. Suppose I did; if I hereafter shall love none but you, the former Errors of my Fancy may be forgiv'n.

Wife. But tell me if you did; and I conjure you, speak with the same Sincerity as you wou'd answer Heav'n——

Beau. What can she mean? few Men, Madam, I believe, who have travell'd so far as I have done, had such Variety of Conversations, (some of which perhaps have not been over-nice) and seen such Numbers of fine Women, can boast an entire Continency. I do not deny but I have met Temptations in my way, which Youth and Inadvertency, at some unguarded Hours, have yielded to.

Wife. I speak not of those slight and transient Passions, but of a Flame which bore the show of Honourable—did you not—answer without Equivocation, did you not, (neglecting all the rest) never address one Favourite Fair?

Beau. Ha! But whate'er she aims at, I scorn the Baseness of a Lye——Yes, Madam—I confess, I once before, and ne'er but once, knew what it was to love——But why this Question, and with such Earnestness?

Wife.

Wife. You shall be told—Pray who was she?

Beau. She was a Woman, Madam, whose Deserts might well excuse my Passion——But why this Enquiry?

Wife. But one thing more, and you shall know. Since so belov'd, and so deserving, why are you disunited? Grew she unkind?

Beau. I am so confounded, I know not what to say. O *Amadea*! now thy Image rises to my View, and brings my broken Vows to my Remembrance.

Wife. What say you, Sir? Did she prove false? or is she dead?

Beau. Neither, Madam—but, pray no more—This Talk is foreign to the kind End your Husband brought me for.

Wife. Stand off, perfidious Man! by your own Mouth you are condemn'd—since, as yourself confess, Constancy's the only Proof of Love and Honour, how can you be justify'd by either?—You own you lov'd, where both Desert and Kindness join'd to engage——yet, full of your Sex's Falshood and Ingratitude, that Conquest gain'd, you offer to another your prostituted Heart, and think a little idle Flattery can win me to accept your violated Faith.

Beau. I have lost her by my Plainness—What you speak of, Madam, happen'd a long time ago, we now are separated—Forgive what is past—your Beauty, as it justifies my Change, will also be your own Security for my future Constancy.

Wife. I'll hear no more—nor is it my Business to judge either your past or present Actions——Come forth, *Amadea*——

Beau. *Amadea*!

Enter Amadea in her own Clothes.

Wife. If you can obtain a Pardon here, mine will not be long with-held.

Beau.

54 *A WIFE to be Lett.*

Beau. 'Tis she indeed!

Ama. Turn not away confus'd ; I shall believe you never knew the Force of Love, if you can doubt my Readiness to pardon—You wrong me more by this unkind Delay to meet my stretch'd-out Arms, than e'er you did in your Addresses there.

Beau. Can there be so much Generosity in Nature !

Ama. Come, Sir Harry, look on me, and as you just now said, forget what's past : By Heaven ! your future Kindness will more than expiate all you have done, or would have done to wrong me.

Beau. Excellent Woman ! may I then believe thee—Can it be possible that thou (who, I perceive, art well acquainted with my Crime) can'st wish to pardon it, and again receive me to that soft Breast, that lovely Mansion of eternal Truth ?

Ama. I now am fully recompens'd.

Beau. Thou Prodigy of Goodness—to find thou hast left *London*, thy Father, Friends, Relations and Acquaintance—to meet thee here—here in this Scene of guilty Wishes, so strangely, so unexpected, fills me at once with Shame, with Joy, and Wonder.

Ama. Could *London*, my Father's House, or the Society of any Friends, bring Comfort to me, when I saw not you ? 'Twas enough to know that *Beaumont* was in *Salisbury*, to wing the Feet of *Amadea* hither—Besides, you may remember the News of your Uncle's Death took you away so suddenly, I scarce had time for one short Adieu—You writ to me indeed, and made me hope a quick Return ; but in a little time (tho I'm unwilling to mention past Unkindness) you left off even that distant Conversation—I writ, and writ again, but had no Answer—at first I thought my Letters had miscarry'd—but long Expectance

at

it last grew weary, and I resolv'd to know the Truth of what I then began to fear; and to that end left *London* in Disguise.

Beau. In Disguise!

Ama. I dress'd me in a Suit of my Brother's Clothes, which happening to be out of Town, he had left behind him, and came down here in the Stage-Coach—At the Inn where I alighted, I met Mr. *Graspall*, who hearing me enquire for Lodgings, made me an Offer of a Chamber in his House, where I have been ever since; and by that means had an Opportunity of finding out that Secret, which now you are so good to acknowledge as a Fault.

Beau. And ever shall—Nor will this Lady think me unmannerly, when I declare, I ought to have been blind to every Charm but yours.

Wife. Sir *Harry*, I rejoice in your Conversion, and I hope you are too sincerely touch'd with a Sense of your late Errors to repeat 'em.

Beau. O never! This unexampled Tenderneſs and Generosity has charm'd my very Soul——nor will we ever be divided more; but as by solemn Vows we have long since been one, my Chaplain to-morrow shall ratify the Contract.

Wife. I heartily congratulate the Happiness of you both; but notwithstanding the real Pleasure it gives me to see every thing so well answer the End I propos'd by this Meeting, I cannot find in my heart to forgive my Husband's base Design upon me, and have thought of a way to be reveng'd, if you'll vouchsafe me your Assistance.

Beau. I dare answer you may command us both.

Wife. This Lady must put on her Men's Clothes once more.

Ama. Most willingly, they have been fortunate to me.

Wife.

56 *A WIFE to be Lett.*

Wife. Within I'll tell you my Design—please to walk—

Beau. We'll follow, Madam.

*Ye false-name'd Pleasures of my Youth farewell,
They charm'd my Sense, but you subdue my Soul.
Tho fix'd to you alone, I've pow'r to change,
While o'er each Beauty of your Form I range.
Nor to those only need I be confin'd,
But changing still, enjoy thy beauteous Mind.*

End of the Fourth Act.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Graspall and Wife.

Wife.  A Y, you won't be so ungrateful to deny me so small a Request, when I have broke thro all Objections to oblige you.

Grasp. I would deny thee nothing, *Pudsy*; but thou dost not consider what an Inconvenience, as well as an Expende, this will be.

Wife. Inconvenience! where can be the Inconvenience of having a few Friends to be merry with you?

Grasp. A few! why thou hast nam'd half the County, I think—but prithee, let me hear them over again.

Wife. Why in the first place, *Sir Harry Beaumont*; you won't grudge him a Dinner out of his 2000 *l.* sure?

Grasp. If he is not satisfy'd with the Meal you have given him, he should e'en fast till Doomsday for me—But go on—
Wife.

Wife. Mr. *Courtly*; he is Sir *Harry*'s Intimate, and 'twill be rude to leave him out.

Grasp. Well! who else?

Wife. The Widow *Stately*——She is our next Neighbour, you know, and must be invited.

Grasp. So—to the rest.

Wife. Mr. *Fairman*, his Niece, and Daughter, and their two Lovers, Squire *Sneaksby* and Mr. *Toywell*; and if you find any Company at their House, as they seldom are without, they must be ask'd.

Grasp. Very well—and these you call a few——besides a Retinue of Servants at the heels of 'em, of more than twice double the Number—A Pack of romping, tearing, hungry Hounds, that will eat me out of house and home, tho I had laid in for a Siege. 'Sdeath, how can you be so inconsiderate?

Wife. Well, I'll never ask you any thing again—but remember, that if ever you make any more Bargains for me, your Unkindness has given me a very good Pretence to refuse making 'em good.

Grasp. Ha! let me consider——she'll be spiteful enough, that's certain, and who knows, but among these Blades I may find a Fool as willing to part with his Money as Sir *Harry*?——I have a good mind to let her have her Will for once. Well, *Pudsy*—suppose I should oblige thee in this, thou wilt never be refractory hereafter, wilt thou?

Wife. Not when 'tis for your Interest, *Tony*.

Grasp. I shall never ask any thing of thee, *Pudsy*, that is not for the Interest of us both.

Wife. But since you have consented to have this Company here to-day, 'tis time they were invited.

Grasp. Well, I'll go——but, *Pudsy*, dear *Pudsy*, prithee bate me the Severity of one Article.

Wife. What's that?

58 *A WIFE to be Lett.*

Grasp. Give me leave to desire they would not bring their Footmen with 'em.

Wife. Fye! you would not make yourself so ridiculous.

Grasp. Well, for once—— [Going.

Wife. Stay, *Tony*—I protest I had like to have been guilty of a piece of Ill Manners I should never have forgiven myself——

Grasp. What now?

Wife. I am told there's a Baronet lately come down, I can't think of his Name, but he's at the Widow *Stately's*—you must be sure to entreat the Favour of his good Company.

Grasp. The Devil!

Wife. You must not omit him by any means.

Grasp. No, no—Was ever Man thus plague'd?

Wife. Well, go about it then, while I prepare for their Reception. Be sure not to forget.

Grasp. No, no, no—if I stay much longer, she'll remember as many more. [Exit.

Wife. I'll fit you for your Bargain, Sir. [Exit.

Enter Gaylove and Celemena.

Cel. 'Tis now no time for Diffimulation, Captain; I freely own nothing is so terrible to me as the Thoughts of being *Sneaksby's* Wife—therefore, if in earnest you can find any way to disappoint my Father in his design of marrying me to that Idiot, I give you leave to hope, I may one day have the Opinion of you, you wish.

Gay. That is not sufficient, Madam; I must have an immediate Security for your Performance of Articles, before I undertake any thing.

Cel. Why, I hope you have not seriously the Confidence to think of gaining me so soon—Do you think it reasonable, that a Woman, who believes herself in some measure agreeable, should lose the pleasure of seeing her Lover tremble at her

her Approach, and by his Sighs and Melancholy betray the Passion he has for her to all who know him, admire all she says, and cry up all she does, and threaten to poison, stab, or drown himself to pacify her, whenever she happens to be in the humour of giving Pain.

Gay. But, Madam, I believe 'Squire *Sneaksby* never read Romances, and will perhaps think it an unreasonable Request, should you desire him either to poison, stab, or drown himself—Therefore, Madam, since all these Preludiums, one way or other, must be cut off; you had e'en as good venture on me, and imagine that if there was time for it, I would willingly come into all these Methods to obtain you.

Cel. But do you consider what you ask? Tho my Father proffers *Sneaksby* 10000 *l.* to take his Daughter off his hands, I question whether he may be in the same Humour when *Gaylove* has me.

Gay. It is you, not your Fortune, that I am ambitious of. My Commission will keep us from want, if your Father gives you nothing; and when mine dies, his Estate, for the greater Part, is intail'd on me: and without being romantick, I shall think it but a poor Purchase for my *Celemena*.

Cel. Well, let me consider—Here's a Coach and Six with my Father's Commands, and 10000 *l.* to back it—On the other hand, 16 *s.* a Day, and the Title of a Captain's Lady, with a reasonable Suspicion of being turn'd out of doors with never a Groat—But then, on this side, I've a Fool—on that, a Man not disagreeable, and of allow'd Sense—One marries me upon Compact, the other generously runs the risque of a Fortune—Well, *Gaylove*, I think you carry the day—I'll lay aside the Woman for once—Here's my Hand.

Gay. My future Carriage shall show my Gratitude for the Blessing, and——

Cel. Come, no Raptures—you are a Man of Honour, and I expect you'll keep your Promise—I can't bear this Coxcomb's Impertinence—Prithce banter him a little, while I retire to think on what I've done. [Ex.]

Enter Toywell.

Toy. O Captain *Gaylove*! are you here? You have serv'd me finely!

Gay. As how, good Sir?

Toy. Why did not you tell me that Mr. *Trusty* the Banker was broke? and I saw a Letter from him just now, which says, he's in as good a Condition as ever.

Gay. Is he so? Faith I'm glad on't.

Toy. O! but you have ruin'd me, I have lost *Marilla* by it.

Gay. Why what's *Marilla* to *Trusty*?

Toy. Why he has her Fortune in his hands—and if he had fail'd, she had been no Wife for me—So, upon what you have told me, I broke off, and releas'd her from all Ties.

Gay. Why 'tis none of my Fault——Did I advise you to't?

Toy. No; for that matter, 'twas all my own doing—But I'll go and throw myself at her feet, and if she has any Compassion——

Gay. You may spare yourself the pains, for to my certain Knowledge, there's a terrible ill-natur'd Fellow, with a Sword like a Scythe, pretends a Right to her—— [Sings.]

*With whom you cannot grapple,
For at one Sup,
He'd eat you up,
As Boys do eat an Apple.*

Toy. Gad's Curse! So I am to lose my Mistress for an old Song?

Gay.

A WIFE to be Lett. 61

Gay. His Name is *Courtly*, do you know such a Man?

Toy. *Courtly*! Pho, I've a better Estate than he has.

Gay. But he understands a Sword better than you do—Come, take my Advice, and be merry—and when you see *Courtly*, wish him Joy, with an Air of Indifference—for they are, by this time, marry'd; seem pleas'd with what you can't help, for to my knowledge you'll get little by Resentment.

Toy. Psha! I don't care this Pinch of Snuff, and since she's gone—let her go.

Gay. Ay, this becomes you—it shows you are a Man above Disappointment—But here they come—now let me see you bear your Misfortunes like a Man untouch'd by 'em.

Toy. You shall see me accost her with the Unconcern of a tir'd Keeper.

Enter Courtly, Celemena, and Marilla.

Mar. Your Importunity, Mr. *Courtly*, incenses me as much as Mr. *Toywell's* Indifference; and if you think to tease me into a Compliance, you shall find yourself deceiv'd.

Gay. How's this?

Toy. Ha! I find things are not so bad as I thought.

Court. Heav'n is not displeas'd with Prayers and Adorations—'Tis with the most awful distance I pursue you, the tenderest Passion, and sincerest Vows.

Mar. Perhaps I'm fix'd never to marry—and if so, shall no more endeavour to force my Inclinations, than you to govern yours.

Toy. O! Madam, can you forgive my Rashness, occasion'd by the Violence of my Passion, for a belief I was not so well in your Esteem as I desir'd to be?

Gay.

Gay. What a devil! have you a mind to have your Throat cut?

Mar. O! Mr. *Toywell*, do you repent? Then I'll soon put an end to Mr. *Courtly*'s Importunities.

Toy. Ah Madam! how shall I requite your Goodness?

Mar. Hold Sir! thank me when I deserve it—Mr. *Courtly*, you have given me daily Uneasiness, haunting me from place to place, scarce leaving me a moment, and endeavouring by your Constancy to merit me; answer me, Guilty, or not?

Court. Guilty, Madam.

Mar. You, Mr. *Toywell*, on the contrary—

Toy. Ay, Madam.

Mar. Always shunn'd the Places I frequented, never discover'd your Passion by either Words or Actions, or hoped by Affiduity to gain me.

Toy. Not I, Madam, upon my Soul—I carry'd myself so, that no Man on Earth would ever have thought I had valu'd you in the least, not I—I had more Sense—Poor *Courtly*, how he looks! he's finely fobb'd.

Gay. What will this come to?

Mar. Know then, that I resolve to give myself to him who most deserves me.

Gay. That's easily distinguish'd, Madam—

Toy. Ay, Captain, so 'tis--faith I pity *Courtly*--But the Lady must follow her Inclinations, ha! ha! ha!

Gay. 'Sdeath, leave your Impertinence—Prithee how came you and I so familiar?

Toy. Lord, you are as crusty as a sickly Miser to a Depending Heir. Come, Madam, I want that poor Gentleman should be put out of suspense.

Court. Sir!

Mar. Nay, no quarrelling—Mr. *Courtly*, from this time forwards, I desire you will lay aside all Hopes, and Fears, for I now discharge you as my Servant.

Gay. 'Sdeath!

Cel.

Cel. Why, Cousin, are you mad?

Mar. Have Patience—I give you now my Hand, with it my Heart, and make you now my Master.

Court. Health to the Sick is not more welcome, I receive you as the greatest Blessing Heav'n had in store.

Toy. Fire and Brimstone!

Gay. You are out of Suspence now, Sir.

Cel. Joy to you, *Marilla*, I'll be bound you've made a worthy Choice, and done Justice.

Gay. I wanted but this to make me compleatly happy.

Toy. Sure, Madam, you are not in earnest.

Gay. You are only fobb'd, Sir.

Enter Fairman, dragging in Sneaksby.

Fair. An impudent Villain! to make a Brothel of my House!

Sneak. How did I know 'twas your House, when I was so drunk, I did not know myself—beside, you need not make such a to do about it; I did no harm as I know of——

Gay. What's the matter, Sir, that your intended Son-in-law is in this Condition?

Fair. No, no, Captain, I'll have no such drunken lewd Wretches in my Family—Sending just now to look for him, to know what was the reason his Aunt did not come to seal the Writings, where do you think he was found? but in the Cockloft, where it seems he had lain all Night with the Wench that feeds the Poultry.

Cel. A blessed Husband you had chose for me truly, Sir!

Fair. I was wrong indeed, in believing thou could'st be happy with such an Idiot—and rejoice I have made this Discovery before it was too late.

Sneak. Marry what care I—I can have a Wife I warrant you; but Aunt shall know how you have us'd me—mayhap she may tell you your own.

Gay.

64 *A WIFE to be Lett.*

Gay. Here's another fobb'd too—Come, cheer up Man, you see you have a Companion in Tribulation.

Fair. Pray leave my House, and tell your Aunt there's no occasion for the Writings now.

Gay. I believe you may spare yourself that Trouble, Sir, for I expect her here every moment, with her new Husband.

Fair. Husband! why, is she marry'd?

Gay. Yes, faith, and to one, who, I'll engage, will take care not a Foot of her Estate shall descend to this Gentleman.

Fair. I'm glad on't—tho' this News yesterday wou'd have been a very great Disappointment to me.

Enter Grasfall.

Ha! who have we here? a Stranger indeed! Mr. Grasfall!

Grasp. Ay, truly, Mr. Fairman, I don't often visit—but my Puffy has taken a Fancy to be mighty merry to-day, and I love to humour her—so if you, your Niece, and Daughter, and all this good Company, will take a Dinner with her, ye shall have a hearty Welcome.—As for the rest of her Entertainment, let her answer, I never trouble myself with those things.

Fair. Miracles are not ceas'd, I find!

Grasp. What say you, Sir, will you do us the Favour? I hope he is engag'd. [*Aside.*]

Fair. Sir, 'tis a Favour you so seldom ask, that I believe nobody will refuse it you—Gentlemen—Captain, you hear the Invitation—can you go?

Court. O! by all means, Sir.

Gay. I'll wait upon you, Sir.

Toy. Am I in the Number of your Guests, Sir.

Grasp. Ay, ay, all of you, if there were a hundred—I shall expect you soon—your Servant, and I wish the first Dish may choak you. [*Exit.*]

Fair.

Fair. There must be something extraordinary has happen'd to occasion this Fit of Generosity—let us go.

*If that which is most rare is counted best,
We cannot want it in a Miser's Feast.* [Ex.]

Enter Beaumont, and Graspall.

Beau. Ay, now I like you Mr. *Graspall*—this is done like a Man who knows how to use his Fortune—I look on Hospitality to be the most pleasurable of any Vertue, and when you have once try'd it, I don't doubt but the whole Country will very often find the Effects of it.

Grasp. You'll find yourself exceedingly out in your Politics, if you do think so, that I can tell you.

Beau. Once or twice a Week at least, I suppose, one may expect to find good Company here.

Grasp. 'Sdeath! he wants to take out his 2000*l.* in Board, I believe. [*Aside.*] As often as I can, Sir *Harry*—but, alas! I am infirm and crazy—very crazy—and sometimes can't bear the Sight of a Fire, or the Smell of dressing Meat for a Quarter of a Year together.

Beau. Poor Man! but you need not incommode yourself with that—a cold Collation, with three or four Dozen of *Champagne* and *Burgundy* will serve well enough—Your Friends will excuse the rest on account of your Indisposition,

Grasp. They shall when I give it 'em. [*Aside.*] But, Sir *Harry*, I can't endure a Noise.

Beau. As for that, you have a large House here, and may easily retire into some remote Part of it, where you won't be disturb'd—Your Guests will be contented to spare you, provided you leave your Wife, and the Fiddles to entertain 'em.

Grasp. That wou'd be fine indeed—'Sbud! I'll sell my House, and live in *Wales* among the

Mountains, where nobody will attempt to come near me for fear of breaking their Necks.

Beau. I think you look ill now—I am afraid you won't be able to let us have your Company to-day—if you find yourself out of Order, pray don't hazard growing worse by an Over-Complaisance—I'll answer for it, nobody will take it ill if you shut up yourself all day.

Grasp. The Devil I will—no, no, Sir *Harry*, I am mighty well—mighty well as can be, and so all my good Friends shall find—Here they come.

Enter Gaylove, Courtly, Toywell, Fairman, Marilla, and Celemena.

You are welcome, Sirs, heartily welcome all—

Fair. Sir, we thank you.

Court. We are all oblig'd to you——Sir *Harry*, your most humble Servant——

Beau. Yours, Sir——Ladies, yours——but where's your Wife, Mr. *Graspall*? your fair Visitors will think themselves unwelcome while she is absent——

Grasp. I'll go and see for her.

Beau. I'll save you the Trouble, if you please, Sir—you know I am free here. [*Exit.*

Grasp. Ay, and so shou'd they all be on the same Conditions. Come, Gentlemen—Mrs. *Celemena*, Mrs. *Marilla*, pray sit down—you'll excuse me, I don't love much Ceremony—but pray be merry.

Fair. Wine, Sir, gives a Life to Conversation—after Dinner, when the chearful Glass goes round, you may expect we shall be heartily merry.

Wife within.] Murder! Murder!

Fair. Ha! what's this?

Court. Murder cry'd

Fair. Your Wife's Voice.

Enter

A WIFE to be Lett. 67

Enter Beaumont and Amadea fighting, Mrs. Graspall following.

Beau. Villain ! to abuse so worthy a Man ! but from my Arm thou shalt receive the just Reward of thy Treachery.

Amad. I fear you not.

Wife. Part 'em, part 'em.

Court. What's the Matter, Sir Harry ?

Beau. Base Villain ! and thou, ungrateful Woman !

Wife. Oh ! Sir Harry, you will not be so barbarous to expose me ?

Grasp. Why ? what's the Meaning of all this ?

Beau. Not expose you, Madam ! yes, to the whole World—you that cou'd wrong so kind, so tender a Husband.

Grasp. Ha ! how's this ?

Beau. So good, so true a Friend, so worthy a Man, and one so infinitely fond of you, shall receive no Pity, no Regard from me——You must know, Gentlemen, that going to seek this Lady, for whom till now I had the greatest Respect, I found her in the Embraces of that young Gallant——They started when they saw me, and tho' my Sword was in a moment ready to revenge my injur'd Friend, his was not tardy in Defence——but tho' you have prevented me at present, I shall find a time to make the Villain smart,

Court. I'm amaz'd.

Fair. She that was esteem'd so vertuous !

Toy. They are all so till caught.

Grasp. And hast thou done this ? Hast thou made a Cuckold of thy old Hubby——Ah Cockatrice !

Wife. I see Surprise in every Face, and know my Reputation has been hitherto so fair, that I believe some here scarce credit what they hear ; but I disdain to be a Hypocrite, nor will deny

the Truth—This lovely Youth, this Darling of my Soul, has indeed receiv'd whatever Favours he cou'd intreat, or Love prompt me to grant.

Cet. Monstrous Impudence!

Mar. I never heard the like.

Grasp. And do you own it then? have you no Shame?

Wife. You taught me to despise all Sense of Shame, when laughing at that Notion which the World calls Virtue, you forc'd me, contrary to my Nature, to my Inclinations, to the Principles my Youth was bred to observe, to yield myself a Prey to your insatiate Avarice, and his base Desires.

Fair. How!

Wife. Did you not sell me? let me out to Hire, and forc'd my trembling Vertue to obey—Did I not kneel, and weep, and beg—but you had receiv'd the Price you set me at, and I must yield, or be turn'd out a Beggar.

Fair. What! let his Wife for Hire?

Court. Agree for Money to his own Dishonour!

Toy. Egad, if I had known that, I'd have been a Customer—prithee what dost thou demand, old Lucre? ha!

Grasp. Fop! Fool! Oh that I were dead!

Wife. Since you have taught me, I'll now experience that Charm Mankind's so fond of, Variety—I'll give a Loose to each unbounded Appetite, range thro' all Degrees of Men, nor shall you dare to contradict my Pleasures.

Grasp. Pray kill me—will nobody kill me?

Gay. Why truly, Sir, as the Case stands, I think 'tis the greatest Kindness can be done you.

Wife. But do not imagine you shall ever reap any Advantage from my Crimes—I have broke open your Closet, and the 2000 l. Sir Harry paid you for seducing me, I have bestow'd on this dear Man.

Grasp.

Grasp. Oh! Oh! the Money gone too!

Wife. You shall find what 'tis to have a vicious Wife—Do you not now repent what you have done, and wish I cou'd resume my Vertue—tho' it shou'd cost you twice as much as you receiv'd for my renouncing it?

Grasp. I do indeed; I see my Error now 'tis too late—Oh damn'd, damn'd Avarice!

Wife. You wou'd not tempt me then, were it again to do.

Grasp. No.

Wife. Not for the greatest Consideration.

Grasp. Not for the Universe—but do not plague me, I shall not live to endure it long.

Wife. Stay, Sir, your Sorrow moves me; if I may believe your Penitence sincere, I can return to your Embraces a true, a faithful, and a virtuous Wife.

Grasp. What new Invention to distract me more?

Beau. She tells you Truth by Heav'n—that seeming Gentleman with whom I fought, and who you think has injur'd you, has not the Pow'r—Appear, my Love, without Disguise—See, Sir, a Woman and my Wife.

Omn. How!

Gay. Amadea!

Amad. The same, dear Cousin—much happier than when you saw me last, by the addition of Sir Harry's Love confirm'd.

Gay. I wish you Joy.

Grasp. May I believe my Eyes?

Beau. They do not deceive you, Sir—this Plot was laid on purpose to cure you, if 'twas possible, of that covetous, sordid Disposition, which has ever been the Blot of your Character—and a little also to revenge the Contempt you seem'd to have of so good a Wife—when you were willing to chaffer her for Gold—

Court.

Court. 'Twas handsomely contriv'd—

Cel. I am glad to find she has brought herself off; for I protest I trembled for her two Minutes ago.

Beau. Come, Sir, if you have any Consideration of Honour, and the eternal Infamy and Disgrace she has preserv'd you from, you will admire her Vertues, and entreat her Pardon—

Grasp. Pudsy, dear Pudsy, can't thou forgive me.

Wife. Rise, Sir, this is not a Posture for a Husband—I form'd this Design only to make you worthy of that Name, and shall ever make it my Study to prove myself a most obedient Wife.

Fair. This is a happy Conclusion, indeed; but here's more Company, Mr. Graspall—

Enter Widow, Dogood, Shamble.

Wid. Your Servant, Gentlemen, your Servant, Ladies; I beg pardon for my long Absence—but, but—a—I cou'd not rise to-day, I think.

Gay. Sir *Tristram* play'd his part then pretty well, last Night, I find.

Fair. Joy, Madam—you have stolt a Wedding, I hear.

Wid. People of Quality never talk of these Affairs till they are accomplish'd, Mr. *Fairman*—Sir *Tristram* here was so pressing.

Court. And your Ladyship so easy—

Grasp. Sir *Tristram*! why are you all mad? why, this is *Jonathan Shamble*—sure I know *Jonathan Shamble*; he was Footman to a Nephew of mine about four or five Years ago, when I was last in London.

All. Ha, ha, ha! a Footman!

Gay. Well, well, Mr. *Graspall*, he's a Man of an Estate now, and 'twill be unmannerly to rip up Pedigrees.

Wid.

A WIFE to be Lett. 71

Wid. I am not cheated, sure——what's the Meaning of all this?

Sham. Why, faith, my dear Wife, since the Truth must out, I only borrow'd my Quality to make myself agreeable to you——

Wid. Villain! Rogue! I'll tear you to pieces.

Sham. Hold, hold, good Lady, Passion——have mercy on my Cloaths, for they are none of my own.

Gay. Patience, Madam, Patience! Boxing does not become a Woman of Quality.

Wid. A Footman! a Footman! but I'll have him hang'd, he's a Cheat, he has marry'd me in a false Name; but you shan't think to carry it so—I was not born Yesterday: I'll go to a Lawyer immediately.

Gay. Hark ye, hark ye, Madam——your Anger will do you but little Service—he has wedded you, bedded you, and got your Writings, and if you consider calmly on the Matter, you'll find nothing can be done in this Affair for your Satisfaction—you had better therefore quietly forgive the Imposition; and as you have a good Estate, turn part of it into ready Money, and e'en buy him a Title——such Things are done every day in London——and when once you have made a Gentleman of him, ev'ry body won't know by what means he came to be one.

Wid. Why that's true, indeed.

Gay. You'll find it your best way.

Wid. Well, since there's no Help, I'll sell all I have, and away to London.

Gay. You may be happy enough—I dare swear he'll make you a good Husband.

Wid. That's all I have to hope.

Gay. Well, I think I have been very busy in endeavouring to settle the Happiness of others——
'tis

'tis high time now to consider my own, which lies only in your pow'r, Sir, to bestow.

Fair. Sir, Mr. Courtly has just now acquainted me with the Kindness you have for my Daughter—I know your Father, and I approve of your Character——therefore if she is of the same Opinion (for I will never go about to force her Inclinations more) she is yours, with the same Fortune I design'd to give the Squire——what say you, *Celestina*?

Cel. I shou'd have endeavour'd to obey you, Sir, ev'n where my Nature was most reluctant—but in this, I confess, you've chosen with my Eyes.

Fair. Why, then bless you both—I think poor Mr. Toywell is the only unhappy Man among us.

Toy. Faith, Sir, I am positively easy : I'll e'en trip to *Bath* this Season, and I don't doubt but I shall there find an Opportunity with some kind Damsel to repay my Loss in *Marilla*.

Beau. *How simply Politic is foolish Man !*

*How poor, how vain, our deepest laid Designs,
To the all-seeing Eye of Providence !
Like those weak Webbs by Æsop's Spider wrought,
To stop the swift-wing'd Swallow in her Flight :
Who, with Contempt surveys her fruitless Pains,
Her Folly pities, and her Rage disdains ;
Baffles her Wiles, breaks thro' the tender Snare,
And, uncontroul'd divides the yielding Air.*

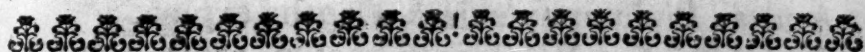
F I N I S.



P O E M S

ON

Several Occasions.



An Irregular O D E,

To Mr. WALTER BOWMAN, *Professor of the Mathematicks. Occasion'd by his objecting against my giving the Name of HILLARIUS to Aaron Hill Esq;*

I Own the Name, which to my Muse
(owes Birth,
Is far beneath the mighty Wearer's worth:
But say, what Means can tortur'd Wit invent,
Charms to *describe* which in *Idea* pain?
Can Reading show a Word of such extent,
To grasp a Glory *Thought* can scarce contain?
To me, impossible it seems:
But *Thou*! alas! art far remov'd from *Me* by vast
(Extreams.
A Un-

Unskill'd in Science, in rude Ign'rance bred,
Unhappy that I am,

(For mine is not the *Blame*)

Learning's sweet Paths I ne'er was taught to
 (tread.

But if such Force in well-plac'd Letters dwells
 Which can all Heaven Epitomize,
 Contract Immensity to narrow Space,
 Wide different Beauties in one Round comprize,
 And blend their Lustre in a mix'd Embrace ;
 Thine is the Art, great Bard ! and thine the pow'r-
 (ful Spells.

Thou ! who canst travel Nature's Secrets o'er,
 And all Philosophy's dark Depths explore !

Thou ! who to Worlds unknown canst point
 (the way,

And to benighted Reason lend a Ray,
 To guide the Wand'rer led too long astray,

Do *Thou* exert thy oft-try'd Skill !

And what might thousand Volumes fill
 (Yet Language seem unable to discharge)
 In one all-meaning *Fiat* speak at large.

By thy inspective Power,

Descry some lucky Hour,

When the sloth-shedding Sway of *Saturn* yields

To *Mercury's* inspiring Reign,

When vigorous Planets rule the Azure Fields,

And warmly actuate Man's inventive Brain ;

Study can know no nobler Aim,

Than to find out some comprehensive Name
 For Him, whom to admire, is the best Plea for
 (Fame.

A Name it must be, which implies
 At once the Wonders of his Soul and Eyes !

Che-

Several OCCASIONS. 3

Cherubial Sweetness ! Godlike Majesty !
Numberless Myriads of Divinities,
Which, sparkling, in his Looks, his Words, his
(Works, we see :
Harmonious let it be in Sound,
Yet with Solemnity abound ;
With Heaven-tun'd Notes adorn the nervous
(Sense,
Soft as his Voice, but lofty as his Mien :
Each thrilling Syllable pleas'd-Awe impart,
Which thro' the Ear, may strike the Heart
With rapt'rous Tremblings ; touch the Strings
(of Life,
Make Extasy within it self at strife
'Twixt Tenderness and Reverence :
To the *Mind's* Eye make every Glory seen,
And the wrapt Soul feel all his Force, tho' Worlds
(should rush between :

But if thou seekst what Learning cannot show,
For all in vain, I fear, is human Art,
To the great Source of perfect Knowledge go ;
Shake off Mortality, and on a Beam
Of tow'ring Thought, swift thro' the Æther dart,
Where blazing Galaxies of Light,
Strike the aw'd Eye, and dazzle vulgar Sight ;
Nor, till thou reach the Throne of the *Supreme*,
Let meaner Views retard th' advent'rous Flight.
There, MOSES ! DAVID ! GIDEON ! and the rest
Of the immortal Blest,
Who by his deathless Lays more glorious Shine,
Will hail thy glad Approach in shouting Throngs,
And bid thee welcome to the Realms divine ;
Both Saints and Angels forward thy Request.
(Angels are his Admirers too,
And copy Hallelujahs from his Songs)
Nor shall thy Wishes vainly sue ;

Th' Almighty's Self will smile with pleas'd re-
(gard,

And give thy daring Genius this reward :

Of all who Tribute paid,

Of Thee it shall be said,

Heaven's darling Care stands all to thee confest;

Thou know'st Him most, and can'st describe Him

(best.

But till that Day, my boastful Pride shall live !

A Pride, so vast, as Empire could not give !

Far as Creation reaches, shall the Name

Eliza chose, tune the whole Voice of Fame ;

The wafting Air shall bear the Accents round,

And all the wide Expanse echo the rapt'rous

(Sound :

Thro' every Orb, HILLARIUS shall be heard,

And Altars to his shining Virtues rear'd ;

HILLARIUS *there*, as *here*, be understood,

By all the Wise, the Brave, the Great, and Good.





CLIMENE's Complaint to MIRTILLO.

Translated from the *FRENCH*.

AS injur'd *Sappho*, when by *Phaon* left,
Of Joy, of Comfort, and of Peace bereft,
In tuneful Notes her wretched State bewail'd,
Yet nothing on the perjur'd Swain prevail'd ;
So I, tho' in a less harmonious Strain,
With like Success, of greater Wrongs complain.
A far more lovely *Phaon* I have lost,
And more than *Sappho* is *Climene* crost :
Her softning Muse cou'd give her Mind relief,
But mine, serves only to encrease my Grief !
My Thoughts confus'd, to wild Distraction bend,
And different Passions in my Breast contend !
The Violence of both too well I prove,
Restrain'd by *Honour*, and push'd on by *Love* !
Pride bids me your Indifference disdain,
But *Love* prevails to call you back again :
Since to submit, 'tis then so hard a Task,
Ah ! let me not, *Mirtillo*, vainly ask ?
Return, return, my faithless Dear ! return,
No longer let the poor *Climene* mourn ;
Climene, who for Thee the World despis'd,
Climene, once by Thee so justly priz'd !

How often on some fragrant Bank we've sat,
 By shady Trees defended from the Heat?
 No Ornament th' adjacent Meads could wear,
 You strip'd their Beauties to adorn my Hair;
 Nor was your Kindness ill by me repaid,
 I wove 'em into Chaplets for your Head:
 Tir'd with this innocent Felicity,
 Business you feign; but did you love like me,
 I shou'd your most important Business be.
 Chang'd is your Mind, since *Paris'* Choice you
 (prais'd,

Who, by the hope of Love and Beauty rais'd,
 Adjudg'd the long-contested golden Prize
 Alone was due to *Venus'* conquering Eyes:
Juno wou'd now the envy'd Preference claim,
 And *Love* be held but as an empty Name.
 For Greatness you forsake the shady Grove,
 And to the loud tumultuous Town remove;
 Unjust, Unkind *Mirtillo*! — But, no more!
 Complaints are fruitless, vainly I implore;
 More Deaf than Seas or Winds to my request,
 And more impregnable than Rocks, thy Breast.
 When *Theseus*, *Ariadne* had betray'd,
 She was, in Heaven, a Constellation made;
 Snatch'd by th' indulgent God from Earth to Skies,
 Her perjur'd Lover's Scorn she now defies.
 Ah! Why will not some pitying Power bestow
 Compassion on the lost *Climene's* Woe?
 Not to be Great your Favour I implore,
 Annihilate my Soul, I ask no more.



Translated



Translated from the *FRENCH*.

COULD my faint Verse but copy what I feel,
But half the Pangs of my rack'd Soul reveal;
Thy generous Heart would pity my Distress,
And ease that Anguish which I can't express.
For, Oh! 'tis only in thy pow'r t'appease
My warring Thoughts, and bid my Tumults cease.

But first reflect (thou God of my Desires)
What sort of Passion, Worth like thine inspires!
Think what a vast Profusion of Delight
My wondrous Love! Thy wondrous Charms
(excite!

By thy own Merits, thou my Zeal may'st prove,
And by th' almighty Causes judge my Love!
Both are so vast, so far surpassing all
That perfect, great, or excellent we call,
Each stands alone, a bright Original!

Yet still, thus blest with more than mortal Joys,
Prophetick Fears my Happiness destroys!
Strange Shiverings run thro' every vital Part!
And a dead Damp o'er-spreads my trembling Heart!
Alarm'd Desire! even in your Arms is chill'd,
As early Blossoms by rough Blasts are kill'd:
Cold Apprehension, midst of Rapture steals,
And Heaven, and Hell, at once, my Bosom feels!

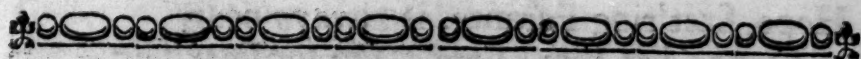
Nor are these Omens vain, a day will come
When Love no more shall in your Thoughts have
(room:

When tir'd Desire, shall to Remorse give way,
And cool Reflection to your View display
All my Demerits and my Faults betray:

When I abandon'd and despis'd must fly
 To some dark Shade, and there forgotten lie,
 'Till Fate in pity, gives me leave to die;
 Nor dare to upbraid your too too just Disdain,
 But only on penurious Heaven complain!
 In humble Grief, my want of Charms deplore,
 But lift my Eyes to Hope, and you no more!

If therefore, aught be true that you pretend,
 If with the Lover, you avow the Friend;
 Forbear to urge my Wishes to their height,
 Lest sudden Woe o'er-take the daring Flight,
 And down, at once, I sink in endless Night.
 No farther let me tread the glittering Maze,
 But at becoming distance humbly gaze;
 Adore the Glories of your god-like Soul,
 And all the Softness of my own controul.
 Chear'd with your Sight, wish no superior Bliss,
 And all the train of fond Desires dismiss.
 But, Oh! too far my heedless Love has stray'd,
 Too much the Dictates of Desire obey'd;
 And I perhaps, by Reason's Jury cast,
 In vain ask Mercy when my Doom is past.





Translated from the *FRENCH*.

WEAARY, detesting all Society,
 Since shun'd by him I only wish to see,
 I fly the chearless sight of Human Kind,
 Seek Solitude befitting my sad Mind :
 Where unalarm'd and free
 From Insults and from Flattery,
 Sense in a Lethargy of Thought,
 Might be dissolv'd, TIMOLION forgot,
 And future Time glide on, unfelt, in blest Stupi-
 (dity.

But, when to unfrequented Wilds I run,
 Or hide me in some day-defying Gloom,
 Where the bright Lamp of Heaven ne'er shone,
 And Night seems ever but begun !
 Cruel *Remembrance* persecutes me still,
 And disappoints my Will ;
 Shows what I *was*, with what I'm now become,
 And racks my Brain with curs'd Comparison.

What shall I do ? alas ! I strive in vain ;
 Long-lost Repose I *never* must regain :
 Where e'er I go, TIMOLION is there !
 Even Darkness cannot hide him from my Sight,
 His fatal Beams dart through the Vail of Night,
 To my Soul's Eye, his Glories all appear
 And wake Reflection with too glaring Light !
 The sleeping Passions at the quickning Blaze,
 Start to new Life, and hostile Vigour gain.

All Foes alike to Reason's sway,
 Each his whole Force displays
 To torture or betray,
 With *Shows* of Pleasure, or with *real* Pain.

Hope,

Hope, flatt'ring Parasite, is always near,
 Oppos'd to him, stands Tyrant Fear,
 Both have enough to say, and both by turns en-
 (gross my Ear.

Long they struggle, but in vain,
 Despotick Rule to gain.

Their Strength is equal, my divided Soul
 Yields now to *this*, and then to *that's* Controul ;
 And whilst of neither dispossess, (Breast.
 Both with convulsive Fury rend my bleeding
 Thought warring against Thought like meeting
 (Tides

Dash o'er each other with tumultuous Force,
 O'er-whelming all within their rapid Course,
 All rage at once, all conquer, and yet none sub-
 (fides.

My Mind a Chaos of Confusion seems,
 Doubt-kill'd Expectance, soon as born, expires,
 Ten thousand Horrors the short Joy succeed,
 And each new Thought does a new Fury breed ;
 Wild and abortive Schemes !

Despair-check'd Wishes, and untam'd Desires,
 Numberless, nameless, Contradictions rise,
 Driving, in Storms, my scatter'd Sense about ;
 Determination, her sought Aid denies,
 And Madness reigns throughout !

So, when o'er Buildings fir'd, a Whirlwind rides,
 And every way, th' excentrick Flame divides,
 Some, snatch'd aloft in blazing Volumes fly,
 And paint with dreadful Radiance all the Sky ;
 While others downward hurl'd,
 At first, devour the humble Dust, and crawl a-
 (long the ground,
 Till at their Lot enrag'd, they gather round,
 And spread vast Ruin thro' th' affrighted World.

The



The VISION.

AS I this Morn, neglecting coming Day,
 In the dull God's Embrace supinely lay;
 My nobler Part, scorning to be confin'd,
 Did upwards soar, and left my Earth behind:
 Thro' the Ætherial Regions swiftly flew,
 Past interposing Clouds which barr'd my View.
 Methought, with stedfast and undazled Eyes,
 I took in all the Glory of the Skies!
 Beheld the rolling Orbs in order move,
 And in their Symmetry, prov'd the Art of Jove.
 But long I could not in that Prospect stay,
 My hurry'ng Fancy made me farther stray
 To those bright Plains, where, in superior State,
 The High-thron'd Sons of Wit illustrious sat!
 Each had their Works in shining Cases plac'd,
 With Stars adorn'd, more by their Titles grac'd.
 These seem'd the genuine Product of their Art;
 Which to th' Unlearn'd, no Profit could impart:
 But what amaz'd me most, vast heaps I spy'd
 Of Books, (the same Inscriptions beautify'd)
 With Pages torn, and Leaves disorder'd, lie
 Like useless Lumber, thrown neglected by!
 With eager haste, the nearest Lines I snatch'd,
 But, e'er my purpose fully was dispatch'd,
 The awfull'st Form, which grac'd the Laureat
 (Sect,
 Did in these Words, my erring Search direct.
 In

In vain thou here, wou'dst *Ovid's* Softness find,
 Or trace the Majesty of *Homer's* Mind !
 Our forceful Fire, in faint Translation lost,
 Can little of its native Vigour boast !
 Would'st thou behold us as at first we were,
 Back to the nether World again repair ;
 There thou, thy wonder-searching Soul may'st fill
 With due contemplating *Hillarius's* Skill ;
 In him our different Beauties center'd, shine,
 With congregated Pow'r, and Blaze divine !
 Our Muses now attend on him alone,
 Join'd with a brighter, greater, of his own !
 Had former Times been, like the present, blest,
 Low Adorations, had their Joy confest !
 Each Path to *Delphos*, had been left untrod,
 His star-like Fame had pointed out the God !
 And happy *Britain*, proud of such a Birth,
 Receiv'd the loaded Tribute of the Earth !

Go then, his matchless Works with Care read

(o'er,

Just Admiration will enflame thee more,
 Than vain Desires of Knowledge could before.
 If any Spark of true poetick Fire,
 Does thy dull Breast, with generous Warmth in-
 (spire ;
 That Theme will call it forth, and teach thee, how
 More able Pens their Gratitude should show
 For abdicated Wit, so long deplor'd,
 Now, by his Genius to the World restor'd !

Thus spoke the *Bard*, and all the Bays-wreath'd
 (Tribe,

In shouts of Joy, did pleas'd Assent ascribe !
 Then swift, as shooting Stars, the Phantoms fled,
 And I, that moment, found my self in Bed.

But, Oh ! when Soul and Body were rejoin'd,
 What various Transports fir'd my anxious Mind ?
 (My

Several OCCASIONS. 13

Not mov'd with wonder at so strange a Dream,
(My waking Thoughts, can find no other Theme,)
But struck with conscious Guilt, with Shame

(oppress'd,
and blest

I curs'd my backward Muse, which charm'd

With unhop'd Favours, had no Thanks exprest.

In vain I rag'd, vainly did Efforts make,
My grateful Meaning, or his Worth to speak.
Amazing Excellence! what words can paint?
To describe Lightning, Colours are too faint:
The vast Idea, over-swell'd my Thought,
And all my Senses to Confusion brought.

(Sight,
(Night;

As those whose Opticks, ne'er were blest with
But from their Birth condemn'd to darksome

By miracle at last, their Eyes unseal'd,
And the bright Glories of the Sun reveal'd;
With sudden Transport start, with Rapture gaze,
Their new-born Sense, half lost in wild Amaze!

(pos'd:

So I, who but some Glimmerings had seen,
Some little Sketches, of Wit's glorious Scene,
With instant Rush, all Heaven at once disclos'd,
Such beamy Brightness, 'gainst weak Sense op-

(shun;

Shot Rays too fierce! too poynant to sustain,
And, ev'n to madness, work'd my aking Brain!
Aw'd! charm'd! and dazled! cool Reflections

My staggering Reason, into Flights I run!
With incoherent Extasies am fir'd,
Such, as of old, the *Bacchanals* inspir'd!
What can the Medium in my Soul restore?
What give the Calmness I enjoy'd before?

Vain

Vain Hope, Nature must change, in him, or me !
 I grow less sensible, or less glorious he !
 E'er past Tranquillity again can be.



TO *HILLARIUS*,
 On his sending some VERSES,
 sign'd *M. S.*

IN vain a borrow'd Name, shrowds Light divine !
 Nothing from me can be conceal'd, that's thine !
 What tho' each Character wore deep disguise,
 Such as might cheat the most discerning Eyes :
 My Soul acknowledg'd the magnetick Call !
 And cry'd, in transport, 'Tis *Hillarius* all !

But what, thou great Inspirer, could atone,
 If Sense deceiv'd, I had some outrage done ?
 If sacrilegiously, with Scorn posselt,
 I'd torn the Paper, which thy Hands have blest ?

For who, approv'd by thee, can stoop to take
 The little Praises that the Vulgar make ?



To



To DIANA,
On her asking me how I lik'd a
fine Poem of Mr. HILL'S.

WHY, cruel ! lov'st thou to torment thy Friend !
Say, to what Aim, does this strange Que-
(stion tend ?
How much I lik'd ! admir'd ! ador'd ! thou saw'st,
When in amazement every Sense was lost.

If meanly pleas'd, we may express delight,
For moderate Themes, will moderate Joys excite :
But, Oh ! when fir'd with Extasy too great,
Transport-shook Reason, quits its tott'ring Seat ;
The fault'ring Tongue, the Use of Speech denies,
And Thought itself, in height of Rapture dies !

The great Saint *Paul*, peculiarly grac'd,
Who all the shining Tracts of Glory trac'd !
At his return, could no Description raise ;
Heaven ! and *Hillarins* ! are above all Praise.
All other Wonders lose their Name, when known,
But He ! the more explor'd is brighter shown !
At every View, new Rays of Excellence,
Dart from his Store, and strike our starting Sense !

Read thou with care, each Soul-extracting Line,
With what a force, the vary'd Glories shine !
Mark, how his Thunders roar, his Lightnings
(flash !
See, th' encountring Billows, how they dash !

Observe the glitt'ring Legions by him led,
Whose God-like Aim their influence would
Virtue to re-instate, and strike Oppression dead. (spread,
Then think alas ! thou wilt not have the Pow'r, but
Like me, lost, and o'er-whelm'd in Seas of Extasy. (lie,

F I N I S.



10 JU 68